Liberty

DEC. 11, 1943 10c

BOOK: EXCUSE MY DUST
by Bellamy Partridge

NO NEWS IS BAD NEWS
by Burnet Hershey

TO YOU—

Who might, come Christmas, have this good fortune:

A SURPRISE GIFT OF

SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE

Someone thinks the world of you! These days, whiskey fine as SCHENLEY is precious stuff, indeed—for the rare whiskey in it comes from pre-war reserves. So—thank your lucky stars for a *real* friend—enjoy SCHENLEY Royal Reserve with *moderation.*

FOR HOSPITALITY — SOME

SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE

War may have limited your SCHENLEY, but we're sure you still enjoy sharing such fine things with holiday guests. Our distilleries are 100% in war production, but we're doing our best to make SCHENLEY available from pre-war reserves.

FOR YOUR OWN GIFTS—

SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE

Finest gift in all the world is a War Bond . . . and there's no scarcity of *them!* If, in addition, you want to say "Merry Christmas" to those *special* names on your list in the time-honored SCHENLEY way, there *is* enough SCHENLEY to give—*in moderation!*

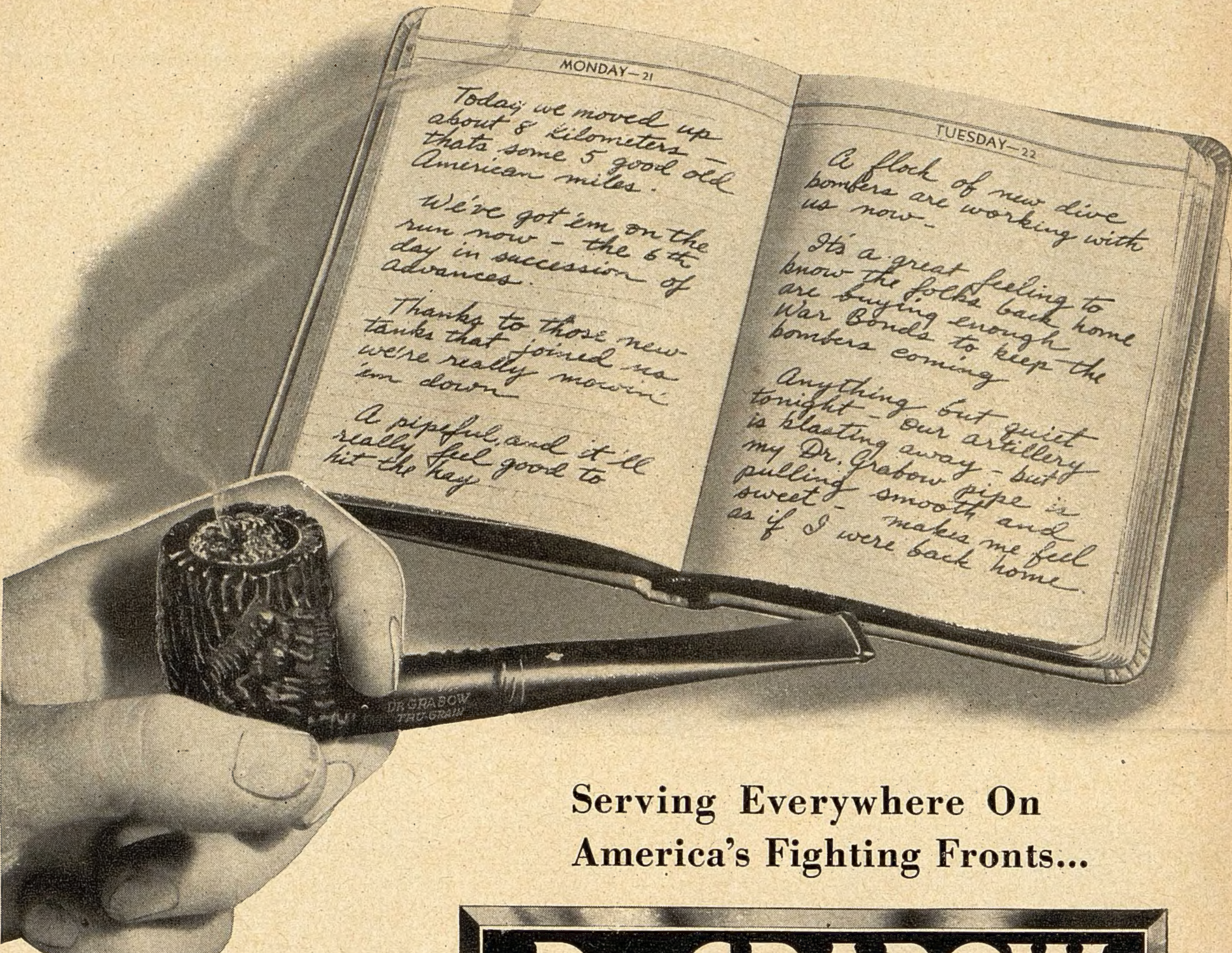
SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

There's still enough **SCHENLEY** *Royal Reserve*
to enjoy in moderation!

THERE IS NO FINER GIFT THAN A U. S. WAR BOND

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof • 60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains • Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

DOUGHBOY'S DIARY



MONDAY—21

Today we moved up about 8 kilometers — thats some 5 good old American miles.

We've got 'em on the run now - the 6th day in succession of advances.

Thanks to those new tanks that joined us we're really mowin' 'em down.

A pipeful, and it'll really feel good to hit the hay

TUESDAY—22

A flock of new dive bombers are working with us now -

It's a great feeling to know the folks back home are buying enough War Bonds to keep the bombers coming

Anything but quiet tonight - our artillery is blasting away - but my Dr. Grabow pipe is pulling smooth and sweet - makes me feel as if I were back home.

In the above photograph
Dr. GRABOW TRU-GRAIN
$3.50

Serving Everywhere On America's Fighting Fronts...

DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

They may not always be in the hands of your dealer when you want them, but Dr. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* Pipes are still in the best of hands . . . the strong, eager hands of our fighting men. To far flung battle fronts . . . with our men, go Dr. GRABOW pipes . . . to be pulled out when tense nerves and tired bodies need the peaceful relaxation of a pipeful. Only Dr. GRABOW pipes are mechanically *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco on Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine. There's *no bite . . . no bitter taste . . . no breaking in* with a Dr. GRABOW.

Fashioned By
M. Linkman & Co., Chicago, Ill.

America's One and Only
Pre-Smoked PIPE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* DELUXE $1.50

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* SUPREME $2.00

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* TRU-GRAIN $3.50

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

★ THE $5 Hollycourt PIPE (WITH PATENTED GROOVE) HAS GONE TO WAR ★

KEEP TEEN-AGE
Sparkle
in YOUR
Smile
IODENT POWDER No. 1
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
IODENT POWDER No. 2
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

BRYTEN UP with POWDER or PASTE

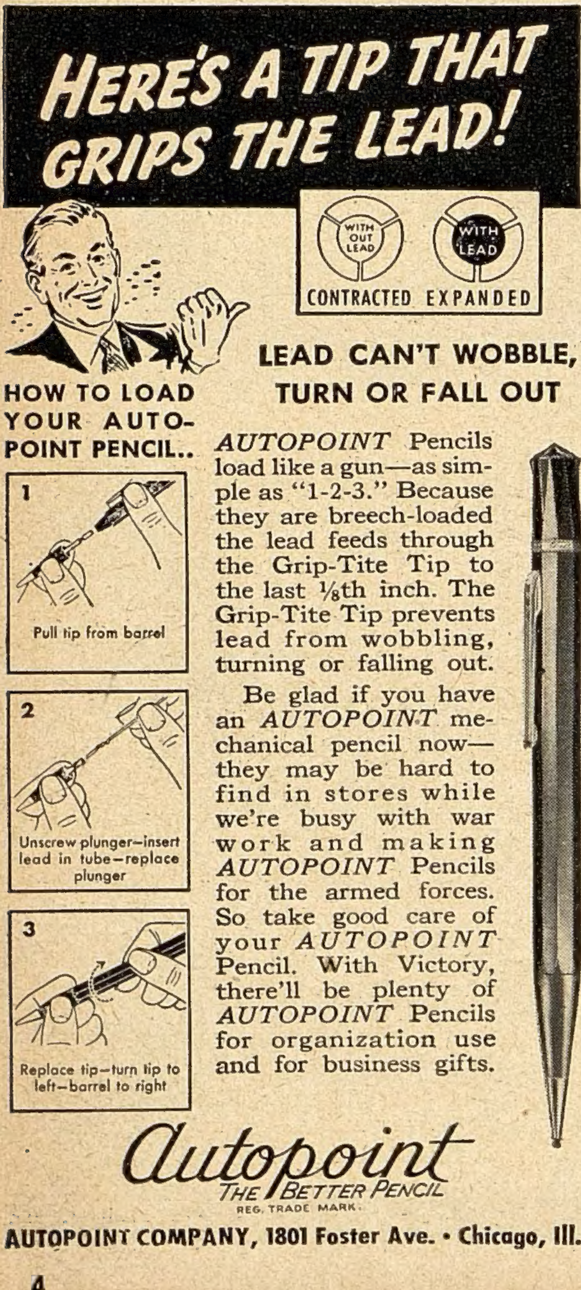
IODENT tooth powder or paste will help keep youthful charm in *your* smile.

IODENT No. 2, made by a Dentist, quickly and safely removes ugly smoke-smudge—returning a natural, lovely lustre to your teeth.

Enjoy using refreshing, cleansing IODENT twice daily.

IODENT TOOTH POWDER • PASTE

LOOSE TALK COSTS LIVES


HERE'S A TIP THAT GRIPS THE LEAD!
WITH OUT LEAD
WITH LEAD
CONTRACTED
EXPANDED
1
Pull tip from barrel
2
Unscrew plunger—insert lead in tube—replace plunger
3
Replace tip—turn tip to left—barrel to right

LEAD CAN'T WOBBLE, TURN OR FALL OUT

HOW TO LOAD YOUR AUTOPOINT PENCIL..

AUTOPOINT Pencils load like a gun—as simple as "1-2-3." Because they are breech-loaded the lead feeds through the Grip-Tite Tip to the last ⅛th inch. The Grip-Tite Tip prevents lead from wobbling, turning or falling out.

Be glad if you have an *AUTOPOINT* mechanical pencil now—they may be hard to find in stores while we're busy with war work and making *AUTOPOINT* Pencils for the armed forces. So take good care of your *AUTOPOINT* Pencil. With Victory, there'll be plenty of *AUTOPOINT* Pencils for organization use and for business gifts.

Autopoint
THE BETTER PENCIL
REG. TRADE MARK

AUTOPOINT COMPANY, 1801 Foster Ave. • Chicago, Ill.

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Cover: Rookie Firefighters—Kodachrome from F. P. G.

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

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Liberty. December 11, 1943. Vol. 20. No. 50. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1943, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Naciónal de la Propriedad Intellectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Perfection in Smoothness

Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz has attained a perfection in smoothness that is truly amazing. This, plus that famous flavor found in no other beer, has made the world applaud Schlitz as America's most distinguished brew.

JUST THE *KISS* OF THE HOPS

Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

*..none of
the bitterness*

Schlitz

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

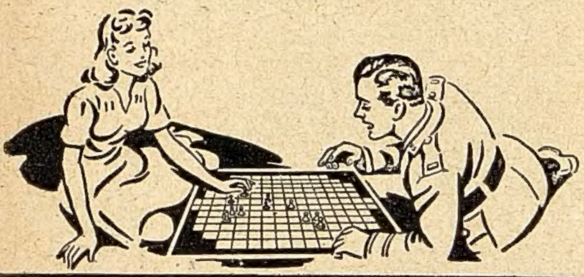
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

FAMOUS
PARKER
GAMES

CROSSWORD
LEXICON
GAME
TASTE

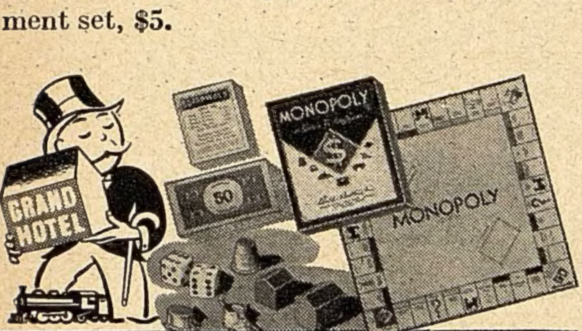
CROSSWORD
LEXICON

Whether you like "crosswords" or not, you will love this game! Everybody does!
50 cents.



CAM·E·LOT

CAMELOT is "one of the few really great games"—a splendid jumping and capturing game—skillful and easily learned. It has a fascination all its own. Gray-boxed set $1.25; No. 80 handsome pictorial edition—with larger board, $2; No. 3 Castle Edition with Ivoroid Playing Pieces, $3.50; Tournament set, $5.



MONOPOLY

Most popular of the world's great games. Sets at $2; better set No. 8 always bound in pebbled green (2 to 8 players), $2.50; Famous White box set with Grand Hotels, removable Bank tray, etc., $3.50.

ROOK—immensely popular card game. Unique in its quick climaxes and exciting play, 75 cents; SORRY—an unusual Board game—with surprise moves, $1.50; FINANCE—wonderful trading game full of exciting action. Fun for all ages, $1.25.

AT ALL DEALERS or by mail from Salem

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS. ★ NEW YORK ★ CHICAGO

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

LIGHTENING THE FARMERS' LOAD

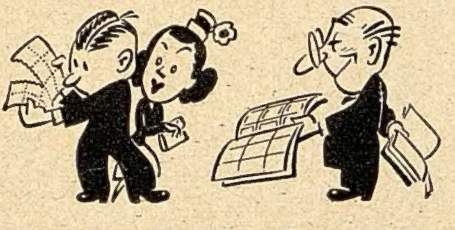
POTTSVILLE, PA.—I read with considerable interest the editorial Rationing Should Be Simplified. Most people will endorse it with me. The only sad part of the article is the example, which is as far from the truth as Germany is from victory.

If a farmer needs a repair part, he goes to his dealer and purchases it, or orders it if it is not in stock. He pays for it and the transaction is completed. There is no red tape, no paper to fill out.

Something else that a few editors and many other people do not know is this. In every county in the United States a USDA War Board has been set up, consisting of farmers and specialists from allied organizations. These boards assist farmers in obtaining needed supplies ranging from gasoline to lumber. They have the co-operation of OPA, ODT, and WPB. In most cases a priority can be arranged by telephone. Red tape has been reduced to a minimum.—*Edgar J. Stauffer, Secretary, Schuylkill County USDA War Board.*

THE IDEA HAS OUR STAMP OF APPROVAL

DENVER, COLO.—I read with interest the letter from the Rev. John B. Strate (November 6 Vox Pop) wherein he advocates a one-war-bond rate for performing the marriage ceremony.



While one must admire the Reverend's patriotic thought, the figure of $18.75 would seem a bit inflationary. With an equally patriotic thought, I would suggest the use of war stamps at a "hold the line" price.—*T. G. Reeves.*

BR-R-R!!

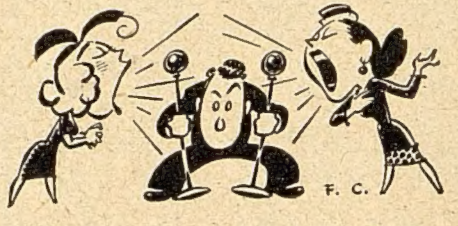
MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—I just want to correct Mr. Parrish's mistake in October 23 On the Beam about the temperature in the stratosphere. Above the tropopause the temperature remains almost constant at about 67 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, or even gets slightly warmer with elevation.—*Franklin Nankin.*

APPLIED PATRIOTISM

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In this time of war, would it not be a patriotic gesture for each theatrical performance or movie show to end with the playing of The Star-Spangled Banner? At all performances in England, God Save the King is played as a mark of respect and patriotism. Are Americans less loyal or patriotic than the English? —*Mrs. George H. Carter.*

SALLY SINGS FOR SAMMY

MANISTEE, MICH.—I enjoyed Jessyca Russell's article on Sammy Kaye (October 23 Liberty) very much, but I would like to correct her on one thing.



Nancy Norman is not the only female vocalist with the band. Sally Stewart also sings for Sammy.—*Don Norton.*

BLOOMS FROM THE ORCHID GARDEN

CHICAGO, ILL.—I've never enjoyed an article as much as Doctors Aweigh (October 16 Liberty).

Though the story was serious, it had delightful touches of humor which kept me laughing all the way to work. If this is printed I hope the man who peeked over my shoulder on the streetcar reads this. Come again, Rear Admiral Oman.—*Bea Swicker.*

PEORIA, ILL.—Since your first issue of Liberty I do not believe I have missed a copy.—*Ed Mueller.*

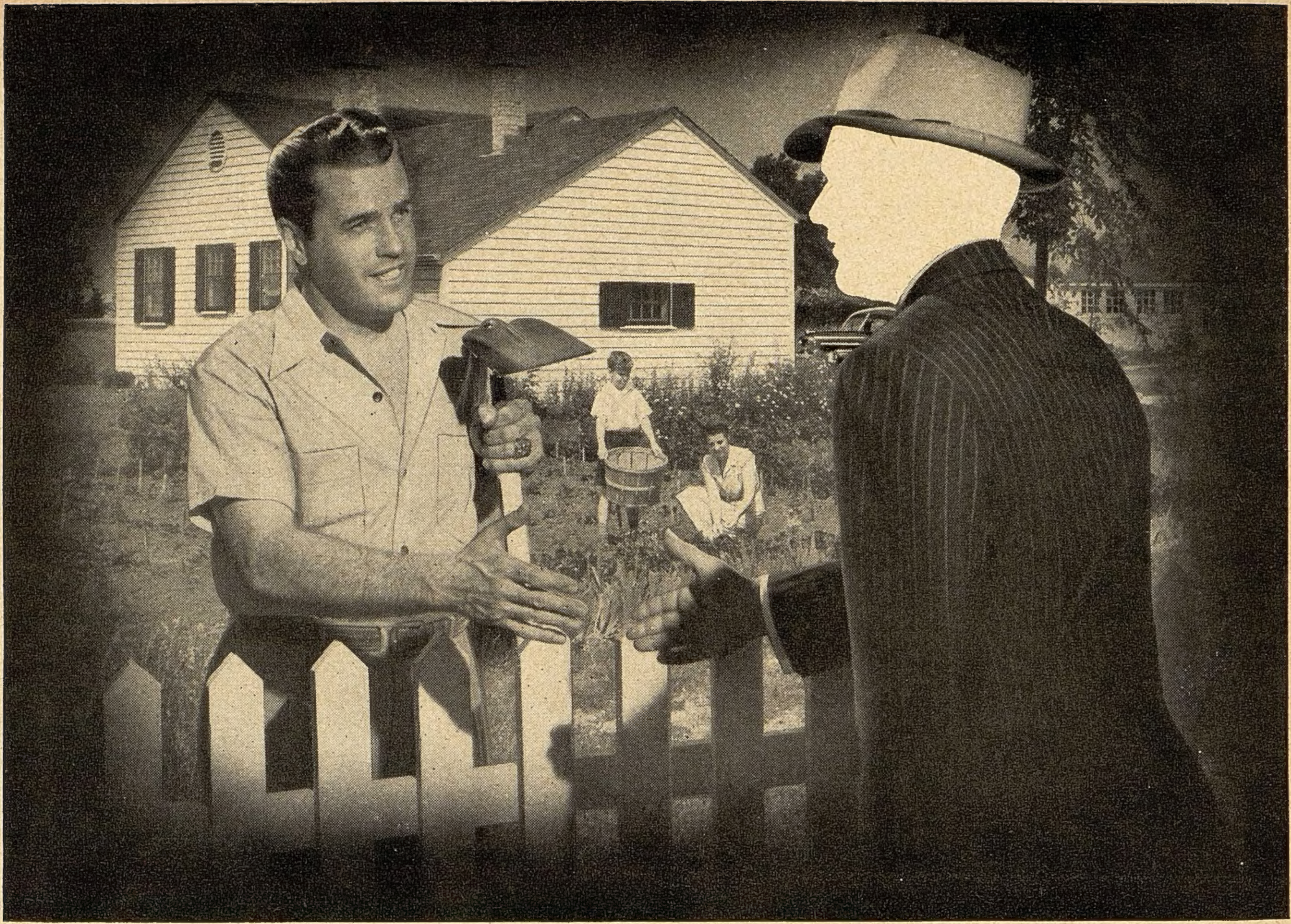
COLUMBIA, PA.—I consider Liberty the best on the newsstands today. The stories and articles are always so interesting and never too long.

The Terror Began at Twilight, by Jack Mahon (November 6 Liberty), was tops, and since it was true it makes one sit up and take notice.—*B. E. Sullivan.*

PRACTICAL CHARITY

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Liberty's article They Call Themselves Friends—and Mean It! (October 30 Liberty) was an extremely interesting description of an interesting and humanitarian group. I believe the word "selflessness" to be most applicable.

I also found some lively comments in Vox Pop pertaining to Let Them Wear Lace! (September 11 Liberty), although I have not had the pleasure of reading this article. What surprised me is that no one has mentioned, in commenting on this article, the fact that the Friends Service Committee has thousands of garments and other supplies now being held for shipment to southern France, merely awaiting an O. K. to pass through the Allied blockade.—*Bessie Truehart.*



This "stranger" made the Martins' dream come true

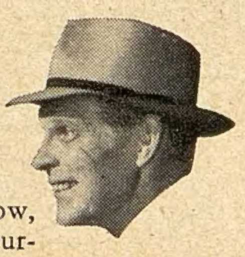
● The Martins are pretty much like your family, you'd say. They're buying War Bonds, doing war work, getting along financially. And not so long ago they realized a life ambition . . . a home of their own.

Well, maybe it's not *all* theirs, yet. But in a few years, they'd figured, it would be paid for, from roof to basement. Then something happened.

One day Jim Martin was driving home from the plant. It was too late when he saw the other car approach. The crash was a bad one, and the driver was seriously hurt.

The damages were heavy. If the "stranger" had not convinced the Martins a short few weeks before that accidents can be terribly costly, that wreck would have spelled financial ruin.

The "stranger" who saved the Martins . . . and made their dream of owning a little home come true . . . is a representative of the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company.



There are 7,000 others like him ready to help you!

Let one of them tell you how, during wartime, auto insurance is more necessary than ever before. Repair costs are up—personal injury damages tend to be much higher. And most accidents have always occurred at speeds *less* than 35 miles per hour!

He will tell you, too, how State Farm's *More-Auto-Insurance-For-Your-Money* Plan has made State Farm the largest automobile insurance company in the world. It has saved more than a million policyholders over $50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance!

Your State Farm policy is non-assessable, and rates are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Those who "share the ride" are protected.

In addition to Liability and Property Damage coverages, these other important coverages are available.

80% Collision Coverage. This unique plan pays 80c of *every* repair bill dollar up to $250, and everything over that amount. This is America's most popular collision insurance.

Medical Payments Coverage pays medical expenses, up to $500 for each person injured in an accident for which you are *not* legally liable . . . at a cost of less than 1c a day.

Comprehensive Coverage protects you from loss due to fire, theft, and thirty other causes of car loss or damage.

Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Expense Coverage pays 80% of out-of-pocket-expenses incurred for mechanical first aid, towing, and a number of other expenses. It also pays 80% of fee or premium paid for a bail bond required for traffic violation.

State Farm offers similar economies in Life and Fire insurance.

(*The names in this advertisement are fictitious.*)

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Can.

FREE to Drivers — New Informative Booklet

MR. G. E. MECHERLE
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois LB-123

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . *State*. . . . .

★ *BUY MORE BONDS THIS MONTH—FOR VICTORY* ★

Always Ready...

to Make Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in Seconds!

USE AS A SOOTH
REPEAT H
VICKS Inhaler
Charged with
Methyl Salicylate
2 c.c.
TURN TO OPEN

Any time of day or night—the new, handy Vicks Inhaler is ready to give you greater breathing comfort. So packed with effective medication just a few quick whiffs bring grand relief! Easy to carry. And you can use it whenever you need relief!

USE ANYTIME—ANYWHERE

VICKS INHALER

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep.

VICKS VAPORUB

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

YOU CAN influence others with your thinking! Learn to impress others favorably—*get across your ideas.* Let the Rosicrucians show you how to use the power of mind. For *free book* write Scribe **V.N.J.**

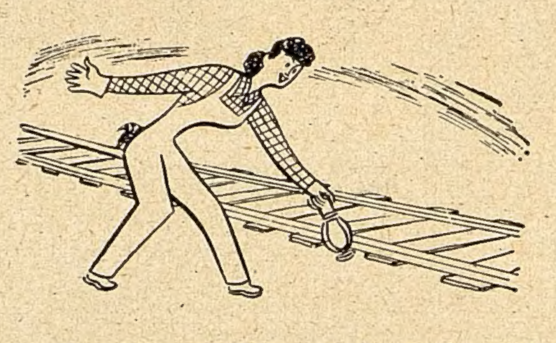
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California

Weather-wise war workers wear
NON-SLIP
CAT'S PAW
Twin Gripper
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES
N
W
E
S
CAT'S PAW
TWIN GRIPPERS STOP SLIPPING QUICKLY

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

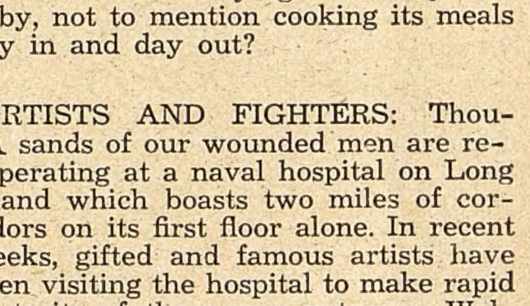
UNHAPPY HUSBANDS: Joseph Cohen of Los Angeles feels he is entitled to a divorce. One of the charges he makes against his wife is that she telephoned him at work as often as thirty-six times a day. What a woman! Or should we say what a man! . . . In London, a disgruntled husband testified in court that his wife had always claimed she wasn't strong enough to do the housework, but that she had recently left him for a job on the railway. . . . Many husbands are going to be in for rude awakenings when the war is over and they find their women consider that working in factories and on the railroad duck soup compared to the rigorous monotony of housework, minus war wages.



HOW TO LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE: A New York department store's stylists have been successfully promoting a fashion idea which saves the busy woman of today both time and dough. It consists of making the same "background" costume do the work of a wardrobe with the help of trick accessories. In a fashion show at the Plaza's Persian Room, one black suit was used to demonstrate its ability to go to town, to work, to luncheon, to cocktails, and on far into the night. For work, the suit was just a good-looking tailored suit. For luncheon, it picked up extra dash via a leopard bow at the gullet, with belt and earrings to match. For dinner and the theater, the suit switched to a mauve satin weskit, a scarf starred with jet, a black fur bag, and a high-crowned light blue hat. Sequin halters, jet bracelets, massive flowers on arm garters to hold long gloves above the elbow were other dazzlers designed to make a simple black background dress lead a double life.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD: In Hartford, Connecticut, a young mother employed a maid to take care of her child while she went to work in a children's civic center. One of the mother's first assignments was to grapple sympathetically with a so-called "problem child." He was her new maid's little son. . . . In Erie, Kansas, R. B. Smith turned in his sixth tire a year ago, in accordance with OPA ruling, and received $3.50 from the government in war stamps. This fall he applied for and received permission to buy a spare to replace a worn-out relic. On purchasing a secondhand job from an Erie dealer, he was astonished to note that it was the one he had turned in. He paid $3.50 for it without repairs.

ON FEEDING THE INFANTRY: In the realm of food, infants can be much more difficult than husbands. If your better half suddenly goes on a hunger strike, you can suggest dining out for a night or two—perhaps a clam stew or smorgasbord. There needn't be any argument, hard feelings, or tears. And he can say yes, or he has business ulcers, and is allergic to food in general, through no fault of yours. But when Snooks suddenly recoils at the sight of a good wholesome baked potato richly gutted with beef juice, which he has always wolfed, what to do? He can't talk—or won't. Momma immediately imagines colds, chicken pox, or measles, and is upset but can't get any reassurance from her infant nemesis. Her impulse is to burst into tears or fly into a tantrum, neither of which is likely to recapture his truant appetite. Nothing is to be gained by argument or the suggestion that a night club might be nice for a change. Baby's vocabulary is strictly limited, and he will make no statement. At this point it takes either a very casual or a very strong-minded mother to believe that the experts are right when they claim that the crab apple of her eye will eat heartily at the next meal or by the next day, if he isn't forced. But what pediatrician has ever put in twenty-four hours solo flying with any one baby, not to mention cooking its meals day in and day out?



ARTISTS AND FIGHTERS: Thousands of our wounded men are recuperating at a naval hospital on Long Island which boasts two miles of corridors on its first floor alone. In recent weeks, gifted and famous artists have been visiting the hospital to make rapid portraits of the young veterans. Wallace Morgan, who works with charcoal and crayon, has turned out as many as five portraits in two hours. The artists go over around six in the evening, but must leave by eight thirty so that their subject matter may be in bed (if not already there) with lights out by nine. Hospital officials acclaim the work as a great morale builder—the men enjoy sitting for their pictures, many of which are then photostated, so that the sitters may keep copies, and send the originals to the home folks, for whom it is a great thrill to see their hero drawn by a top-notch artist.

NEXT WEEK

GENERAL TITO: MYSTERY WARRIOR OF THE BALKANS

By Juliet Bridgman and Allen Roberts

Out of conflicting reports from occupied Europe emerges the misty figure of General Tito and his Nazi-killing Yugoslav Partisans. A fascinating closeup of the remarkable leader who is paving the way for coming Allied blows against the Balkans.

HE MAKES THE STARS SHINE

By Edward Hutchings, Jr.

Meet Howard Dietz, the man behind the stars. This press agent, song writer, and playwright is a "Jack-of-all trades and master of ceremonies."

WINGS OVER THE WORLD

By Donald W. Douglas

The head of one of America's largest plane producers tells us what to expect from air transportation after the war.

TO TOKYO, DAMMIT

By Major Paul C. Raborg

The retreat stopped in India, and the United Nations' offensive against Japan will start from there. Here's the blueprint for the attack that will take us to Tokyo—and a warning of the difficulties we must overcome.

CLOWNS SOMETIMES CRY

By Martha Prewitt

Whenever romance seemed about to bloom for Pat, she withered it with a wisecrack, until one day death stalked the wards and only her quick wit averted tragedy.

SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY

By Bill Stern

Sixteen million Americans are setting them up in the other alley—and it's a mighty big alley. Bowling is the nation's number one participant sport. Here's the low-down on the tenpins.

SEAMAN HICKS, SIR!

By Elizabeth Hicks, Seaman Second Class, U. S. Coast Guard Women's Reserve

"You may call us hooligans, but never call us Navy!" An intimate account of the Spars by a golf champion.

CARAVAN

By Lady Eleanor Smith

Liberty's Book Condensation

A romantic novel that begins in Victorian England, sweeps into the gypsy life of Spain—and tells a story richly combining love and adventure.

Those in the know

ASK FOR

OLD CROW

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
W. A. Gaines

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

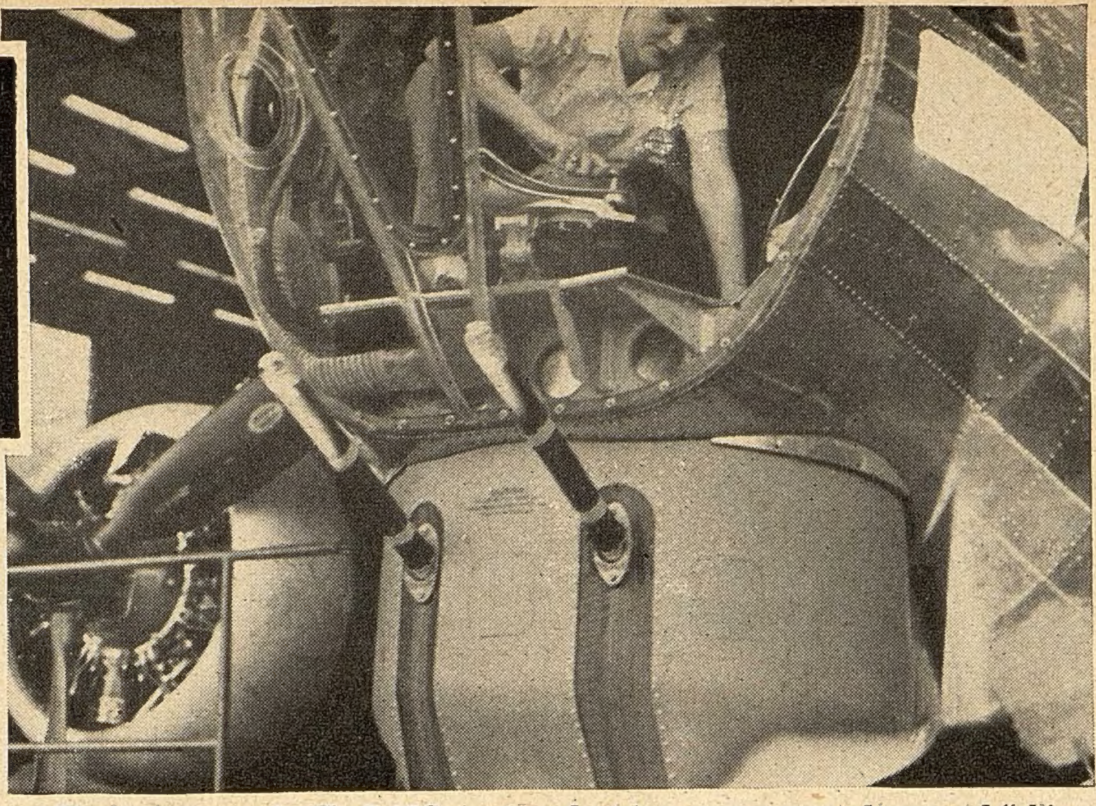
A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



The new, more deadly B-17G, equipped with a remote-control-powered "chin turret," has two .50-caliber machine guns for use against head-on attack.

Our Air Superiority

In an air war it's the box score that counts. From time to time we've given you on this page some random box scores showing how U. S. planes are knocking enemy aircraft out of the skies by a wide margin in our favor. Here are some later statistics showing the margin on our side from 9 to 1 in the Chinese theater to the lowest margin in any combat area in the world—2 to 1.

Since December 7, 1941, our Army Air Forces has maintained a steady 4 to 1 ratio over the enemy. Out of a total of 7,312 enemy planes destroyed up to September 1, 1943, our losses totaled only 1,867 planes. For the first six months of 1943 our heavy bombers maintained a 4 to 1 ratio over the enemy, while our medium bombers and our fighters maintained a 2 to 1 margin in our favor.

But the 14th A. A. F. in China retains the championship which it has held all along: 9 to 1 over the Japs. In thirteen months it destroyed 442 Jap planes against a loss of 51 planes of its own. The Navy in the north Solomons in the June offensive did very well—5 to 1 over the Japs. Everything considered, the superiority in action of U. S. planes is an extraordinary record. Even a 2 to 1 ratio is exceptionally good in tough combat areas, but an over-all 4 to 1 ratio leaves no possible room for doubt as to what is happening to the enemy's air forces.

Dive Bombers in the Jungle

The British had never used dive bombers in the present war until a few months ago. Ironically enough, in Burma they are using an American dive bomber with an entirely new adaptation of the now obsolete Nazi stuka tactics.

It seems that Burma is an ideal dive-bomber country for the R. A. F. In open country a fighter bomber can swoop at its target much more effectively than a dive bomber, but in the Burmese jungle the target is usually hidden in undergrowth or surrounded by hills. So a vertical dive has proved to be the best approach and the British are highly pleased with the effective precision results.

At last reports from India, not a plane had been lost but many hidden Jap positions had been destroyed.

The aerial weapon used is the Vultee Vengeance, produced at Nashville, Tennessee, an all-metal two-seater monoplane powered by a Wright Cyclone 1600-horsepower engine. Dive brakes are fitted under the outer wing sections and the bomb load is stowed internally. In the European theater the dive bomber has passed into history, but it is very evident that it has a real future in the jungles of Asia.

I Bombed Japan Club

Here's one organization that should see its membership grow very rapidly. It's the I Bombed Japan Club, formed recently by air crews of the A. A. F. 11th Air Force in Alaska who have participated in bombing missions to Japan's outposts in the Kurile Island group.

There are 156 charter members and they expect the club to grow to gigantic size. Membership cards are made and issued on the spot at a small photographic laboratory in the Aleutians. The club is seeking to recruit the airmen led by Major General James H. Doolittle on their bombing mission over Japan.

The group has held only one meeting—in a revetted alert shack in the Aleutians. The single rule for retaining membership is for each member to drink a toast to the other members on the Fourth of July. First president is Major Louis C. Blau, pilot and squadron leader, who hails from Los Angeles. He made two of the first three flights to Paramushiru. Other officers are Major Frank T. Gash, pilot, of Fresno, California, and Major C. G. Wagner, pilot, of Flushing, Long Island, New York.

The club can't grow too fast to suit us!

Paratroopers at Salerno

Details of the important role played by paratroopers in the landings at Salerno recently became available, and have rightfully been called "one of the most precisely executed and remarkable undertakings of the entire campaign" by Brigadier General Ray A. Dunn, who planned the operation.

With only eight hours' notice, the Northwest African Troop Carrier Command dropped parachute troops with full equipment on the beach south of Salerno on the night of September 13-14, at a time when the Germans were making our landings from surface vessels extremely difficult. The reinforcements from the air were vitally necessary. A second group was dropped the following night at a point farther north.

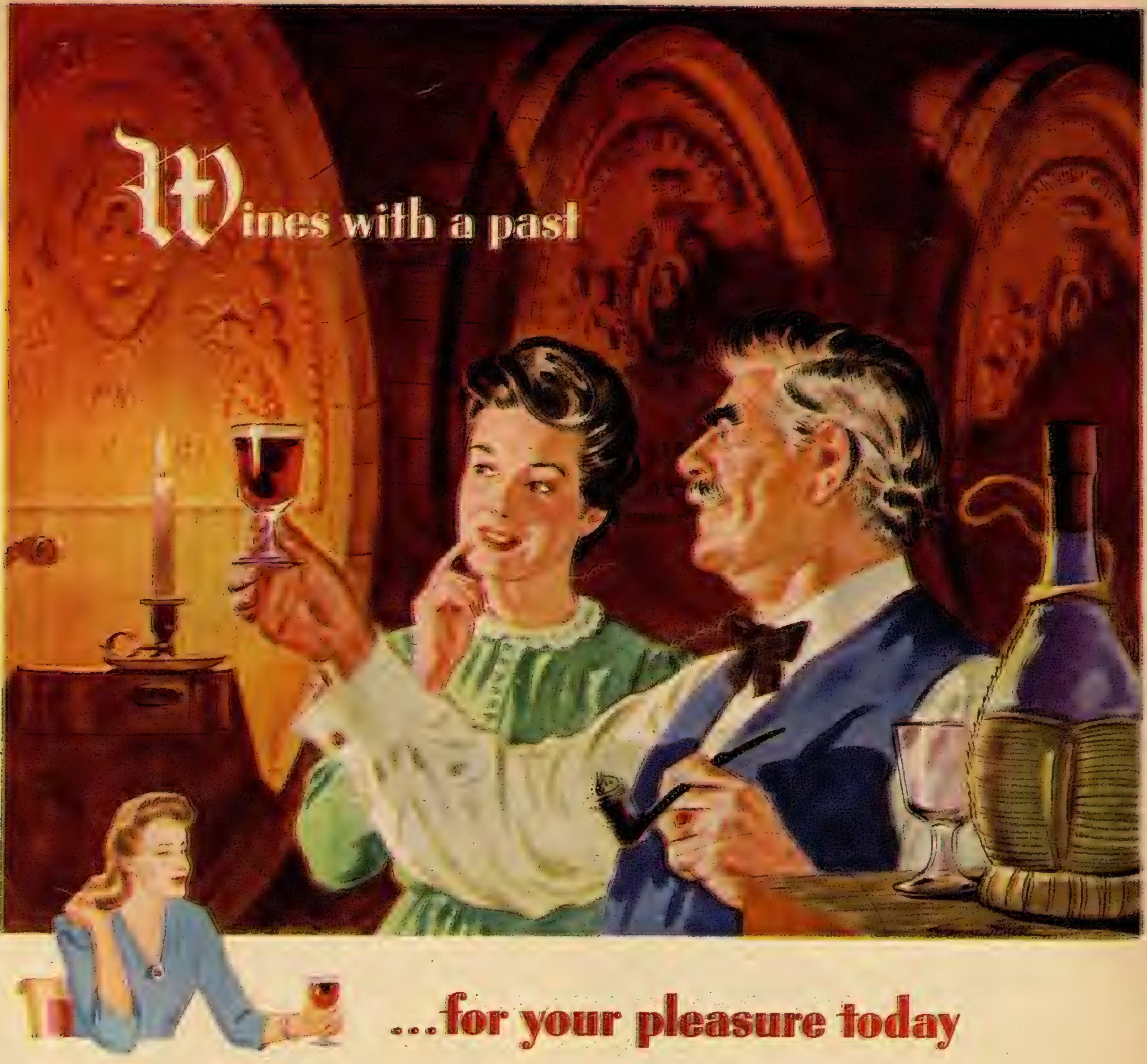
A third group of parachute troops was dropped behind the enemy lines at Avellino, to block a mountain pass through which the Germans were bringing reinforcements, tanks, and armored equipment from the north. The drop was made between two mountain ridges, and despite the difficulty of the approach and the altitude from which the drop was made, the troops were dropped close together at the correct point. Not a single plane was brought down in all operations, and not a casualty was suffered among the men—a truly great achievement, considering the lack of rehearsals and the activity of the Germans in that area. Troop Carrier Command operations are doing a highly important fill-in job in emergencies.

Plane Development

While the remaining war task cannot be underestimated, here's an encouraging signpost in the development of American air power. The period of experimentation is now virtually at an end. What engineers call the "design cycle" has reached the point at which some designs can be eliminated while the industry can concentrate on the production of the most successful types.

In 1939 we had a long way to go to attain air superiority. Many of our older plane types were ill suited for the type of air war launched by the Axis. A tremendous effort was exerted to develop all possible types for all contingencies. Today our Air Force chiefs know everything the Axis has up its sleeve in the way of new airplanes—or enough so that any new surprises can't be serious. We also know how all of our types have fared in combat. Our output of military aircraft has become quite stabilized. From now on, two things must happen: improvement of the successful models and types, and concentration on the production of types most urgently needed.

This does not mean—and this is most important—that new and sensational military airplanes aren't in the offing. But the basic pattern of development is already established. It is a whopping big stage for our air enterprise to reach in such a short time—and a highly encouraging sign on the road to victory.



...for your pleasure today

HERE, half a century ago, a vintner of Italian Swiss Colony candles a wine in the dim, cool vaults at Asti. He tests its clarity in preparation for a great event . . . a wine-judging at an international exposition in Europe.

There, Italian Swiss Colony wines not only *competed* with European vintages, but *won a coveted gold medal* . . . one of *many* captured at world expositions by this unique wine-making Colony.

The vineyards of Italian Swiss Colony, first planted in 1881, still flourish. Today they are in the *heart* of California's fine-wine country, where grapes grow to perfection—*without irrigation*, as in famous old world wine-districts.

Today, in the quaint village of Asti, amidst the vineyards, descendants of the Colony's founders have carried on its wine-making traditions.

These traditions can mean much to you in wine-enjoyment. With dinner, serve the Colony's Tipo Red or White—or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. "Candle" it by holding it to the light to see its jewel-like clarity . . . then catch its subtle fragrance . . . taste its enchanting flavor. You will gladly grant this wine your "award of merit."

Equally fine and equally famous are the Colony's sweet dessert wines . . . such as Gold Medal Label California Port, Sherry and Muscatel.

GOLD MEDAL LABEL
Italian Swiss Colony
CALIFORNIA
BURGUNDY

3 GENERATIONS OF WINE-MAKING SKILL AT ASTI, CALIFORNIA

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

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RAINBOW IN THE SKY

There is good news in the work of American laboratories. It is a reason for confidence in the war and a promise for the future.

Little is said about our scientists because they labor behind locked doors and their work is secret. But the topside of the German and Japanese armies and navies know about them. Things they do turn up at the front and make life harder for our enemies.

After the war, from these same scientists and their laboratories, will come the things that make jobs, comforts, conveniences and luxuries for the American people. They hold out prospects for good use of the opportunities victory will bring.

The Bell Telephone Laboratories, with some seven thousand workers, are among the many research groups that are devoted to winning the war.

When that is done, Bell System scientists will be back on their old job of making your telephone service, and your human contacts over the distances, easier and better than ever.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

• HELP THE WAR BY MAKING ONLY VITAL CALLS TO WAR-BUSY CENTERS. THAT'S MORE AND MORE ESSENTIAL EVERY DAY.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Miss Hathaway's face was frozen. With what he hoped was touching gratitude, Tom said, "That was very kind of you."

NO LITTLE ENEMY

Tom Bonbright, top-flight cartoonist, is the engaging hero of this smashing new novel by the authors of Paper Chase. Helen Hathaway, charming young actress, is the heroine. Patriotism sends both off on a bond-selling tour, where they discover sinister forces at work threatening not only them but the very safety of America

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

PART ONE

THE colored bartender on the noon train from Washington to New York was used to the famous and the great, but no one did he serve more lovingly than the lone tired-looking man at the front end of the club car.

This man's face and head had a rugged, unfinished look, as if forty-odd years of life's hacking had not yet chiseled them down to more conventional outlines. His hair was thick and russet. He wore a wrinkled gray seersucker suit.

The fact of his importance was apparent in the actions of the white-coated Negro moving toward him with a highball glass on a tray. Although the train had been on its way only a short while, this was the third time the bartender personally had weaved through the crowd with a drink for the tired man. With a flourish, he set down the fresh drink. Then he stepped back and surveyed the object of these ministrations.

There were now a couple of dozen before-lunch drinkers clamoring for him, but he paid no attention.

After a moment he said, "What in the world's the matter with you, Mr. Bonbright?"

The tired man opened his eyes. They were gray like his suit, and at the moment just as wilted-looking. He waved his forefinger warningly back and forth. "It's a government secret, Harry," he whispered.

Harry shook his head. He peered at the lines and circles writing their message of weariness in his idol's face.

"I haven't seen you for three months. You been in Washington all that time, Mr. Bonbright?"

The tired man nodded.

"That's too big a dose of Washington. I know the signs. I seen people come out with their eyelids stuck together like yours. You been working too hard." He started to go, but came back. "Where you on your way to now, Mr. Bonbright?" he asked—and then, with exaggerated politeness, "if it's not a government secret."

Seymour Ball

"It's no secret." Tom raised his glass and the highball flowed rapidly down his throat. "I'm on my way to meet the six most beautiful chorus girls in New York."

"Yeah?" Harry's eyes rolled. "That don't sound very restful."

He took his tray and pushed back to the bar. Several orders were shouted at him at once, and he got furiously busy. Behind him, swinging from a tack in the woodwork, was a framed cartoon. It was a drawing of Harry, his black face glistening, as he shook up a cocktail for a very thirsty gent whose tongue lolled out of his mouth. Sprawled across one corner of the picture was an inked signature: "Tom Bonbright."

Two of Harry's customers perceived all this with interest. One of them was a short, stocky man with untidily combed black hair and quizzical eyebrows. His shirt collar was frayed and he wore a loud diamond-patterned blue suit, worn-looking and shiny. The other customer who was interested in the cartoon was a shrewd-looking gentleman whose silvery hair fell straight from a center part to the top of his ears. He reached over and pulled the bartender's sleeve.

"Is that fellow you were serving before, Tom Bonbright the cartoonist?"

Harry bobbed his head. "Yes, sir, senator; that's him."

The man with the quizzical eyebrows smiled at the senator.

"Quite a personality—Mr. Bonbright."

The senator nodded. "He's more than a personality. He's a power. I wonder if any one realizes the amount of influence that man has."

"I think some people do. My name's Tally—Roger Tally. You're Senator Carlinger, aren't you?" Tally held out his hand and peered into the other's face.

"Glad to know you." Senator Carlinger's face was blank as he returned the handshake—but after a long moment his eyes gleamed with comprehension. He laughed a little falteringly. "I—I guess you know whereof you speak, Mr. Tally."

Tally seemed pleased that he had been recognized. "We have something in common, don't we, senator? Do you suppose Bonbright makes a nick in his pencil for each of us he knocks off?"

Senator Carlinger's expression turned definitely cool. He took his drink in one hand and a bowl of popcorn in the other and, giving Tally a quick nod, started toward the front end of the car.

Tally glanced quickly about. No one was paying the least attention to him. His tone was casual when he asked the bartender, "Where's Mr. Bonbright going in New York, do you know?"

Harry shrugged. "Can't say I do. He talks like he's been made judge of a bathing-girl contest."

TOM BONBRIGHT'S condition was of complete exhaustion and complete misgiving. He had had a big dose of Washington. Except for two business trips to New York, he had worked continuously in the capital for seven months. He had been jostled and pushed and made to stand in line. He had heard all the behind-the-hand rumors in the cocktail rooms and eaten all the tasteless two-fifty dinners in all the restaurants. Finally the heat came. The city stood like a huge glistening white oven. He worked like a madman to finish his job. In the back of his head the vision of cool green Mount Sokosu in New Hampshire, his cabin padlocked and waiting at its foot, glimmered like a mirage.

He finished the job all right. The men in the Office of Pictorial Propaganda had made quite a fuss about it. It was great work, they said—a great contribution. Tom himself had a feeling of huge satisfaction as he thought of thousands of match books, packages of soap and shoelaces, each bearing its communication in the international language of pictures. The bundles were to be dropped from airplanes, and the people who were to pick them up—Norwegian, Dutch, French—should have no difficulty in understanding the message he was sending them. A message that, the OPP hoped, would be as fatal as a bombshell—to the enemy.

BUT Tom's vision of the cabin and the mountain remained a vision. For when this job was done he was immediately assigned to a bond-selling tour. When his boss had put it up to him, Tom had argued that he simply wasn't charming enough to make personal appearances. But his boss pointed out that all the necessary charm would be furnished by the troupe's master of ceremonies, the vibrant-voiced star of the English stage, Rupert Wells.

In the end Tom accepted the assignment. His boss had made the tour sound like a lark.

"You won't have any work," he said. "All you'll have to do is come out and let people see what you look like. You're a celebrity, you know."

Tom winced at the word. "What do you mean I won't have any work? The syndicate's renewed my contract, you know—a cartoon a day."

"Now, Tom, you've been doing that long enough to have it down to a system. Besides, man, I'm offering you the chance of a lifetime! This fellow Ross from the Theater Committee says he's signed up six beautiful chorus girls to go along. Aren't you human?"

Even now the thought of the girls brought Tom no consolation. He decided that his morale was very, very low. Another drink might fix that. He was about to signal Harry when some one put a bowl of popcorn on his table and slid into the seat beside him.

"Hello, Bonbright."

Tom looked up in surprise at the sharp-featured face his pen had traced so often, noticing that the smile beneath the beaked nose was not at all reflected in the man's round eyes. He sighed.

"Hello, senator," Tom said.

"So you recognize me, eh?" The senator let out a soft chuckle from somewhere behind his stiff collar. "That's more than I can say about myself in those funnies you drew." He helped himself to the popcorn and motioned to Tom to have some. "Not that I can't take a joke, you understand."

The hurt in his tone annoyed Tom. He wanted to say, "Oh, stop being such a good fellow! It wasn't a joke. You weren't re-elected, and I worked hard to make sure you weren't."

Senator Carlinger chewed his popcorn briskly. "You made me out a pretty low customer at times, didn't you? I gathered my charms added up to less than those of a boa constrictor. Understand, now—I'm not a vain man; I didn't care what you did to my face. It's what you did to my ideas—"

"They were your ideas, weren't they, senator?"

"They were. Good honest heartfelt ideas. Your insinuations were utterly false. I felt a man like you would take time to ascertain that I was sincere—"

"I knew you were sincere. That's what made you so dangerous. When you said something, people listened to you." Tom lifted his glass and let the ice cubes slide against his lips. "I made it clear that my insinuations had nothing to do with you, but only with the company you kept. Your so-called friends were using you and your reputation for a front. Was I right?"

The senator's smile was rueful. "You knew precisely what was going to happen to me. Do you carry a crystal ball around?"

Tom shrugged and looked at his empty glass. The senator's eyes followed his, and he beckoned to a waiter and ordered Tom another drink.

"That," he said, "is in the nature of a bribe. I want you to tell me how you do it. You draw a picture, and I get more letters about it from my constituents than I do after making a speaking tour all over the state. How come?"

"Trade secret, sir. But I'll exchange a little information with you. I'm off on a speaking tour myself, and I never made a speech in my life. Now you tell me how it's done."

"What sort of a tour?"

"Bond selling. Two and three meetings a day."

"What a chance for a politician! Sure you aren't one?" The senator's owlish eyes darted all over Tom's face.

"Nope. That's why I'm stocking myself with whisky. I'm scared."

At this moment Harry arrived at their table with Tom's drink. He bent over toward the senator.

"Mr. Kenyon said to deliver you a message that he's waiting for you in the diner, sir."

"Oh, yes." The senator put a bill on Harry's tray and stood up. "I'm not one to advise you about speeches, Bonbright. As a result of my last ones I'm in the market for a job."

Tom was embarrassed. "But I thought—"

"Oh, I hung around Washington for a while, but nothing happened. They don't like fellows who guess wrong." He shrugged in a gesture of bitterness. "I just got an offer from Lawrence Kenyon. Law firm's called Kenyon, Parker & Camp, in Detroit. Ever hear of them?"

Tom shook his head.

"I'm not going to take it, but anyway—" He held out his hand and Tom rose to grasp it. "Drop in if you get to the home town, won't you?"

He weaved his way quickly through the car.

IN the station, Tom consulted Charlie Ross' letter again. His vision was blurred after his long sojourn in the club air, but he managed to make out the typing.

> The first run-through of the show [he read] will be at the Castle Theater at four o'clock Friday. At that time you will meet the other members of the troupe and we will try to decide on the best spot for you in the performance. We'll want to rehearse on Saturday and Sunday before we leave . . .

Tom looked up just in time to see a man with the senator signal to a cab.

(*Continued on page 48*)

"No one is to go in," the policeman said. "There's been a murder—name of Roberts."

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW CAN HURT US

BY BURNET HERSHEY

In Quebec: Anthony Eden, the President, Princess Alice, and Winston Churchill. In back, the Earl of Athlone, Mackenzie King, Sir Alexander Cadogan, Brendan Bracken.

The President lunches out of a mess kit at Casablanca with Harry Hopkins, General Clark, commander of the American 5th Army now fighting in Italy, and General Patton.

OFFICIAL UNITED STATES ARMY PHOTOS

Your future is being decided in secret political conferences. The press wants to know what gives. The government says "Ssh." The lowdown on this showdown

ARE Americans entitled to know more than they have been told about wartime international conferences?

In this war we have had four major conferences—Casablanca, Hot Springs, Quebec, and Moscow. There will be other conferences, some to plot further military moves of the war, many to frame tomorrow's peace. The decisions are bound to shape your destiny and mine. So the question has arisen, how much will be disclosed to you and me of what is said and done by the destiny shapers at these meetings?

Behind this question there is now developing what may turn out to be one of the biggest battles on the home front. It is rapidly moving toward a showdown in Washington. It is a delicate subject to discuss, especially if you carry a press pass to the White House. But this reporter has no such pass, and being a veteran of some twenty-five international conferences in as many years, I can report that the rumblings you have heard from Hot Springs and Quebec are but the surface symptoms of a deeper disturbance in the press relations between the leadership and the Washington public opinion makers.

It is the fight between the White House and the State Department in one corner, and the press—which includes radio newsmen and columnists—in the other. It's not a new fight. Intermittently it has been going on ever since Woodrow Wilson demanded "open covenants openly arrived at." But this time it looks as if one side or the other will have to go down for the count. It has all the elements of a grudge fight, and the stakes are no less than freedom of the press.

On the surface the immediate challenging question is whether the President and the Secretary of State can hold international conferences secretly and impose strict censorship on international political discussion, which the Executive branch claims is necessary to win the war, or whether, as the correspondents claim, the public has a right to know whatever decisions are being made about its future. The principle at issue is whether the final peace agreements will be reached by diplomatic hush-hush in hermetically sealed salons, or whether the voters themselves will have an opportunity to know and approve or veto each agreement.

So far, the White House is winning on points. At Quebec the three-power huddle was, if possible, even more secretive than the much criticized Food Conference at Hot Springs, which brought about a serious rift between the President, his Cabinet members and personal secretaries, and the corps of Washington news correspondents, those who inform America and the world about the doings of the United States government.

The first punch came when the White House announced that the Hot Springs Conference would be quarantined against correspondents, with the delegates kept in what would amount to protective though luxurious custody. Immediately a howl arose from the press—and certain of the public—that this was merely to set a precedent for all future United Nations confabs right up to and including the Surrender Conference itself.

The excitement was eased off somewhat by the later discovery that the Food Conference did in fact deal with a highly military problem: the question of how much food would be available to the Allies both in and out of the occupied countries during the war and in the months right after fighting stops. Since none of the press wanted to upset even the smallest handcart of military apples, everybody relaxed temporarily.

But when at Quebec the press was again shunted away from all information sources, correspondents decided that Hot Springs had been not an isolated skirmish but the opening round in a deliberate campaign which they believe can end only in the destruction or the absolute re-establishment of the rights of the people to know what is happening while it happens. A take-it-or-leave-it news handout from the government is not in the American tradition of freely competitive news gathering, in the opinion of the news gatherers.

So far as Quebec goes, I was there, and I can say that the measures taken to secure secrecy were unmatched for severity and repression by anything in all the twenty-five international conferences I have covered for American newspapers, from Versailles on. At Quebec two hundred newspaper correspondents, representing the press of America, Great Britain, the Commonwealth, and the various Allied news services, were to all intents and purposes immured in the Clarendon Hotel.

THERE was no effort to keep the press out of Quebec. On the contrary, the Clarendon was turned over and fully equipped for news dispatching, even to batteries of typewriters, an improvised censorship department on the second floor, and platoons of telegraph operators. Unfortunately, all these preparations bore no fruit. There was never any news to send.

Experienced and responsible newspapermen never resent reasonable censorship based on military necessity. Every correspondent at Quebec was thoroughly in sympathy with the World War I journalistic motto: "The best story in the world isn't worth risking a single Allied soldier's life." But there was no valid reason for concealing a number of nonmilitary topics which obviously must have been discussed.

What every manjack rebelled against was the abrupt severance of previous wholehearted and close co-operation between the White House and the correspondents assigned to it. Somewhere between Casablanca, Hot Springs, and Quebec, press relations between the American people and the American administration had been ripped open by the reefs of suspicion and antagonism.

In April, 1943, when the restriction was imposed for the Hot Springs Conference, the veteran Washington observer William Philip Simms commented: "It is no exaggeration to say that few, if any, incidents since Mr. Roosevelt entered the White House have aroused greater apprehension here than the Hot Springs ukase. The fear is, of course, that it will create a precedent. If the press is barred from a relatively unimportant meeting in a Virginia hotel, it is asked, what is to prevent the great powers from holding the next peace conference on the island of Prinkipo or some other place where there are no facilities for reporters? . . . It begins to look as if Vice-President Wallace's 'century of the common man' may be ushered in behind closed doors, with the common man locked out."

Both the press and the administration are perfectly aware of the parallel between today and 1919. During the Peace Conference in Paris the Paris edition of the New York Herald published a cartoon of President Wilson as "The New Wrestling Champion." He was shown in the act of throwing his adversary, The Press, a figure dressed in old newspapers. Underneath the cartoon was the legend:

"It is forbidden to publish what Marshal Foch says!

"It is forbidden to publish what Lloyd George thinks!

"It is forbidden to publish the treaty of peace with Germany!

"It is forbidden to publish what happened at . . . (*Censored*).

"To make sure that nothing else will be published, the censorship delays the transmission of every wire message."

Now, at Quebec a representative correspondent, harassed by dead lines, circumscribed by the censor, and irritated by the star-chamber secrecy of the conferees, dashed off this jingle and posted it on the bulletin board at the Clarendon:

"You ask—(then ring the *unmentionable* bell)
What Franklin did not do, or Winston say;
What (*whisper it*) King's not prepared to tell;
What chiefs of staff have left undone today;
What not (*unwritten*) has had no reply;
Who did not hint at what, upon the whole;
Nobody nowhere did not quite deny;
You ask? I'll answer: Mine's the spokesman's role.
Here are my blunt but off-the-record views . . .
I cannot tell you that there is no news!"

Of course these acrid bits of humor are just surface eruptions. Beneath such playful manifestations is the serious conviction that Americans are entitled to know more than they are being told about what their government is planning.

And public bewilderment at recurrent ruckuses in—let us say—the State Department will not be cleared up by continued denials and repression of facts concerning the true state of our international relations.

Journalists feel it is essential that, though the process of diplomacy be confidential, its broad purposes should be made public. What the press protests against is the secret formulation of policies in which the national liability may be unlimited and about which the nation itself has not been informed or permitted to comment and advise. Such procedure, in the opinion of the press and many other citizens, is the exact opposite of free government. It robs the citizen of the right to life itself, since he cannot know for what purposes his government may ask him to lay down his life.

SHORTLY after Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt solemnly advised the newsmen of both papers and radio: "To all those who reach the eyes and ears of the American people, I say this: You have a most grave responsibility to the nation now, and for the duration of the war. If you feel that your government is not disclosing enough of the truth, you have every right to say so. But—in the absence of all the facts as revealed by official sources—you have no right in the ethics of patriotism to deal out unconfirmed rumors in such a way as to make people believe they are gospel truth."

Now, most newspapermen do not want to deal with "unconfirmed rumors" under any label. The complaint is that, in the absence of any official confirmation on any topic, the most veracious account and most precise quotation may be labeled "unconfirmed rumor" and the unhappy correspondent pilloried for having told what he had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. Again, this is totally aside from any reportage of military plans or actions.

You might say that the revelations following the Moscow conference sweep away any doubts about the administration's future dealings with the press, but it must be remembered that there was every advantage in publicizing Russia's intentions of co-operating with the United States and Great Britain. It dispelled grave uneasiness at home and dashed the last hope of the Nazis for a rupture betwen the Soviet and her Anglo-American allies. Whether this conference marks a definite departure from the previous *sub rosa* policy only time will tell.

So much for the newspaper viewpoint.

On the other side—from the administration point of view—there is a fact which must be carefully considered. In total war any item of news may have military value. Precise reports and estimates of food production, such as were considered at the Hot Springs Conference, could form the basis for an accurate appraisal of how long resistance can continue in countries such as China and Russia, deprived of most of their productive areas and dependent on supplies of food from their allies.

At Quebec the situation to be discussed was the diplomatic crisis of the war. That conference determined whether China should be relieved and the Pacific campaign vigorously prosecuted; whether holding tactics could be continued in the east while the full force of military and political pressure was thrown against the European fortress, or whether a twofold attack, both east and west, was possible with the resources available to the Allies. No one item of military import could be detached for separate consideration or announcement without running the gravest risk of misinterpretation.

Contrary to the sentiments of practically all newspaper correspondents, including myself, it must be admitted that in many instances governmental secrecy is not only desirable but necessary.

I once heard Lord Balfour say: "In foreign affairs there must be reticence, the business of diplomacy being

(*Continued on page 69*)

UNITED NATIONS INFORMATION PHOTO

American equipment for the French National Army in North Africa. An armored car is uncrated by French troops.

SECOND FRONT—IT'S READY, IT'S AIMED

BY WILLIAM van NARVIG

THE invasion of France is coming. It is inevitable. It will take place at a number of widely separated points. It will comprise actions from the sea, on land, and from the air. It will be overwhelming in its initial force, and it will present the toughest problem the enemy has ever faced.

The picture is clear, the pattern set.

All this will be profoundly gratifying to those who for eighteen months have been clamoring for immediate invasion of western Europe. But as the enterprise unfolds in all its immensity they cannot fail to see the unwisdom of their premature clamoring.

The purpose of the invasion is not to harass the Nazis with a few mosquito bites. It is to descend upon the enemy with a continuous series of staggering blows and crush him. What is that but the hardest and most involved military undertaking in the history of all wars?

It had to be preceded by thousands of home-front tasks. The cream of Anglo-American staff talent had to sweat through endless nights, month after month, working out the titanic invasion project, devising plans and redevising them in the light of freshly gained battle experiences and the enemy's constantly shifting strategic lines.

And when at last the staff officers put aside their maps and pencils, the tremendous task of *preparation* was not even begun. Their orders went out to the thousands of draft boards, training centers, and officers' schools; to the war plants and to the vast economic hinterland that provides the raw materials.

And the combat division of such a modern invasion army must have millions of tons of shipping to ferry them to their invasion bases. They must be protected by large numbers of destroyers, corvettes, submarine chasers, and aircraft carriers, by swarms of blimps and planes. They must be reorganized at their assault bases, assigned to their specific tasks. They must establish their port facilities, air bases, munitions storages, and repair shops. They must collect a vast fleet of specially designed invasion barges for their final crossing to the many assault points.

The second front is on its way—as sure as shooting. An expert tells where the Allies will strike—and what "kept them." Previewing the great invasion

Only after all this has been successfully provided for, and with it the elements necessary for supporting operations—the big naval ships, the great fleets of pursuit planes and bombers, the regiments of paratroopers—can the actual assault get under way.

The magnitude of the task speaks for itself. And yet it can be done—and will be done. It is virtually on the point of being done.

But suppose our leaders had yielded to the cries for early invasion. We might have drawn a few German divisions from the Russian front, but that would not have materially affected the course of fighting in the east, since the Russians then were still unprepared to follow up such a temporary advantage.

The disastrous sequel would have followed quickly. At that time Hitler still had sufficient mobile forces to parry any full-scale invasion thrust. The best we could have expected was another Dunkerque—the worst, complete annihilation of our invading forces.

It would have thrown us back where we started. It would have resulted in a tremendous boost to Axis prestige, coincident with a great let-down in our home morale. It would have allowed Hitler to discount completely any Allied invasion threat for at least another year, and would have ended all resistance inside conquered Europe. It would have enabled Hitler to concentrate his entire effort against the Russians, making it hotter for them than ever before, especially since we could not have sent them the military equipment which largely contributed to their subsequent successful operations. It would also have enabled him to dispatch large reinforcements to Africa and probably break through to Suez, thus adding the whole of North Africa to his spoils of war and rendering impossible our victorious operations of the past twelve months.

It was precisely what Hitler wanted. Our leaders' great wisdom was in not letting themselves be drawn into an outright gamble. History has vindicated them in the same measure as it has overthrown all advance calculations of the German General Staff.

ALL this is no figment of imagination. At one time this fateful picture was actually in the making. A year ago last August, when our advance formations landed on the beaches around Dieppe, Allied armies in Great Britain stood ready to follow them up with a full-scale invasion.

It would be rank folly even to assume that there always was complete unanimity of opinion in the Allied camp on the subject of the second front. The fact is that, entirely apart from Russian insistence, there was a time when the British and American views on the subject were sharply divided. Our British allies were advocating a repetition of World War I strategy, involving a major thrust into Hitler's continental bastion through the Balkans. American strategy held that the deathblow to Nazism would be best administered from the west.

Our leaders carried their point. However, while they are confident that the Allied military power now being built up in the European theater of war will be sufficient in itself to smash the German military machine, they also hold that victory would be materially aided and speeded up by a general insurrection in Axis-conquered countries coincident with an Allied invasion. It would disorganize the enemy's rear and greatly reduce Allied battle casualties.

In western Europe are 55,000,000 Frenchmen, Belgians, and Hollanders, the overwhelming majority of whom are certain to rise in open revolt as soon as powerful Allied armies debark on their shores. This is a definite factor in our invasion calculations.

While American military opinion, as represented by General Marshall and his associates, from the very outset favored the establishment of the second front in France, General Marshall refused to sanction a military undertaking of such stupendous scope until the last element of chance was eliminated and full success assured. In this he had the solid backing of the President.

The practical results of this farsighted strategy are now manifest everywhere. Hitler's strategic position, as compared with twelve months ago, is immeasurably weakened. He had to absorb one belly punch after another. He lost a whole army in the Tunisian debacle. The constant threat of invasion compelled him to divert a very large part of his armaments production to the building of western fortifications, and this gave the Russians a more lasting breathing spell than an abortive invasion attempt could have given them. He has lost seventy-five Italian divisions that were valuable as occupation troops. The whole of occupied Europe today is a smoldering volcano. And the Russians, far from being worsted, are doing well for themselves. In every respect our policy of careful preparation has proved an unqualified success.

There is a contention abroad that Hitler was given time to strengthen his Fortress Europe. This is true only in a proportionate sense, and even here the total balance is strongly in our favor, for our offensive power has grown much faster than Hitler's defensive strength has.

Moreover, today our side is fully informed about the location and nature of Hitler's principal fortifications. We know, almost to the dot, the number of his combat divisions, their stations, composition, and equipment. German strategy is no longer a deep secret. Plans formulated in Berlin and Berchtesgaden have a way of reaching London and Washington in almost record time. We know where to concentrate our assault and where to hold our fire.

To fortify every yard of Europe's far-flung coast lines would be impossible for Hitler's limited war-industrial capacity. Between his principal coastal ramparts lie long stretches of continental shore virtually without a gun. What is more, to establish and maintain beachheads under the protection of a strong naval barrage and a continuous air umbrella is no longer the suicidal task it seemed only twenty months ago.

BOTH Great Britain and the United States have declared that they will not attempt to impose any sort of political system on France. Our only interest is in a temporary and purely military occupation of French soil—to gain a direct land front from which to attack Hitler's Reich. Technically, we shall not invade France. We shall assist the French National Army in the liberation of France.

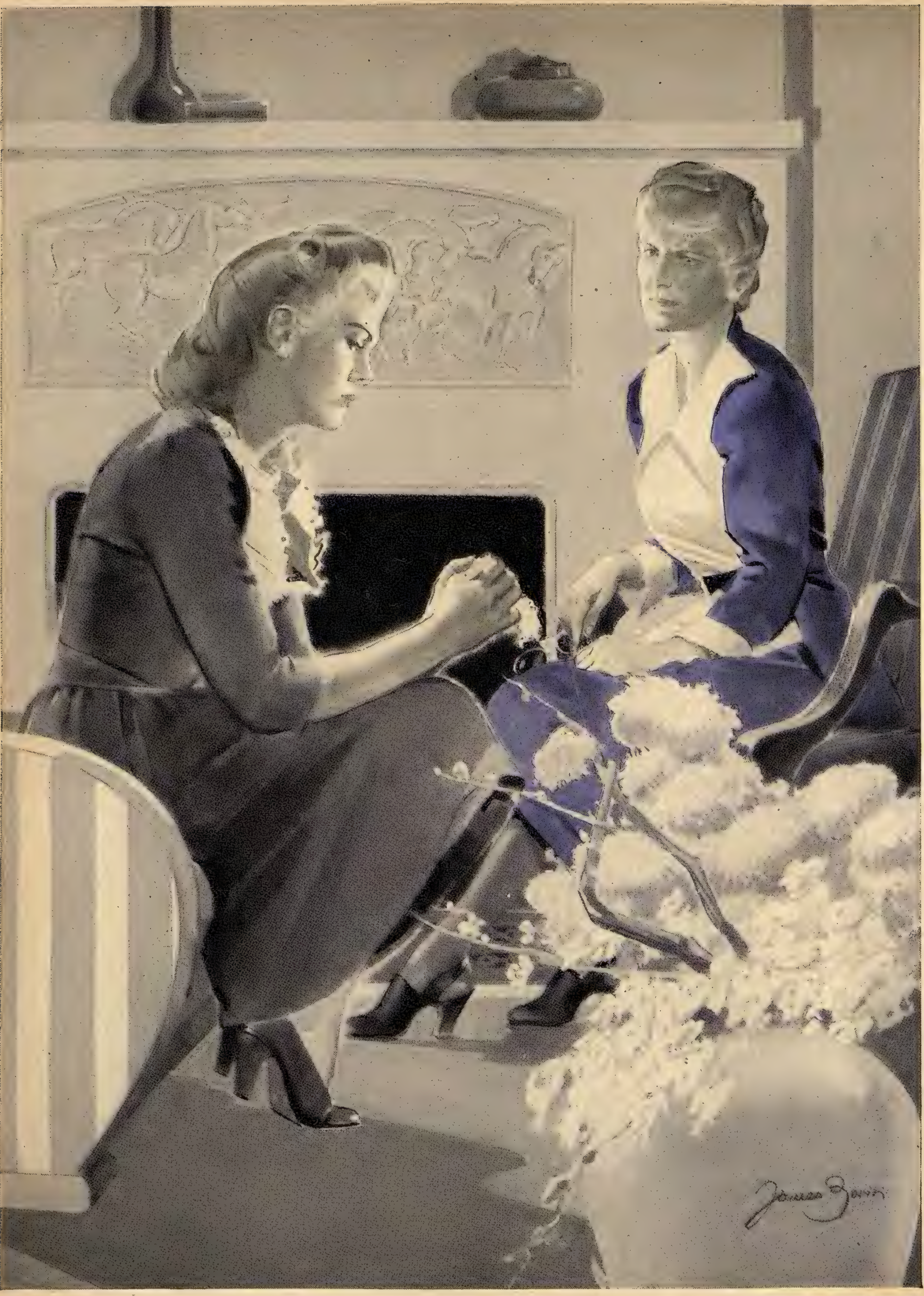
A year ago such an army did not exist. It was merely a phantom army, with a commander-in-chief in the person of General Giraud. What he found in North Africa was a nondescript conglomeration of military units without equipment, without supplies, without centralized leadership. But the twelve months that have elapsed since our successful invasion of North Africa were not wasted. The French worked hand in hand with the British and Americans to build up an army that is a first-rate fighting force in every respect. The French could furnish the men and a well trained, balanced, and experienced officer corps. We and the British provided the equipment and supplies.

Now the French National Army is composed of streamlined combat divisions, fully equipped and expertly

(*Continued on page 72*)

EUROPEAN PHOTO

These two photographs, released by the Nazis, purport to show anti-invasion fortifications along the Channel coast.



Together

The moving story of a blitz-baby, brought from England to escape destruction, of her foster mother and her real mother and of how understanding came to both

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY BRENDAN GILL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES ZORIN

"WE'LL have coffee in the living room, Thelma," Mrs. Herbert said. She set her napkin carefully beside her plate. "I do hope you've had enough to eat," she said to Ann. "The trip must have been a dreadful strain."

"Now that I'm here," Ann said, "I've nearly forgotten it."

From the beginning, the trip had been a series of disappointments. Though she was armed with the proper medical affidavits, it had taken her several months to gain permission to leave England. John had complained, in fact, that theirs was the most written-about unborn baby in London. Once passage had been arranged, the ship had turned out to be small and overcrowded, and the sea rough; and there had been no one to meet her in New York. Mrs. Herbert had written that the excitement of a visit to the city would be likely to upset Jean, and on that account she thought it best for mother and daughter to meet at Mrs. Herbert's place in the country. Ann had replied that of course she understood. Still, it had been unpleasant to arrive so utterly unnoticed, to be merely a tired anonymous Englishwoman in an anonymous hotel room on her first day in America.

Mrs. Herbert frowned, her bright dark eyes studying Ann's face. "I think we always find the strength, don't you?" she asked. "I always say we can do anything we want to do. Simply anything." She got up and walked heavily into the living room.

She's stronger than I am, Ann thought, and she knows it. She's stronger than Jean and I are together. No wonder the child barely spoke to me. No wonder she acted as if—as if Mrs. Herbert were her real mother. After all, it's been four years since Jean came here; four years of war, with only a handful of stiff little childish letters to bridge the gap between us . . .

Ann shook her head. She said faintly, "How lovely to have a fire!"

"We always have a fire," Mrs. Herbert said. "A fire is so cheerful, especially at night." She sat down in a straight chair by the hearth and folded her hands in her lap. When Thelma brought in the coffee, Mrs. Herbert set her cup on the table beside her, leaving the coffee untouched. After Thelma had left the room, Mrs. Herbert said, "Well, my dear, what do you think?"

Ann said, "About Jean?"

Mrs. Herbert laughed sharply. "Of course, about Jean."

Ann guessed what Mrs. Herbert was waiting for. "I hardly know how to tell you," she said—wanting to say, "You've taken her from me. She's not mine any more." She said slowly, "You've done a most wonderful job. Any one can see that. She seems so well and strong, so grown up, so—so intelligent. And she seems to remember me a little. You must have been very careful about that. It was more than I expected. Much, much more."

Mrs. Herbert said, "Of course I've seen to it that she remembers her father and mother. I've spoken of both of you often. I've made her save all your letters." Mrs. Herbert smoothed her dress over the caps of her knees. "You may have wondered why Jean didn't have dinner with us, but I felt that with all the excitement—"

"I understand perfectly."

"It's a matter of discipline," Mrs. Herbert went on. "I'm careful to see that she eats a light meal every evening, that she goes to bed at the same time every night, that she wakes promptly every morning. There's nothing like sticking to a schedule to keep one healthy."

In a whisper Ann said, "I'm sure you're right."

Mrs. Herbert appeared to be waiting for Ann to add something, but Ann could find nothing more to say. She was about to speak aimlessly of her experiences aboard ship when distantly, from the stair well beyond the wide living-room doors, she heard Jean crying. She saw Mrs. Herbert stiffen at the sound. She wondered if she was expected to pretend that she had not heard Jean crying—her own child, but in Mrs. Herbert's house, in Mrs. Herbert's care.

In a flat voice Mrs. Herbert said, "Jean never cries. I've been particularly careful to see that she shouldn't be spoiled."

Ann said, "Perhaps my coming—"

"That should have nothing to do with it. I can't imagine—"

Mrs. Herbert and Ann stared at each other until Ann, no longer equal to the struggle, let her gaze fall to the hearth by Mrs. Herbert's feet. I've lost her, Ann thought, I've lost my darling. Veiling her triumph, Mrs. Herbert said, "You're not supposed to be running up and down stairs, you know. The doctor wouldn't like it."

"Nonsense. The doctor in London said I was strong as a horse." As soon as she had learned that because she was having a baby the government would permit her to come to America, Ann had written a letter of explanation to Mrs. Herbert. Mrs. Herbert had answered merely that they were looking forward to seeing her. Mrs. Herbert said now, "It's been a long trip, no matter how strong you are. I'll just run up and take a look at Jean."

Admitting her defeat, Ann said, "Very well, then. I expect I *am* a bit done in."

She waited in an uneasy, trance-like quiet while Mrs. Herbert walked across the room and up the long flight of stairs. After a few moments the sound of Jean's crying weakened, then died away. Ann felt suddenly cold with disappointment. She knew then that she had not wanted Jean to stop crying for Mrs. Herbert. She felt the first sting of tears under her own eyelids. "Jean," she whispered. "Oh, Jean, Jean!"

Mrs. Herbert took a long time to walk down the stairs. She stopped in the living-room doorway and drew a short uneven breath. She said, "She wants to see you. She promised to stop crying if she could kiss you good night."

Ann said, "The darling!" She felt her pulses hammering with relief. She had not lost Jean; she had lost nothing. She was about to repeat, "The darling!" when, glancing at Mrs. Herbert, she saw for the first time the emptiness in the old woman's eyes. Ann covered her mouth with her fingertips. Mrs. Herbert had done what she could; she had tried to take Ann's place because there was no one else, and she had failed. I couldn't have come here at all, Ann thought, if I weren't having a baby. I shall never have to share the baby with any one. I can afford to share Jean for a little while longer. I can afford it.

She lifted her head and said, "We'll go up together." She took Mrs. Herbert's thin white hand in hers and drew her to the stairs.

THE END

Mrs. Herbert and Ann stared at each other until Ann, no longer equal to the struggle, let her gaze fall.

The New Way to Master Bad Habits

Do you forget easily? Bite your nails? Worry unduly? The way to get cured is to do it harder, says an eminent psychologist. Try it and see!

Negative practice works well on nail

BY DR. ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT

A FEW months ago a young woman came into the office of a friend of mine, an eminent psychologist. Disappointed in love, she feared she might commit suicide.

The psychologist gave the young woman what must have seemed to her strange advice He told her to reproduce her feelings of disappointment as powerfully and accurately as she could, to agonize as intensely as possible, not as an imitation but as the real thing—but with one extraordinary exception: she must keep her mind firmly fixed on the fact that she was doing this *intentionally and with the clear-cut purpose of being cured.*

The poor woman put on a real show. Her only difficulty lay in keeping in mind that she was doing it purposely and with a view to curing herself.

After two sessions of an hour and a half each she *was cured.* She had completely regained her peace of mind. She was scarcely able even to reproduce her feelings of disappointment. She had become a master instead of a slave.

Now, had this psychologist worked any magic or miracle? No. He had simply taught her how to transfer her bad habit—all chronic disappointments are bad habits—from her involuntary to her voluntary life. He had shown her she had *learned* her disappointment, and thus had taught her how to *unlearn* it.

Revolutionary? Yes, but it worked. It has been working right along for fifteen years in the hands of a number of eminent psychologists in curing practically every bad habit—all the way from typewriter, piano, tennis, and golf errors to chronic fears and worries, losing your temper, thumb-sucking and bed-wetting in children, nail-biting, daydreaming, forgetfulness, nervousness, excitability, lack of self-confidence, and stuttering.

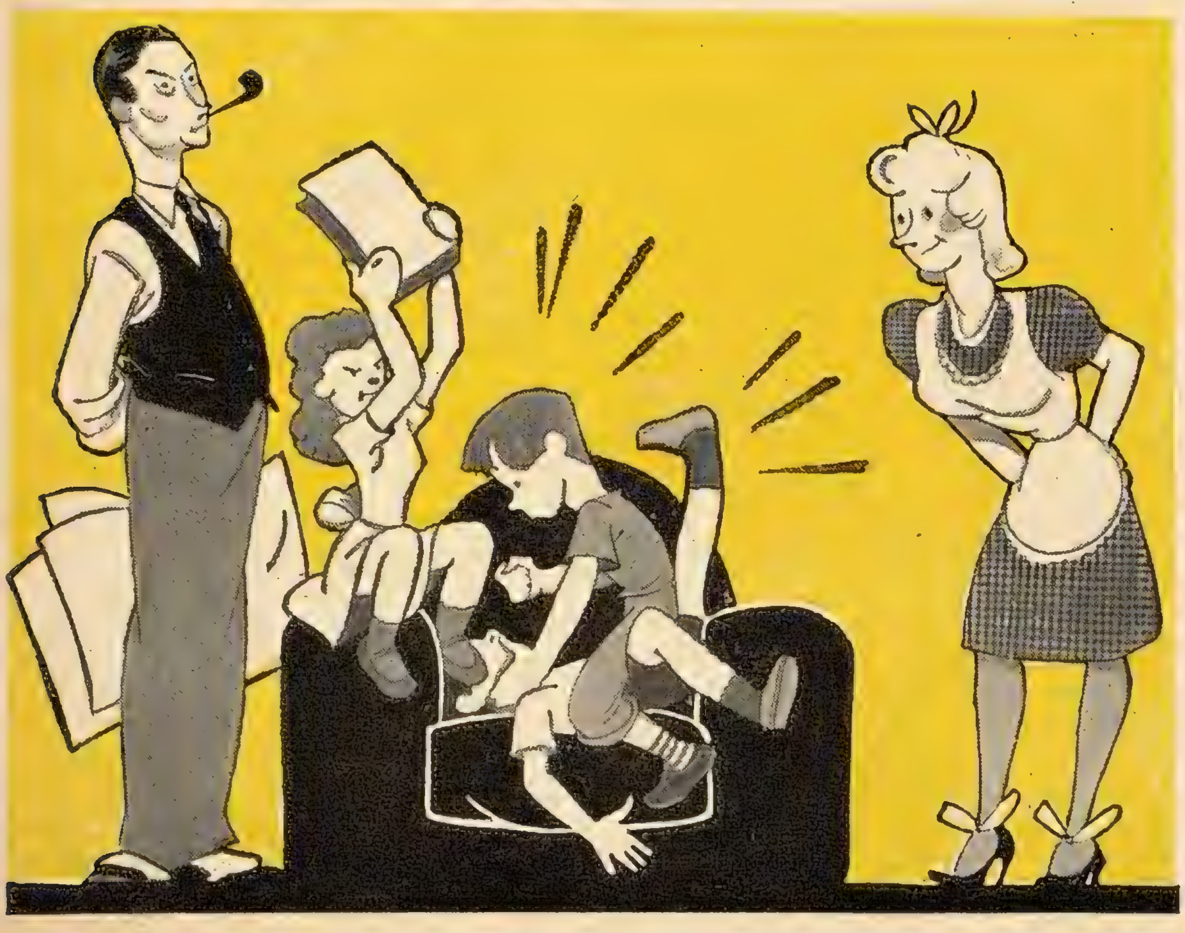
No, it won't cure drug habits *directly,* because a drug destroys the very will power and intelligence required. But it does give promise of being a most effective treatment for excessive alcoholism if, during periods of abstinence, the drinker will tensely dwell upon the awful feelings of the hangover.

Fifteen years ago, when Dr. Knight Dunlap, the psychologist who treated the lovesick girl, first announced that bad habits could be cured by "practicing them to excess," he was lambasted and cartooned by the newspapers and even ridiculed by his colleagues. Moralists shouted he was sending people to the bowwows. They failed to notice that Dr. Dunlap was advising people to *practice* their bad habits self-instructively, not to *indulge* in them.

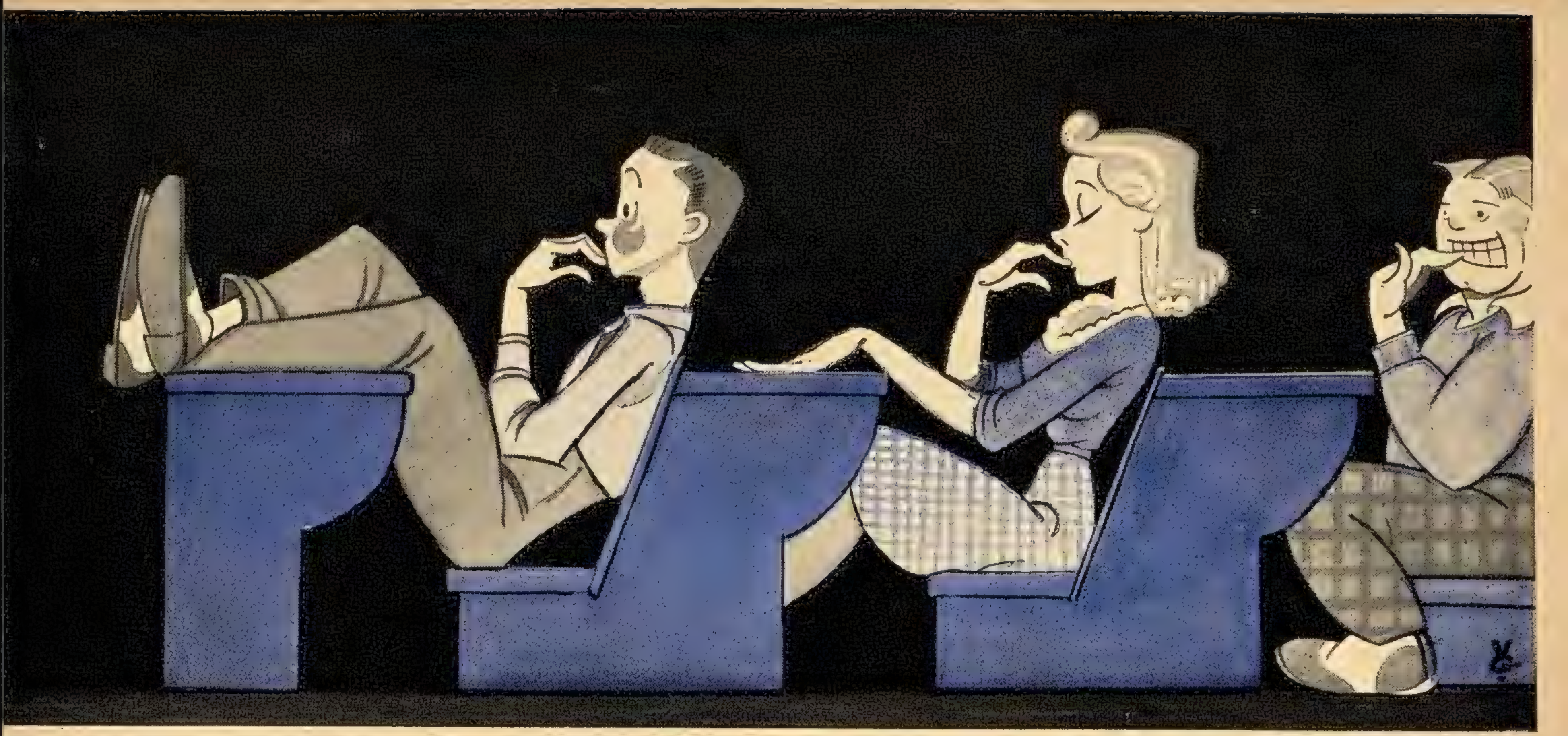
You learn bad habits, says Dr. Dunlap, once head of the psychology department of the University of California at Los Angeles, just as you learn good habits, but you learn them awkwardly and unintentionally. By practicing them intentionally, just as you practice good habits, you learn how to operate them intentionally. You learn the right way by which you have been awkwardly and unskillfully doing the wrong thing. You thus become master of your bad habits because you have learned them efficiently.

Of course, for severe hypochondrias, pathological fears, and real "nuttiness," as well as for stuttering and the like, the treatment must be guided at first by a psychologist trained in negative practice—the term Dr. Dunlap gives to this treatment. But for the common variety of bad habits, all that is needed is common horse sense.

You would do well to begin with simple motor habits, such as errors in typewriting, piano and violin playing, billiards, tennis, or golf. It was by trying to correct his own typewriter errors that Dr. Dunlap made his discovery. It occurred to him if he would repeat



Mother or dad must instruct children to work up a perfect likeness of anger.



biting. In two sessions of fifteen minutes each, every member of two large classes of student nail-biters was cured.

his errors carefully and intentionally he would discover how he made them. So he first tried writing and writing "hte" for "the," the commonest of all typewriter errors. After five minutes' practice twice a day for a few days he found the habit had vanished. Other typewriter errors followed suit. This was the beginning of fifteen years of development of negative practice for curing bad habits, in his own and other laboratories, with increasing success.

The main thing is to make sure you are *exactly reproducing your errors.* For example, in correcting bad golf or tennis habits it helps to have a partner or pro watch to see whether you are really repeating your bad habit. Otherwise you may be learning a new bad habit. *Success depends entirely upon repeating the bad habit accurately and intelligently.*

Correcting quarreling and loud talking between husbands and wives or parents and children must be done by mutual co-operation. In teaching children to overcome quarreling and fighting, mother or dad must instruct them to work up as perfect a likeness of anger as they can. If they become too violent, the parent should, of course, see that they pull their punches. One mother tells me, after having tried it only once, that her little boy and girl, nine and eleven, just couldn't wait to have another "negative practice fight," and that it has worked like a charm. Another mother calls it "the most sensible thing I ever heard of in child psychology."

When parents and children co-operate in good spirit, curing family mannerisms becomes a game and is a lot of fun. There are hosts of proofs of what can be done even with the traditional head of the family. The wife of an editor friend of mine tried vainly for thirty years to cure her husband of pulling his nose while he talked. Finally, by inducing him to practice five minutes twice a day talking and pulling his nose before the mirror, she did cure him. Practicing mannerisms before the mirror is a great help—once some one has gently informed you of what they are.

To be cured of thumb-sucking by negative practice, a child must, of course, be old enough—at least four or five—to understand instructions. After getting his co-operation, the mother should enthusiastically go through some such rigmarole as the following. "Now, dear, we are going to have a grand time sucking our thumbs. Oh my, oh my, we must suck hard, hard, *hard!* Aren't we having a good time? There—don't stop. You know mama wants you to stop, and this will show you how you can do what mama wants. No, no, don't stop! Let's go on sucking as hard as we can!" Continue this for at least five minutes. After a very few sessions the kid simply gives up the habit. Fifteen years of experience shows it works. It works just as well, too, on nail-biting. In two sessions of fifteen minutes each Dr. Dunlap cured every member of two large classes of student nail-biters, most of whom had tried in vain to overcome the habit.

FOR that world-old curse, habitual worry, you go through the same kind of rigmarole as mother does for thumb-sucking, except that you apply it to yourself. Try quietly and earnestly to worry intensely. Picture vividly the objects and causes of your worry, whether the boss, your wife or husband, money, or what not. Yank your mind back if it tends to wander. Keep your dither going hot and heavy for at least fifteen minutes. I have tried it myself time and again and have had plenty of friends try it. Oh, no, it will not keep you from having a genuine concern about your problems, but it will make your concern *intelligent.*

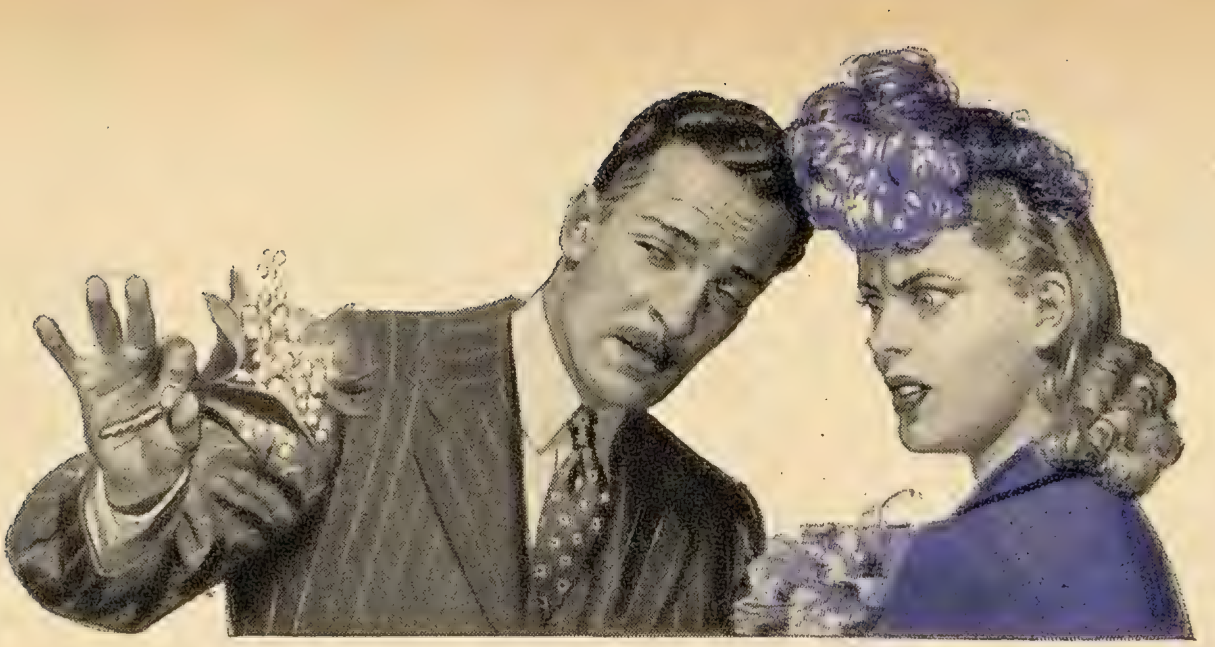
For improving the memory, negative practice is nothing short of spectacular. You can prove this to yourself in the next half hour. Just *try* recalling somebody's name or face or a fact that has slipped your memory. Nine times out of ten, the harder you try the more it gets away from you. Your efforts only increase your forgetting, because they switch in all kinds of blockings and unrelated items between you and the thing you want to recall.

Now, instead of trying to remember a thing, *try to forget it.* You wish to recall somebody's name. Make a quick dive for it, but if it does not come on call make a positive effort to forget it. Pick up the telephone, light your cigar, start a letter, sing or swear. A little practice will prove you can intentionally forget things. In a few minutes make another dive, and another effort to forget it. What will amaze you is that after two or three efforts—often after only one—the thing will suddenly flash before your mind like a ray of sunlight shot from behind a cloud.

"How can I stop daydreaming and learn to concentrate?" I get this question in letters from students by the thousands. Negative practice is the golden answer. Pick up your book and start at your work or lessons. As usual, your habit of daydreaming barges in. All right, *just keep at it.* Follow your daydream on and on. Don't let your mind come back to your book. Stop it every time it tries. You will soon find it harder and harder to keep your dream going. When you can't stand it any longer, come back to your book—but the moment another dream starts, follow it the same way. You will soon find it harder to concentrate on your daydream than on your book. It is amazing what this simple method has done for thousands of students.

In curing stuttering, negative practice is one of the recognized standard methods. It is an everyday procedure in every speech correction clinic—something now established in every good-sized college or university. No two cases are exactly alike, but in all cases the stutterer must be trained to stutter intentionally, before a mirror. He is then for the first time in a position to control his stuttering. It is reliably estimated there are more than two million confirmed stutterers in the United States alone, and uncounted millions of stammerers, uh-uh-uhers, and repeaters. Hosts of students fail in school and college and go through lives of inferiority from this handicap. In many cases, negative practice alone, after a few lessons under a trained teacher, works a complete and happy cure.

THE END



Eric throws them into a trash can.

I'LL NEVER SEE BROOKLYN AGAIN

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

From Flatbush to an English castle is a long hop, especially when a girl has to contend with an Uncle Pat, a boy home from war, and her own heart

MAYBE I'd better start with my name, which is Mary Gladys Murphy. But at Chez Yvonne I am "Gwladys." Yvonne herself thought up that sparkler. She says it is more in keeping with New York's most exclusive couturière.

Getting back to me. I've got blue eyes, a tiptilted nose, and a chin that won't give up the ghost. I am also five foot eleven (with heels).

Oh, yeah, and I'm a honey blonde. That's Mary Gladys Murphy; profession, model.

So this day Madam Yvonne comes in like the tide.

"Put this on at once, Gwladys," she says. She tosses me a lamé evening wrap.

Well, I pour Murphy into it and invade the salon. To my surprise, the client is a gentleman.

He is very nice-looking. Sorrel hair, gray eyes, red cheeks, a little neat mustache, the build of Maxie Rosenbloom, and marvelously dressed. But the minute I breeze in, the gray eyes pop and he exhales a whistling, though well bred, breath.

"I—I think I will take it," he says.

From his accent I gather he is a Britisher, what Uncle Patrick calls a lime-juicer.

Madam Yvonne née Diffenbach licks her lips like a wolf closing in for the kill. "Monsieur is making a wise choice," says she. "It is *très chic. Enchanteur.*"

"Yes," says the Englishman, his eyes on Murphy. "Yes. Please wrap it up."

I think no more of this incident till lunchtime. Then, just outside the shop, lurks this Britisher.

He spots me before I spot him. "I—I say," he says, "you'll—er—pardon me for speaking to you?"

Now Miss Murphy is no pushover for a picker-upper. But this bird looks nice. Really nice.

"Consider yourself pardoned," I says. "What can I do for you?"

"You could have lunch with me," he says simply.

"Laddie boy," I says, "you are a swift worker. Who said the English're slow?"

The gentleman obviously doesn't believe in light badinage. "Does that mean you will?"

The eager way he says it gets me. It's plain he really wants me to lunch with him.

"Well," I says, "even us working girls must eat."

A smile spreads over his ruddy face. "Oh, I say, this is splendid! Let's go in here." He steers me into La Maison Grande which, for the record, is no beanery.

My limey goes through the menu like a Flying Fortress through flak. "By the way," he says, at the end of the trip, "I'm Eric Brackhurst."

"Nice to know you, Eric," I says. "Murphy is the name—Gwladys Murphy."

He stares. But just says, "Oh, look here! You're pulling my leg."

"And what," I says, "have the Brackhursts got that the Murphys haven't?"

He reddens. "I'm afraid I've been beastly rude. Where do you live, Gladys?"

"I live in Bay Ridge," I says.

He looks puzzled. "I don't think I know it."

"Are you kidding?" I says. "You'll be telling me next you never heard of Brooklyn or the Dodgers."

"Brooklyn, yes. But the Dodgers—"

"Skip it," I tells him. "Now what are you doing in America, Eric?"

"I've been visiting some of your airplane factories."

"I see. And you fell for one of our cute little airplanes and bought her an evening wrap?"

Eric pulls out a wallet, flips me a photo. "Not precisely. It's for this lady. Back home."

The girl in the picture is a cold knockout.

"Woo-woo," I says. "Would this—be Mrs. Brackhurst?"

"That," says Eric, "is Mr. Brackhurst's sister. There isn't"—the gray eyes hit mine hard—"any Mrs. Brackhurst, yet."

"So!" I says. "Then who is that?" I point to a second snapshot that accidentally falls from the wallet.

Eric blushes a little. "Oh, just a girl."

"Quit holding out on south Brooklyn, Eric," I says. "You mean *the* girl."

"No," Eric says. "Simply a friend. If you're interested, her name is Angela Threepton-Michaels."

"They let her have both barrels, eh?" I says. "Well, now we're over that, I'll confess that I've a sneaking admiration for the R. A. F."

"Ah," says Eric. "A great lot of lads."

"You sound as if you know."

"I WAS fortunate enough to be one of them," he says quietly, "until some blasted Jerry put a sneak burst into me. After I recovered, they sent me over here."

More and more I am liking this man. He doesn't have an ounce of conceit or side.

"Here for long?" I asks.

"Confidentially," says Eric, "I'm flying back Sunday. This is Tuesday." Once again his eyes skewer me. "That being the case, are you—ah—engaged this evening?"

"I sure am," I tells him. "With my downy couch and a killer-diller mystery story."

"Oh, no, no," says Eric, and signals the headwaiter.

"Would it be possible," he inquires, when the great man pulls alongside, "to

"You'll meet Eric tomorrow," I says.
"I will not," says Uncle Patrick.

have a telephone brought to the table?"

"Why, certainly, Lord Brackhurst," says his nibs.

Whoops! Manhattan Isle does a loop-the-loop, with Murphy hanging on for dear life.

Before the town rights itself, the instrument arrives. The peer speaks into it, reserving two ringside seats for Ladies Second, the hotsiest musical in town. I am quietly fainting. Lord Brackhurst? How do you like that?

AND that's how it all began. Dinner, theater, a small supper afterwards, with no unnecessary fuss or feather but everything done right. At the end Eric wants to waft me back to Bay Ridge, clear at the jungle end of Brooklyn, in a taxi, but I slip in a veto. So his lordship settles for lunch on the morrow and I take the subway.

On it Murphy speaks to Murphy: Lady, that was no ordinary evening. It has all the earmarks of a red-letter event. You're attracted, Murphy. Don't kid yourself.

When I get home Uncle Patrick is in the kitchen, drinking black tea. He brews this in the morning, leaves it on the stove all day, and by nightfall it is fit to knock over Joe Louis. He is a little bowlegged man with a brown seamed face. He used to be a jockey.

"An' where have you been?" inquires Uncle Patrick.

"Oh," I says, knowing I'll get a rise, "out and about. With an Englishman."

"P-phwut!" Uncle Patrick chokes on his tea. "Now then, Mary Murphy, are ye tellin' me ye spent this evenin' with a blackhearted lime-juicer?"

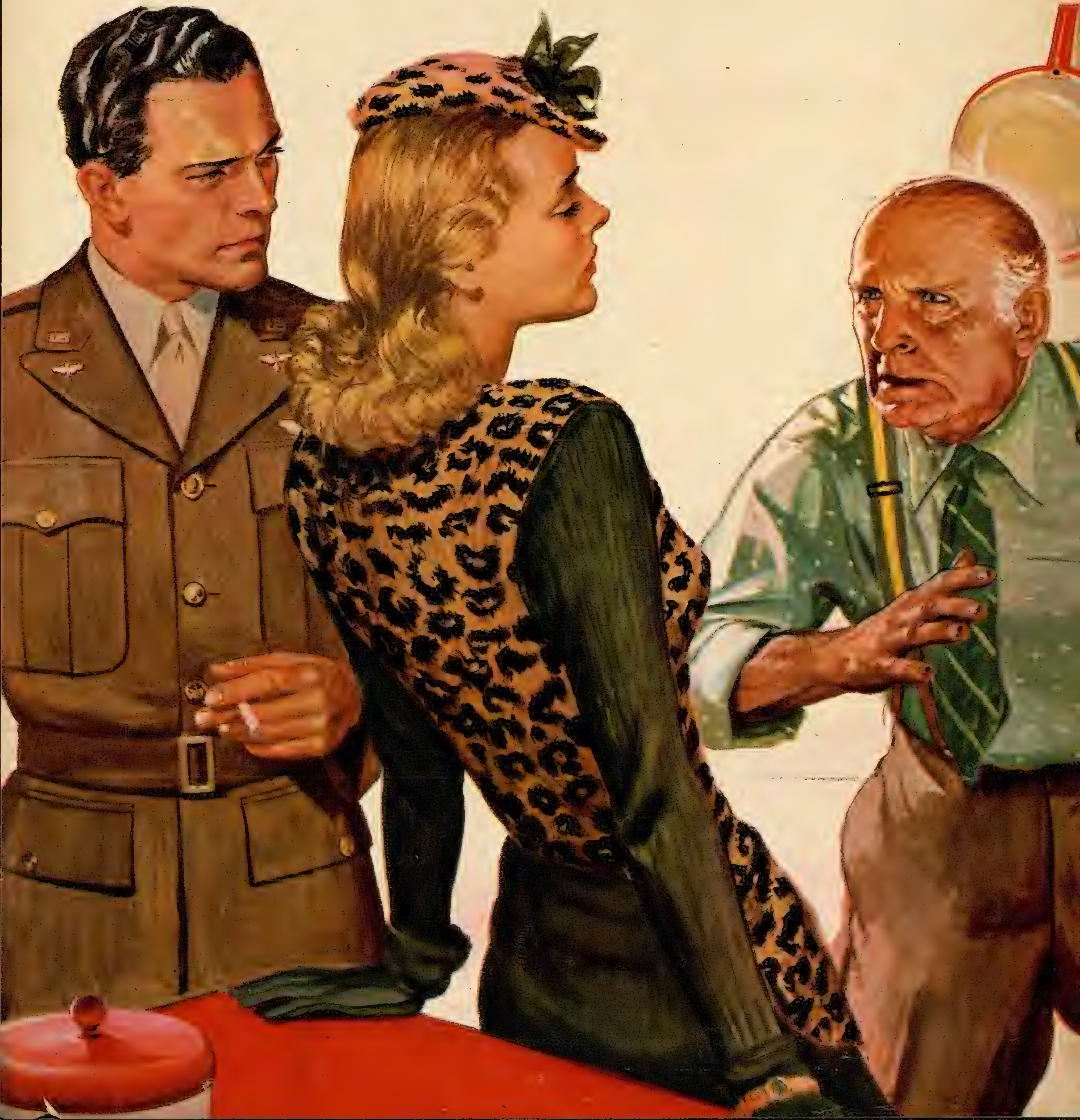
"That I did," I says. "A broth of a boy in the R. A. F."

"The R. A. F. is it?" Uncle Patrick calms down. " 'Tis all right, then. The R. A. F. is a gallant or-r-ganization made up entirely of Irishmen."

"Sure," I says. "But they let this one Britisher in on account his grandmother once passed a week-end in Killarney."

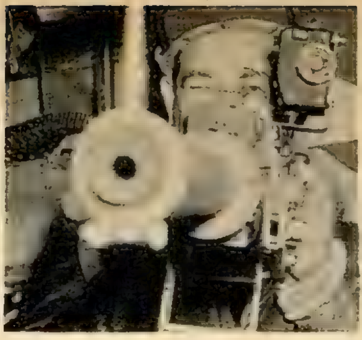
"Well," says Uncle Patrick, " 'tis home ye should have been, writin' to Johnny Daly, who is givin' his lifeblood in Nor-r-th Africa to preserve the wor-r-ld fer democracy. I wash me hands of ye. 'Tis now a matter between yerself, yer conscience, an' Father O'Halleran."

(Continued on page 57)



SEEING THE BOMBS HOME

BY LIEUTENANT JAMES BRAY as told to KEITH AYLING



Lieutenant James Bray, who tells this story.

MY job, one big thrill from take-off to landing, is to film bombs bursting on enemy targets from as high as 20,000 feet. If you lived for three hundred years you could never get a thrill equal to being a movie cameraman filming the bombs as they flop out of the bomb bay and go hurtling down to the target.

It is a vital business, this shooting with a camera, because it enables us to see the results of our precision bombing as soon as we return from a mission. It provides a permanent record of the attacks, and serves as an infallible check on the engagement.

As a newsreel cameraman for eighteen years, I had filmed everything from dog shows to airplane crashes, but you can bet I never expected one day to be turning on 1,000-pound bombs swishing down on Axis strongholds.

I went to North Africa as a member of the 9th Combat Camera Unit with this special assignment of doing "follow shots." A "follow shot" requires keeping the lens of the camera on a moving object. Following a bangtail charging up a race track is a tough enough assignment, but getting a 1,000-pound bomb in your ground-glass lens and following it down all along its swiftly graceful drooping curve is really something. I thought it couldn't be done, but once I got my eye in, it became just like any other newsreel assignment—although a shade more exciting. I lost nearly twenty pounds in 225 combat hours during which I exposed 20,000 feet of film on bomb tracks and enemy fighter planes attacking our formations. The film I sent back to Washington, where it is being used for tactical training purposes.

I joined the Air Corps in May, 1942. I knew most things about movie and still cameras, nothing about guns. I never had fired a sporting gun or taken a pot shot in a shooting gallery. A gunnery course at MacDill Field, Tampa, Florida, soon altered that, and when I arrived in North Africa in November, 1942, I at least knew what a .50-caliber gun was for. On training flights with my camera fitted in its position over the bomb bay, I used to eye that .50-caliber and feel a bit scared. Would I ever have to use it, and how soon? The answer wasn't long in coming.

But I was just as worried about my other "gun," the camera, and my first success with that came on a mission over Sousse. I was one of nine members of a Liberator bomber combat crew, and we had one of the coolest pilots in the business, Lieutenant George Groff, who had worked in a pharmacy in Alabama.

Sousse then was in Axis hands. We were going to blast Rommel's supply lines. We got over the target at dusk, flying at about 20,000 feet. The Germans were waiting for us. Suddenly the placid brown-gray earth underneath shouted hell. The antiaircraft guns threw up so much flak that as it burst underneath us it looked like a thick black carpet you could walk on. The Jersey Jerks, our bomber, began to bounce and roll. "Don't mind that, fellows," said Lieutenant Groff. "That's nothing. It's not coming near us."

We flew on, the black blotches behind and below us. George was an ace at dodging the stuff. He seemed to be giving her the gun. I heard Sergeant "Moe" Moseley, the bombardier, giving George instructions for the run over. The ship was steady now. I bent over my camera. A few minutes later George said, "I'm on the run, fellows." I waited. One minute, or it may have been a few seconds, and the bomb bays gaped beneath me. Below was Sousse, our target. Here was my job. I pressed the electric switch and got the bombs in my sight.

Pictures prove hits, the generals say, and therefore expert newsreel men go along to photograph the bombs as they fall —also to fight off the foe going and coming

Down they went—small blobs traveling incredibly fast. I sweated over the view finder. I could see those bombs going out, curving away incredibly, so far that it seemed they would never hit the target—an illusion created by our own speed. But they did. I wanted to cheer and yell as I saw the little white blobs of smoke rise like puffballs in the middle of the big supply dump we were aiming at. I switched off the camera, feeling deliriously happy. We had hit what we were aiming at, thanks to Mr. Norden's bombsight.

Then Charlie Stapp, the navigator, said over the phone, "There's a pursuit coming in at four o'clock."

That was my position. I jumped to the gun and peered out. I saw a wicked-looking plane boring in at an acute angle. I recognized him in a flash as an ME-109, but he was out of my view before I could fire. I had muffed it. I could hear the heavy pounding of Chuck Pile's guns blasting at him from the tail. Sergeant Baker, in the turret, was firing too. The Jersey Jerks boys were fighting! Out of the corner of my eye I saw "Lefty" Leftwich's waist gun on the other side in action. I glimpsed the belts of .50-caliber shells bouncing toward the breech of the gun. Nowhere could I see the plane. Presently Chuck Pile announced cheerfully, "I think I got him, lieutenant. He went down."

"Sure he went down," said Sergeant Warf, the flight engineer. "I saw him smoking."

"Good work, Chuck," complimented George Groff. "We're going home."

Back at our base, I developed a test strip of my film. When it came out, I saw it was a pip. I still say that length of celluloid is the most exciting I have ever turned—my first record of bombs all the way down. The film was sent to Washington, D. C., undeveloped. I felt much better.

Missions became normal events after that. On March 24 we set off to bomb Messina in a bomber named Penny's from Heaven. That trip was to take us over Mount Etna. One of the senior officers had been arguing as to whether the volcano was active at all, and would I take a picture if I got a chance. The trip was to be a hot one. We had been warned to expect flak all the way up the Italian coast from Syracuse to Catania.

Penny's from Heaven was in a hot spot in the formation, the rear element, which the boys wryly called the Purple Heart section. Axis fighter planes always try to disable the last machine of the last section—known as "tail-end Charlie"—separate it from the others and down it, and then take the next one. We were the tail-end Charlie on this and many other missions.

WE came up the coast of Italy at about 20,000 feet. There was plenty of flak, but it was sprouted harmlessly far below us. As we came over Mount Etna I spied a dark hole from which smoke was climbing lazily into the sky. That was the crater. I turned a few feet of film on it to settle the boys' argument. Then things began to happen. First an antiaircraft shell burst too near to be comfortable. A chunk of shell whammed through the fuselage, leaving a big hole. Another burst underneath and shook us. George banked the Liberator sharply to avoid the next salvo, and I saw we were out of the formation. Now what?

Stapp, the navigator, saw it coming. "Enemy pursuit at nine o'clock," he warned. That was my side. I tensed a bit. I could see nothing.

"Get ready to fire," said the skipper.

"Watch him!" warned some one else. I looked at the sky. All I could see were some fighter planes. They were Italian Macchis, barrel-rolling and circling but always keeping out of range. I knew why. The Italians were acting as lures to draw our fire. Somewhere behind in the sun must be a German stalking us.

"Here he is, boys!" said Stapp. I saw our attacker then, an ME-109. He came in weaving like a crazy mosquito to keep us from getting a shot. I waited. I knew that at any second he would start on his deadly 400-mph stabling run, head on. I was excited as hell. I steadied. Then he stopped his crazy flying and darted in at an angle. I got him in my sights and fired. I missed, then

I tried again with a short burst. I saw a tracer strike him and bounce away. Gosh—I had "felt" him! My lead was good. I fired again as he came in, and in a split second of triumph I knew I had got him. Again I let him have it. He still came on surprisingly, but only for a second. Then he rolled over, hung in the air for a minute, and fluttered oddly. I fired again. A plume of black smoke flecked out into the wind and trailed behind him. Slowly he went over again and into a spin.

Chuck Pile called, "Lieutenant, my guns are frozen. There's a bandit coming up from six o'clock."

"O. K., Chuck," said Baker, the turret gunner. "I'll take him. Lieutenant, would you mind dropping the tail?"

"Sure thing," replied the captain. He climbed, raised Penny's from Heaven slightly to give the turret gunner an aim down the fuselage. I heard the guns barking furiously. Then Baker said, "Thank you, lieutenant. I think I got him. Thank you."

"You're welcome," said George Groff as evenly as if he'd been serving a customer in his pharmacy.

The antiaircraft fire began again. George turned the ship on another course and then went in on the target. Pile called again, "There's a pursuit at seven thirty."

This was my field of fire, but I couldn't see him. The pilot was cleverly hiding behind our fin and keeping out of range. I decided to ask Groff to skid the tail of the bomber to give me a view. He did, but still I could not get a sight of our trailer.

Then Chuck whooped with excitement. "They got him. They got him! The goon! He—gee, he flew right into his own flak!"

I made my film as we let go our explosives. Then we turned for home, feeling good.

With my guns blooded, my interest in aerial gunnery mounted fast. I fitted a small automatic 16-mm. home movie camera to my gun, so that I could film as well as shoot at the attacking planes.

ON April 11 we had a mission to Naples. Again we were in the Purple Heart section. The boys who had already made the run told us that the flak at Naples was Germany's best. The air was so clear we seemed to be flying just over the housetops, although we were at our usual height. We could see the even blocks of houses, the wide streets, and the harbor with its moles and jetties. Then up came the flak, lots of it, but most of it wide. Suddenly a shell cracked so near us it missed being a direct hit by only a second or so. The crump of the explosion shook our plane—this time the Arkansas Traveller. Looking up and seeing the sky through a hole a foot square shook me.

"There's a bandit coming up underneath you," said Chuck quietly. "Watch him."

I spotted the plane when he was 1,000 yards away. He stopped weaving and came in at us in a long straight run. I gave him three bursts, the last when he was so close that he seemed to be under the wing. I fired again, and he went down with smoke streaming from the cabin. Soon his buddy showed up. "Watch for a pursuit coming up at four-thirty!" shouted Baker. "I can't get him!"

I saw the plane, but too late. That pilot swooped in from under the blind spot of our rudder and passed me so close that I could see his face. His guns

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Bomber photographer whose job is to film the bombs as they hurtle down upon the target and bring back a record of their effect. Below: Three of her crew pose with Penny's from Heaven.

PENNY'S FROM HEAVEN

PHOTOS, U. S. ARMY FROM KEYSTONE; U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

WARS ARE HOW YOU TAKE THEM

There are lots of ways to fight a war and gay, carefree Cuba has a way all her own. A candid look at this amazing tropical oasis in a world of crisis

BY GRETTA PALMER

Do you remember what peace looks like? It takes just an hour and a half to fly from Miami to Havana, from war to peace. Miami is in the war up to its ears. It's a city in uniform. More than 130 of the hotels in the area have been turned into barracks. Men march down the broad palm-fringed boulevards in endless drill. It is hard today for a civilian in Miami to find a hotel room or a meal.

Pan American Airways' Miami Airport is very much at war. You must talk to seventeen different officials before you are allowed to leave the country at this port. There is a passport examination and a once-over by the F. B. I., a military censorship of all papers, and a long quizzing on your reasons for traveling. There is the most thorough customs examination I have ever seen at any border: the inside pockets of your handbag are explored, and the toes of your evening slippers, and your tissue-wrapped face creams. These measures—taken before the U. S. will let you *out*—are a traveler's gauge of our state of war and its seriousness.

At 5.45—now called 1745—you step into the plane with a cosmopolitan group of passengers: a Cuban Army officer in high Texas boots, with a six-shooter at his belt; two briefcase-carrying American men; three Spanish-speaking gentlemen in whites, each with a carton of American cigarettes by way of baggage; an unexplained Venezuelan and a plump Cuban señora. At 7.15—no longer known as 1915—you descend into the prewar world.

At the entrance to the Havana airport building stands a boy with a tray of fresh iced daiquiri cocktails—"Compliments of Bacardi"—just as he has done since Pan American ships began to fly. As always, the Cuban customs involves a little casual prodding about the edges of your suitcase, a *Gracias* to your expected offer of an American cigarette, a few vague questions about your jewelry, and the issuing of a *carte d'identité*. Then in ten minutes you are free to enter the gayest, handsomest, and least warlike city of the Caribbean.

You drive into Havana from Camp Columbia, and it is a brilliant blaze of lights against the sky. The taxi driver swirled me through the city's narrow streets, past the grilled doors with their enticing glimpses of domestic life. As his hand pressed the horn in the merry Latin manner, I asked, "Is it still possible to hire a car and driver by the day?" *"Seguro,"* he told me—"sure."

"Eight dollars," I asked, "as usual?" "Ten dollars now," he said, "because we have to buy our gasoline from the *bolsa negra* at eighty cents." *Bolsa negra*, or black market, gasoline, sells for fifty cents a gallon, ten cents more than the legal price. Black market tires are sixty-five dollars.

The streets of Havana by night are as crowded as ever. The shop windows are lighted more brightly than I remembered them. Do you want silk stockings? El Encanto offers them, imported from America, for two dollars a pair. French perfumes? The little shops on the Prado still stock your favorite scent. Scotch whisky? Name your brand, *señor*. Shoes? You may buy a dozen pairs from a shopful of styles or you may pick out the leather and have a pair made to your order for ten dollars.

I went to the Cosmopolita Restaurant, where the finest food in Cuba has always been served. It is now in a little tropical garden at Prado 72. Its menu asks you to choose among filet mignon, roast beef, and roast lamb—for $1.25. I went to the delightful Floridita Bar, where Constantino still shakes his patented daiquiris. The same crowd, the same musicians. There is more French spoken now and much less English, but that is all.

Stroll down the Prado opposite the Capitolio, modeled on our Capitol in Washington. The sidewalk cafés still have their girl orchestras on platforms above the sidewalk, sawing away at Siboney and Negra Consentida. Chinese with gentle faces still shuffle from table to table selling little screws of roasted peanuts. Beggar women carrying babies whine timidly from the street. The crowds stream past on the brightly lighted avenue. The traffic reminds you of the old days on Fifth Avenue.

Is it the same as always? Not quite. Now and then a jeep, driven by an American soldier stationed at San An-

American sailors celebrating at Sloppy Joe's bar.

ACME PHOTO

St. Rafael Street in the business section of Havana.

THREE LIONS PHOTO

Joyeria El Gallo
REGALOS DE DISTINCION
Giralt
JEWELRY AND GI
Joyeria Gallo
HOT ROYAL

The gay and extravagant night life of Havana still goes on. This is Sans Souci, one of the city's night clubs.

tonio Airport, sputters down the Prado. These cars have caught the imagination of the Cubans, who affectionately call them *tipo cucarache* (cockroach type). At some of the sidewalk tables sit American soldiers or sailors, watching the crowds through homesick eyes. Once in a while a khakied, heavily armed Cuban soldier appears; it's about three to one that he's a Regular Army man.

THERE is, in theory, a draft in Cuba. The very highest estimate of the number of Cubans actually called up under the draft is 8,000 men, none of whom, by law, can be sent overseas to fight. The Regular Army numbers close to 20,000 and they are not likely to be sent anywhere to fight.

No, Havana is not a city at war—any more than Lisbon is. But it is, like Lisbon, a city of intrigue. Diplomats call Havana one of the three important espionage centers of the world today. Stockholm and Lisbon are the others. It has all the extravagance and gaiety of a city in which some of the visitors are playing for the highest stakes of all. And it is, besides, a diplomatic capital, with all the whispering behind palms that the words suggest.

Ask a Cuban about international spies, and he will begin naming names and, like as not, point to one of the gentlemen on the other side of the café. Sometimes this really means that the gentleman may be under arrest before nightfall. Sometimes it simply means that he and your informant disagree in the enormously complex arena of Cuban politics, where it is fashionable today to call your opponents Fascists.

If the gentleman is really about to be taken to the Isle of Pines—a kind of local Alcatraz—it still need not reflect too seriously on his honor. Many highly placed Cubans have done a stretch in stir for political obstinacy or more trivial crimes.

But these charges, taken lightly in Havana, may cause trouble in the North. Some of the local Communists and fellow travelers are calling "Nazi!" at every well-to-do Cuban or Spaniard who supported Franco in the Spanish Civil War. The supporters of Franco admit that they were glad to have Fascist and Nazi help on their side in that war. American business men today, they say, are happy to have the Russians' help against the Germans. Does that make the American business man a Communist? Hardly. Neither, say the Cubans, should the Franco supporters be called Nazis or Falangists. Most of them were for Franco because they were devout.

A prominent Cuban listed as a Falangist in Allan Chase's articles told me:

"I supported Franco because I am a Catholic. I despised the Falange. Their members in Cuba were a few thousand hysterics like your own Silver Shirts. I wouldn't hire a Falangist member to scrub my steps."

Some local radicals attack the well-to-do as Fascists. Others, who concentrate their hatred on General Fulgencio Batista, assure you that their President himself is surrounded by Axis sympathizers of a very dangerous stripe. I talked to such a man, a professor at Havana University—which is to say, a revolutionary.

"Batista is a great democrat, is he?" said my professor. "Why, then, did his government accept the Sword of Honor from Franco? Why, during the Spanish Civil War, did his police raid the Club Republicano and throw its furniture out onto the Prado and arrest its officials?"

The spy stories are legion. The best and truest probably centers around the Campbell Johnsons, a charming English couple who came to Havana to live in the winter of 1940. They rented a house on the shore at Miramar, where they entertained with swimming-luncheon parties. They joined the better clubs. They were popular with the British and American colonies.

But their guest lists, published in the society columns, were intently read by American officials in Havana—and a few key Cubans were warned to avoid them. When Cuba declared war, the Englishman was immediately taken to the Isle of Pines and then shipped, by guarded plane, to Miami and London. He was turned over to the British authorities as an enemy agent and put in jail.

YOU can hear anything, sitting at a marble-topped table in one of Havana's 12,000 cafés that are open to the street. You can even hear a lively defense of the present government, perhaps from one of the local newspapermen (all Cuban newspapers but one get a handsome government subsidy). You'll hear from him that Batista is a great liberal: he legalized the Communist Party; he continued Grau San Martin's reforms—a minimum wage, an eight-hour day; and he set rent ceilings at the very low level of 1935.

"Graft?" I asked my pro-Batista informant.

"Oh, graft," he shrugged. "Of course. But you must distinguish between the old graft and the new. Machado's men stole from the Treasury itself. Batista has streamlined the system—nobody dips into the Treasury. His people simply collect the money as they see fit, but they have to pay the government its share, too.

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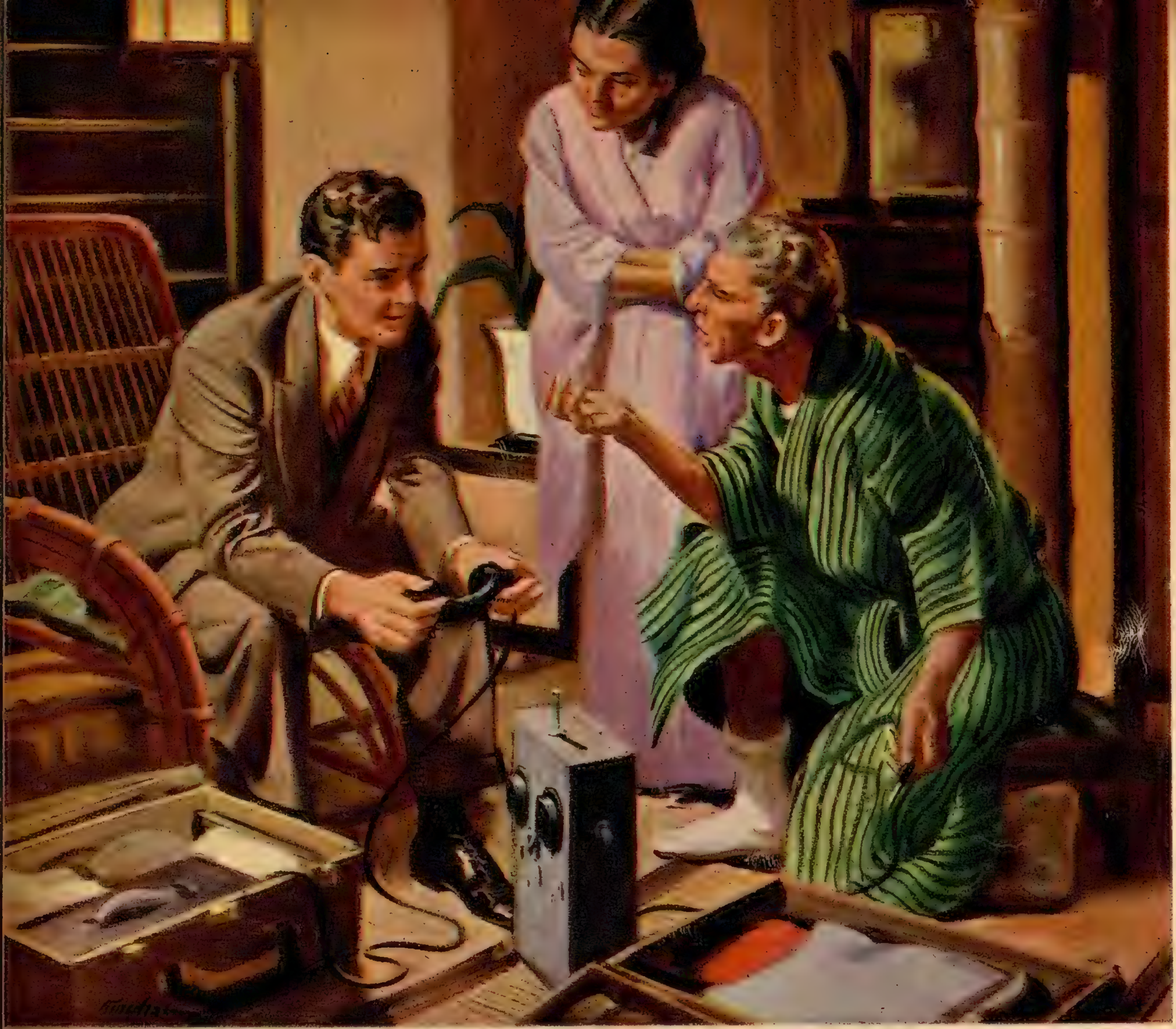
ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES R. KINGHAN



Salvador said, "We won't let you! Eh, Kato-san?"

DESTINATION TOKYO

In the heart of Tokyo, Quade at last fulfills the mission to which his life is dedicated, while the men of the Copperfin brush death in this breath-taking conclusion to the outstanding story of the submarine service

BY STEVE FISHER

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

THE taxi was waiting two blocks away.

This was the only thing which had been arranged for Quade. The driver was a Korean. Quade had been told he could trust him implicitly. Intelligence had been unable to tell the man the date Quade would arrive. He was to be at that place between certain hours before curfew. On one of these nights, a white man (who could, if asked, produce a German passport) would appear and become a fare. He would give an address in Tokyo to which the driver would take him. No word was to be exchanged between them, so that if they were picked up, or Quade's route was afterward traced, the driver could protest he had been at his regular stand, and this man—his papers in order—had simply been another fare.

But Quade knew the planted Korean could very well be a trap. He decided, finally, that if U. S. Intelligence trusted the Korean, there was no reason why he shouldn't. Still, he had misgivings. For a long while he stood in the shadow of a tree on the other side of the street, traffic swishing past, his eyes on the cab.

Through the glow of automobile headlights he studied the street on both sides of the cab. He walked to the corner and saw that the street there was empty. There was only the long wall of a factory building. He returned to his place across the street from the cab.

According to his calculations, the snow which had been falling all day would stop about midnight. All day long the submarine had intercepted short-wave code reports from United Nations' weather stations hundreds, and even thousands, of miles away. By knowing what the weather was at each point—marking it on his map—then taking the readings in Tokyo Bay, he knew what the weather would be here both tonight and tomorrow.

He waited until the sidewalk where the taxi was parked was clear of pedestrians, then he started across. He reached the cab, opened the door, and threw in his bags, got in.

The driver did not turn. Quade stared at the back of his neck, feeling a tightening in his chest. Quietly, in Japanese, he gave the Tokyo address. The cab motor turned over. In a moment they started. Lights flashed past the window. Quade sat tensely, leaning forward. He felt the weight of the gun in his pocket.

As they began leaving Yokohama, the tension slowly eased in him. They wound through the endless mounds and hills that would take them into Tokyo itself. The tall susuki grass on the hillsides was dead now. Winter itself was always dead. There was some woodcutting and bird shooting, but it was a dead season.

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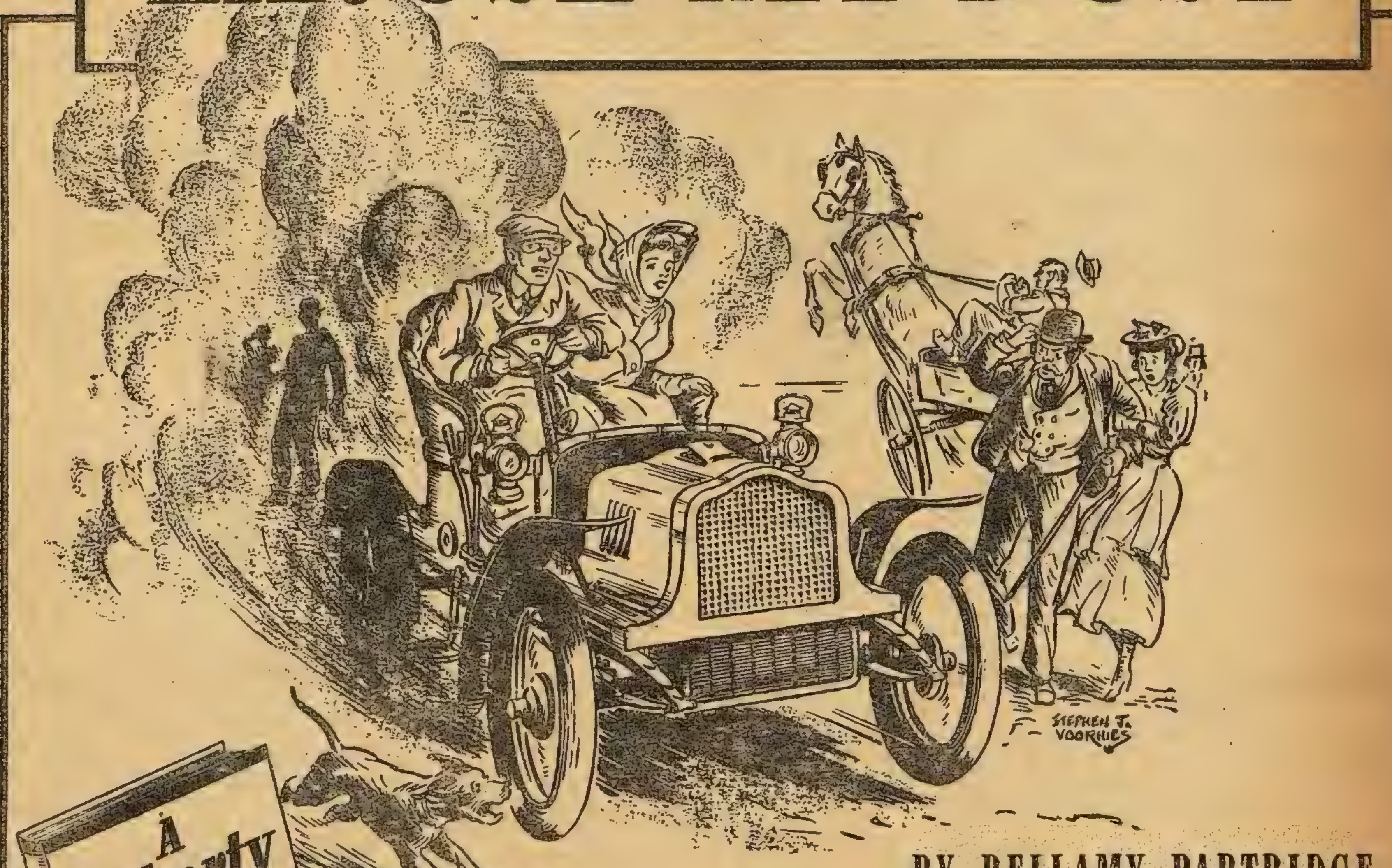
EXCUSE MY DUST



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

BY BELLAMY PARTRIDGE

An affectionate and mirthful look backward at the picturesque days when buying an automobile was a great adventure — and driving it was a test of endurance.

Here is all the fun of early car-owning, from the first "joyride" to the first self-starter — plus a boy-and-girl romance that could happen only when "hoss" met motor car.

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN J. VOORHIES

I HAD seen Tom Hunter around and knew who he was, but I had never spoken to him until one afternoon in the summertime when Gid Wilson introduced us, at the Brackett Livery Sales Stables where Gid was the head stableman.

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun," he said, a broad grin breaking over his face as he sighted Tom coming toward the stables. "It's young Tom Hunter. Old Everett's boy. I worked there once as hired man when Tom was a little duffer. By damn, how he has growed! Taller'n his old man. Ingenious little cuss, he was, always wantin' me to help him make somep'm. Know old Everett? He's a mean one. I quit the job there three or four years back because I was afraid that if I stayed I'd murder the old devil. And I ain't the only one—they all quit that way."

As the boy came nearer, Gid stuck out his hand. "Hello," he called genially. "Guess you know the counselor here, don't you?" he added by way of introduction.

Tom nodded bashfully and said, "Hello."

And at this point Gid broke in: "Did you get that field of corn cultivated?"

"How'd you know I was cultivating corn?"

"Oh, I seen you draggin' along there behind the bay mare yeste'day."

"Well, you won't see me behind the mare again—or any other horse if I can help it. The old man fired me! Said I could go and I needn't come back."

"The old man kicked you out?" Gid's face was beaming.

"Now you're one of us. You're right up in a class with us hired men! How'd you ever get up the guts to leave, though?"

"I don't know. Just took a notion, I guess."

Gid pulled slowly at his mustache. "I know all about it. Same way I went. You stand the old varmint's abuse as long as you can, and when the thought of murder becomes sweet to you—then you go. Where do you reckon you'll stay tonight?"

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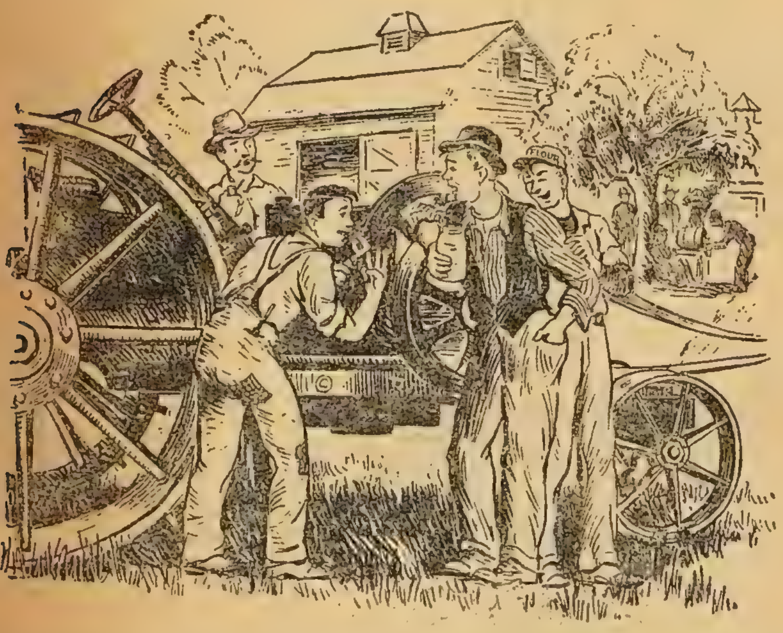
Published in the United States by Whittlesey House, New York. Price, $2.75.

"I guess I hadn't thought much about that," Tom lied awkwardly. "I'll have to look around a little and —and find somebody to stay with."

Gid wasn't fooled. "You ain't exactly fixed to do much lookin' around with them clothes on. Why don't you stay here with me and the hosses?"

Gid got the details later. It began with Tom Hunter walking along behind the cultivator, his steps listless, his gaze downcast, his hands gripped mechanically on the polished handles. Occasionally, when an iron tooth would strike a stone large enough to heave the cultivator out of the row, Tom would lurch with it, tearing out a hill or two of corn before he could arouse himself sufficiently either to stop the horse or to haul the implement back where it belonged. His father had often said with feeling that he was the worst farmhand in the country. But Tom did not mind that; he had no ambition to be a good farmhand.



His attitude was that there would always be stones and the cultivator should be so made as to cope with them. The teeth could be put on swivels and then any one of them striking an obstruction could swing around it—wait a minute—why not a caster action, so they would always swing back into line once the obstruction had been cleared? One day he attached a pair of old wheels to the cultivator, so that he could ride. But his father soon put an end to this. He wasn't going to have his farm made a laughingstock by the fool contraptions of that lazy boy. Not long afterward, he found that his son had rigged a pair of cultivators together, with the idea of doing two rows at once.

Just the sight of the contraption threw his father into a fit of anger. He came striding over to the place where the boy was at work. "What the devil—what do you think you got there?" he demanded.

Tom grinned. "It's a scheme to do two rows at once."

"What the hell for?"

"I don't know—save time, I guess."

"What you want to save time for? What else you got to do besides cultivatin'?"

"I don't know. I'd find somep'm to do, I guess."

"You and your damn-fool contraptions. You want to kill that mare? Look at her puff! You'd had her foundered in another hour. Pullin' two cultivators through this heavy soil. Go put that mare in the stall and get the Dick horse."

As soon as Tom's back was turned his father demolished the yoke and slammed the pieces down in the corner of the fence. From the kitchen window Tom's mother could see that something was going on. She dried her hands and started to go out, but at the door of the woodshed she met her husband coming in.

"I ain't gonna put up with that fool boy much longer, ma," he exploded. "Nineteen years old and no more sense than God give a goose."

"What'd he do?"

"Had Mollie pullin' two of them heavy cultivators to once—pullin' her guts out. Any fool would 'a' seen that it was too much for her."

"Tom never was a hand with horses. Can't seem to understand 'em."

"Can't seem to understand no kind of work."

"But he is good at tinkerin'," she said loyally.

Her husband threw up both his hands. "That's the whole damn trouble. It's tinker, tinker, tinker, and always has been."

"Can you blame anybody for wantin' to make things easier? The boy's got a kind of a genius for makin' things. Remember how he used to close the window on winter mornings without gettin' out of bed?"

"Just like I told you—it's always a way to get outa doin' somep'm. And let me tell you another thing. A farm ain't no place for genius." He broke off speaking as he noticed Tom bringing old Dick horse back toward the barn.

"What's the matter there?" he shouted at him.

When Tom saw that his father was coming he reined in the horse. "I'm going over to Jim Gates'. Jim just sent a boy over for me."

"Jim Gates?" His father scowled. "How come Jim is sendin' for you?"

"They've had a breakdown over there. They're threshin', you know, and Jim wants me to come over and see if I can fix the engine."

This was almost too much. His father squinted up his eyes and came close to him. "Are you workin' for Jim or are you workin' for me? Take that horse back to the field and go on with your cultivatin'."

Tom struggled to make himself stand up to his father. "You don't understand, pa—I told 'em I'd go!"

"I don't give a damn what you told 'em. You'll take orders from me. Now get along with your cultivatin'."

Tom slowly turned the horse and started for the cornfield, but after he had gone a few steps he stopped and looked back. He moved his lips as if to speak, but thought better of it. For a moment he stood looking down at the ground. Then he turned and went on. His father was puzzled by his look. There was something in the expression of the boy's face that he had never seen there before. He couldn't say that it was exactly defiance, but whatever it was it angered the old man, who shouted after the boy as if in answer to something he had said, "Well, if you do go, you needn't come back."

Tom made no answer. He drove on to the cornfield, stopped the horse, hung the reins across its back, and began to unloop the tugs. Suddenly he noticed his two-cultivator yoke lying broken by the fence where his father had slammed it down. Until this moment he had not been able to decide what he was going to do. Now he knew. He climbed awkwardly over the fence and, without looking back, started across the fields.

TOM approached the Gates farm from the rear. Jim Gates had rolled out a barrel of cider and was tapping it, while the threshing hands lay sprawled in the shade waiting for him to get the spigot installed and in working order. When he saw Tom, he dropped his auger and, regardless of the protests of the threshers, who kept reminding him how thirsty they were, led him over to the engine, beside which the boss of the outfit, a tall countryman named Mike Kelsey, stood wiping his hands with a piece of oily waste. "The regular engineer is off on a drunk," Jim explained by way of introduction, "and Kelsey here knows how to run it, but he ain't learned how to fix it yet."

Kelsey slowly turned his head and surveyed the newcomer over his shoulder. "You don't mean to tell me this is your—mechanic?"

Jim tried to laugh it off. "Mebbe not a mechanic exactly, but I ain't never seen nuthin' he couldn't fix."

This brought Kelsey all the way around. "But he's only a kid. It ain't rulable to turn him loose on a big machine like this."

"Tom's the best we can do," Jim said with an outthrust jaw, "and if he can't fix it, we'll just have to wait until you can get your engineer sobered up."

"Yeah—and when'll that be? You know how Charley Cosad is."

Kelsey was still glowering as he bent down and peered at Tom. "Ever work on one of these?"

Tom drew back a little. "Well, they're not exactly new to me. I got a good book about 'em—and I know what's in it."

"So you've read a book about gas engines and now you're ready to tackle one, huh?" Kelsey bit savagely at his plug.

"That's right," said Tom agreeably. "The principle ain't very hard to get onto. When you know how they work, it's simple. Just three things: Intake—ignition—exhaust. That's all there is to it. You don't care if I sorta look it over, do you?"

Tom bent over and peered at the motor. "There's a set of rules in my book about finding trouble. They go right along in order, a-b-c-d."

Kelsey smiled sourly. "Now ain't that nice—they got it down to a-b-c."

With a glance at the congestion around the cider barrel, which Jim now had running freely, Kelsey shook his head and scowled. "Jim'll have the whole crew drunk if we don't get this thing agoin'. All right," he muttered, "you can go on with your a-b-c stuff. Only don't take nuthin' apart that you can't put together again. And listen. I'm gonna walk over there by the boys. They'll be a little more careful if they see me around. Just holler if you need me."

THE arrival of Jim Gates with a dishpan full of doughnuts occupied the men's attention for a time, while Jim and Kelsey were discussing the eventualities and Tom was struggling through the various steps of his a, b, and c. Suddenly there came a cough from the engine, followed by a labored wheezing. Then came a louder cough. The wheezing accelerated, and the spokes of the flywheels disappeared as if they had been wiped away. Tom grabbed hurriedly at this and that, and when he finally found the right adjustment the machine swung into its customary stride and went humming along.

As soon as Kelsey was satisfied that the engine was really going to run, he took Tom by the arm and led him a little aside to ask what had caused the trouble. Embarrassingly enough, Tom did not know.

"I guess there wasn't much the matter," he shouted above the din of the machinery. "If you'd fussed around a little more you'd have found it yourself."

"Yeah, but what was it?"

Tom wasn't going to admit that he didn't know. "Oh, it was a little bit of everything." He waved his hands indefinitely. Then suddenly an idea came to him. "I'll show you!" he shouted.

Tom walked over to the engine and pointed at the most conspicuous connection in sight, the wire attached to the spark plug. "That's the one right there! It *was loose!*"

The big thresher grinned with satisfaction. "I'll watch it," he said. "Much obliged. Gates'll settle with you. Be sure to tell 'im where you're gonna be—I might need you again."

Jim Gates nodded and walked away with Tom. The farmer drew a wallet from his hip pocket and asked Tom how much. But Tom waved him aside and no amount of argument could change him.

Tom had walked for a mile or two before the thought came to him that his total assets were his pocket knife and a dollar watch. He could easily have had five dollars or even ten from Jim Gates, but he was glad he hadn't asked for it. He would have been ashamed to take money for the pleasure of getting his hands on that engine.

As he walked along the road he thought of the dull monotonous miles he had plodded along behind a lurching cultivator or a swerving plow, and he was suddenly elated at the thought that never again would he take a step behind any horse-drawn farm implement.

Tom was still smiling when he turned into the driveway leading to the livery stable, the day he had found me there talking with Gid.

For the next two hours he sat comfortably in the barrel chair chatting with Gid and at peace with all the world, his mental state like that of a man just out of jail; the worst was over, and the future couldn't be anything but bright. Gradually though, as he and Gid talked, the future was resolved from a rosy dream into the very practical problem of earning a living.

"Reckon you ain't never worked for cash money, have you?" asked Gid. "You never need money around a farm. Three meals a day come on the table without your even askin' for 'em. It's gonna be different from now on —you gotta pay for everything you get. Reckon you can earn a livin'?"

"I reckon I can. I don't know why I can't work in a shop. I'm extra good with tools."

"What shop?"

"Any of 'em—carriage factory, plow works."

"Well," Gid said, "you'll never get a job as a machinist in that farm rig you got on. I'll fetch your clothes tomorrow, and then we'll see what happens. Right now I'm fallin' asleep in my chair. Why don't you get into bed, and I'll kick off my boots and snooze along till the last nag comes in."

It was only a little after six in the morning when Tom walked out of the big barn and started out to look for a job. Gid noticed that he was pretty quiet after he returned, but he did not annoy him with questions. The next morning, before Tom started out, Gid passed a five-dollar bill into his hand. "You'll never have no luck lookin' for a job unless you got money in your pocket," he said. "You can pay it back after you get work." Tom started off full of optimism and ambition, but when he came home at night his feathers were dragging. He had exhausted the possibilities of the town; there was nowhere else to look.

Gid knew Tom was defeated when he saw him coming in the driveway. He waited for the boy in the big doorway of the barn. "Any luck?" he asked.

Tom shook his head. It was the same old story—lots of interesting talk but no job.

"Well," said Gid, after he had heard it all, "you won't be goin' out tomorrow."

Tom looked puzzled. "Why not?"

"Because I got you a job—a one-day job. You're gonna be clerk at Andy Brackett's hoss auction. And, you know, Tommy, these auctions have growed to be famous all over the county. I guess I don't hafta tell you that Andy's more than the biggest politician in this town. He's one of the biggest hoss men in this part of the state. And if we get a good day you'll see one of the biggest hoss sales of the year.

"And another thing," Gid brought out roundly, "it ain't gonna hurt you none to be settin' up there as clerk with half the township standin' around here lookin' on. You're a damn lucky boy to get the chance."

Tom nodded, though not with any great enthusiasm.

"Then it's settled—we can count on you?" said Gid.

"I'll do the best I can."

I REMEMBER that sale distinctly. Gid had told me young Hunter was being tried out as clerk, and I pushed my way in to see how he was getting along. Gid and the other stablemen brought out the horses one at a time. The spirited horses were kept well in hand, but the old plugs were made to appear as skittish as possible.

The plugs were exhibited by Wally, a colored stableboy who could make a great variety of cluckings, chirpings, twitterings, smackings, and other sounds with his lips and tongue. Only a deaf horse could have failed to be startled and perhaps prettily enlivened by this succession of sounds. Wally was a good entertainer. Everybody got ready for a laugh when he brought out a horse, and usually the horses he showed brought good prices.

Tom sat at a little table below the auctioneer. It was his job to get down the name of the buyer and the horse and to make a note of the price. He was quick about catching the names, his figures were accurate, and he treated everybody with a boyish good nature that kept the crowd from becoming irritated. Andy Brackett, hovering around the place arranging for notes and credits, did not miss any of this.

"The kid's smarter than he looks," Andy remarked to me when the sale ended. "Dumb looks and weasel brains. It's a good combination—if it should turn out the kid has them."

At that point Gid motioned to Andy from the door of the barn. Andy nodded and a moment later disappeared into the barn with Gid and a man I did not know.

From his table where he was finishing his accounts Tom watched them go. Wally was tidying up the place with a big barn broom. I could see Tom watching the Negro boy and turned to look at him myself. As I did, suddenly his eyes lit up, blinking rapidly. But it was not until the cap was snatched deferentially from the woolly head that I turned to see what might be the cause of his delighted grin.

It was Lucy Brackett, Andy's niece, a tall youngster about eighteen who lived with the Bracketts. She had gone to stay with them as a child on the death of her father and mother, and had been brought up as if she were their own flesh and blood. She was a handsome child who always managed to dress in such a way as to make the most of her dazzlingly yellow hair. And she looked even lovelier than usual when she smiled at Wally and asked: "Is Uncle Andy anywhere around?"

At the sound of her voice every man in the place turned to look. I happened to look at Tom Hunter, and I must say that he had the appearance of a man in a daze.

I RAN into Andy later that same evening. He was in a mellow mood and invited me into his office for a smoke and a talk.

We spoke about politics, and Andy expressed his regret that I didn't take more of an interest. He also mentioned Tom Hunter in passing, remarking that he was taking the boy into his office.

"If he's as good every day as he was today, we'll get along all right," he said.

We sat and smoked until the night began to gather, and I rose to leave. I went back to my own office, but I had been there only a few moments when Gid came limping in.

"Well, what do you know!" he bellowed as he dropped heavily into a chair. "Andy's offered the kid a steady job!"

"So Andy told me."

"But I'm a little bothered by the way Tom's actin'. I don't know whether he's gonna take the job or not."

I don't know what Gid thought I could do about it, but he went on and told me about the discussion they had had.

Naturally Gid was elated over the offer. "Well, by damn!" he told Tom when they were alone. "And after you was turned down by every dirty old machine shop in town. Boy, you've landed on your feet!"

Apparently Tom did not think so. "But, Gid, it's office work!" he protested.

"Yes, sir!" Gid jerked his head approvingly. "Boy, you'll go to work every day in your good clothes."

"And a necktie," muttered Tom.

"Good Lord, youngster, you thinkin' of refusin' a good job because you gotta wear a necktie?"

Tom stood up and began to walk around, motioning with his hands. "Gid," he said, "if I could only explain to you—if I could only make you understand—" He ran his fingers through his hair. "I'm hungry. That's what's the matter with me. I'll go get something to eat and then I'll talk to you some more."

I did not give Gid any encouragement about being able to help, but after he had left I started out to see if I could find Tom Hunter. I went to Fred's Lunchroom, but he had gone. Fred felt sure I could find him down at the "justice court" where they had Charley Cosad up on a "drunk and disorderly" charge.

I went on down to court and reached there just as the justice was imposing sentence. "Ninety days on the county rock pile."

I could see Tom standing in the rear, his face clearly visible above the heads of the people in front of him, and as the crowd broke up I went over to speak to him. He smiled when he saw me, then shook his head seriously.

"A fellow can break a lot of stone in ninety days," he said. "That's a long stretch. Did you catch his name?"

"I know him," I said. "His name is Charley Cosad."

He blinked at me for a moment. "Not Mike Kelsey's engineer?"

"Yes, that's the same man."

For a few moments he stared off into space and I could see that he was cogitating about something. Then he turned to me and said, "Well, I've got a long way to go, and I guess I'd better get started."

It did not occur to me at the time that he was going to walk the six miles over to Mike Kelsey's place to see if he could get Charley's job. But that is what he did.

After parting with young Hunter at the door of the Town Hall, I started down the street and ran into Roscoe Towner, the son and partner of our leading banker, talking with Andy Brackett. Roscoe was just back from his class reunion at New Haven and as I came up he was explaining to Andy that the motor-driven vehicle was no longer known as the horseless carriage.

"What's the new name, Roscoe?" I asked. "Anything other than automobile."

"Well," said Roscoe, "that word is all right, but it always provokes an argument, because no two people pronounce it the same way. Some put the accent on the first syllable, some on the last, and some in the middle. It's a lot safer to say 'motorcar' and be done with it."

"Roscoe has just had quite a trip," Andy explained. "He drove in a horseless motorcar all the way from New Haven to Albany."

Not much encouragement was needed to get Roscoe to give a full account of the trip, which was replete with breakdowns, tire trouble, inability to obtain fuel, and the frightening of horses on narrow roads.

Andy listened to the voyager's narrative with close attention, and when Roscoe had finished he said thoughtfully, "Roscoe, you've had a chance to study the motor vehicle at first hand. What's your opinion of it? Do you think it will ever reach the point where it will supplant the horse?"

"Never!" said Roscoe emphatically. "It will never supplant the horse any more than the bicycle has supplanted the horse."

This was evidently the answer Andy had been wanting to hear. "Why do you say that?" he asked eagerly.

"In the first place, it's not reliable enough," said Roscoe. "Of course they may be able to fix the mechanical part of it in time; but the moment the motorcar rolls off the city pavement, it's a fish out of water. And it's hardly likely that just to make the going easy for a rich man's toy the roads of this country are going to be turned into pavements. Think what that would cost!"

Andy shook his head. "It would bankrupt the nation," he said.

THE next day, Sunday, I went down Main Street to buy my newspaper and was just coming out of the drugstore with it tucked under my arm when I saw Tom Hunter talking with a thickset little fellow that I recognized as the Green Pack Peddler. This peddler was a curious, though by no means unusual, product of the horse-and-buggy days, who used to travel around the country on foot, tugging on his shoulder a big green pack containing notions and novelties. His visits were almost like receiving a personal call from a five-and-ten-cent store.

Father had a great deal of respect for the little peddler and used to say that he knew more about what was going on in our part of the world than the Pinkerton Detective Agency. I was a little surprised to find Tom on familiar terms with the itinerant, until it developed that the Hunter place was one of his regular overnight stops.

As I made a move to go along, Tom detained me. "If you're not in a hurry, I want to talk to you."

"Then I don't keep you," the peddler said quickly. "But when you see Gid, tell him I had left a Hello for him." And he started down the street.

"So he's a friend of Gid's too?" I asked.

Tom nodded. "They're old pals. I walked all the way in from Mike Kelsey's to see Gid. You see, I went out to Mike's last night to see if I could get Charley's job. Well, I got it all right, but it left me in a kind of a funny fix, because Andy Brackett had already offered me a job, and Gid thought I ought to take it. I want to put myself right with them, you know. You're a lawyer, and maybe you can tell me how."

"Why don't you leave a note for them?" I suggested.

"You think a note would be all right?" he asked. "I don't want to hurt Gid's feelings—he's my best friend."

Being a little curious to know why he preferred the heavy work with a threshing outfit to the comparatively easy work of an office job, I finally asked him.

"That's hard to answer," he said. "I know what it is myself, but it doesn't make sense to anybody else. I just don't want to spend the rest of my life with a lead pencil over my ear."

"Then you're interested in something else?"

"That's what's making the trouble."

"Do you want to tell me what it is?"

"Machinery—mechanics—I want to make things—invent things."

"That's perfectly understandable," I said. "I think you've done the right thing."

Next day Andy remembered his new clerk and asked if anybody had seen him. Nobody had, and Andy went to the barn to inquire of Gid.

"Seen anything of young Hunter?" he asked.

"Nope."

"Know where I can find him?"

"Nope."

This economy of words on Gid's part did not escape Andy's attention. To have him answering in curt monosyllables was enough to make Andy suspicious. "I know you're holding out, Gid," he said. "Go ahead, let's have it."

Gid did not raise his eyes but continued with what he was doing. "He's took another job."

"Another job!" Andy glared at him. "What is it?"

"Engineer."

"For what?"

"Mike Kelsey's threshin' outfit."

"Um-m-m."

"Yeah—Tom took Charley Cosad's place when Charley got sent up."

"Well, I guess they're both right where they belong." And without another word Andy turned and went out.

A YEAR and a half later, Tom Hunter walked into town one morning with a roll of tools wrapped in burlap under his arm and came up to me as I was standing in front of the Town Hall.

"Going over to your office pretty soon?" he asked. "I want to have a little talk with you."

"I expect to be busy here for a couple of hours," I said. "I've got a lawsuit to try."

"That'll suit me all right," he said. "I'll look around town a little bit and see you later."

When I came back I found Tom on his knees on the sidewalk with his tool kit spread out before him. He was mending a bicycle. He was too much engrossed in what he was doing to see me as I went past, but soon after I had reached the office he came in, all aglow over an idea that had come to him. He wanted to open a bicycle repair shop.

"Can you imagine a town of this size that hasn't got one?" he asked excitedly. "Four blacksmith shops, and another one up in the west end, and not a single place where you can get a bicycle fixed!"

"Well, how much capital can you put your hands on?"

"I've got all the money I've earned working for Kelsey. He used to deposit it for me every little while and bring me a certificate of deposit."

"If it's in Towner's bank, all you've got to do is go over there and ask about it."

For a time we sat and discussed the project, but since neither of us knew much about it we did not make a great deal of progress. Finally he tucked his roll of tools under his arm and started for the bank. When he came back, about an hour later, he had Gid and the Green Pack Peddler with him.

"What's this crazy idea of yours for startin' this boy in the bicycle bus'ness?" Gid shouted as he came in the door.

I began to laugh. "What's crazy about it?" I demanded. "Fifty or a hundred bicycles in this town and nobody to take care of them."

Gid did not even hear what I said. "All the damn things are good for is to frighten horses."

"Did you find out about your money?" I asked Tom.

"Yes, I did," he replied. "I haven't got quite as much as I thought I had."

The peddler reached over and touched Tom on the arm. "The bicycle iss multiply like rabbits. A craze it iss, but useful craze. The bicycle iss quick—it can tire any horse. But it must be repaired and adjusted if it iss to run good."

"Then you're on my side, Sol?" said Tom. "You think a repair shop would do all right."

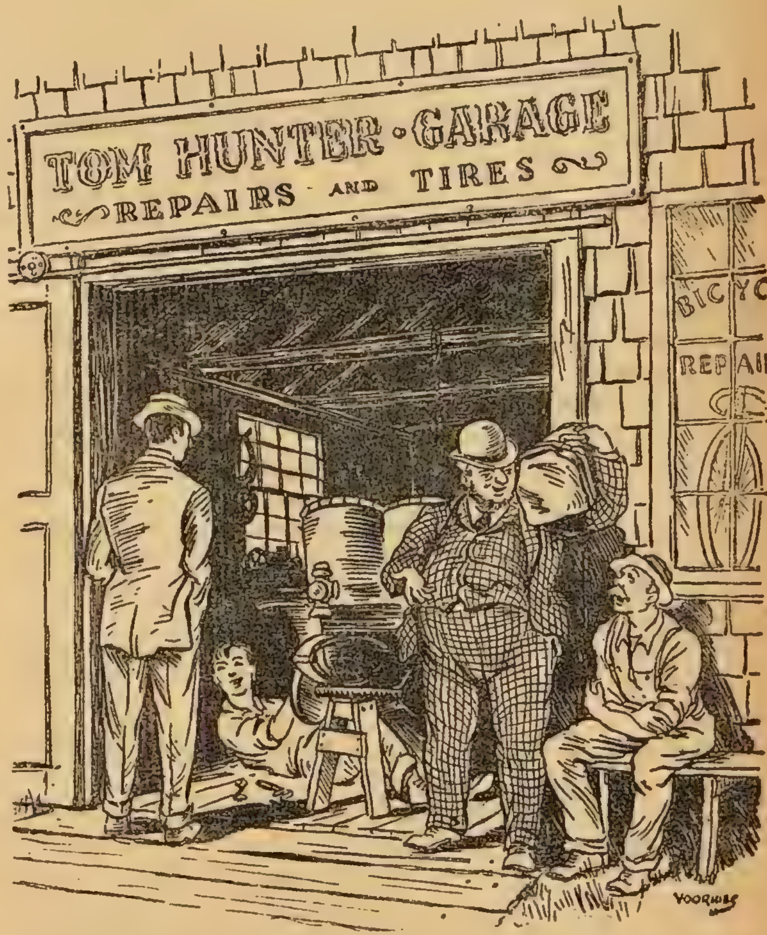
Sol nodded with owl-like gravity. "My humble opinion it iss, that after centuries of horse the world iss now on wheels."

Gid leaned over and whacked Tom on the shoulder. "Don't let him kid you, boy. No amount of them little spindly wheels will ever throw old Dobbin to the crows."

The peddler slowly shook his head. "Progress iss funny thing—never does it get along so fast as when you give it fight."

"Do you think that's going to be true of motorcars?" asked Tom.

The peddler smiled. "The motor vehicle iss good—much better than the bicycle. Bicycle is muscular power, but with motorcar it iss motor that does the pooshing. Bicycle it iss nice, but rider keeps thinking how much nicer if he had little engine to do the work. When the muscle iss tired—horse or man—it must stop; but with motor power"—Sol was making circular motions with his hands—"you pour in more gasoline and keep going." He turned to Tom. "To start with bicycle iss good. Then, as the motor vehicle comes along, you be ready for it."



"You—you—you think my idea's all right then?" asked Tom eagerly.

With a pudgy finger the peddler pointed at the burlap roll lying on the floor. "What iss that bundle?"

Tom poked it with his foot. "That's my tools."

"It iss enough for start in business, no?"

"In a small way, yes." Tom grinned.

Sol rolled out of his chair and started for the door. "Bring it along and come with me."

"Where are we going?"

"To see if we find a hole in the wall—for shop."

"But, Sol—I haven't got money enough."

The peddler raised his hand to put an end to that kind of talk. "I will take care of that." He glanced at Gid. "But not here. Our business affairs we should not discuss in presence of one who iss not sympathetic."

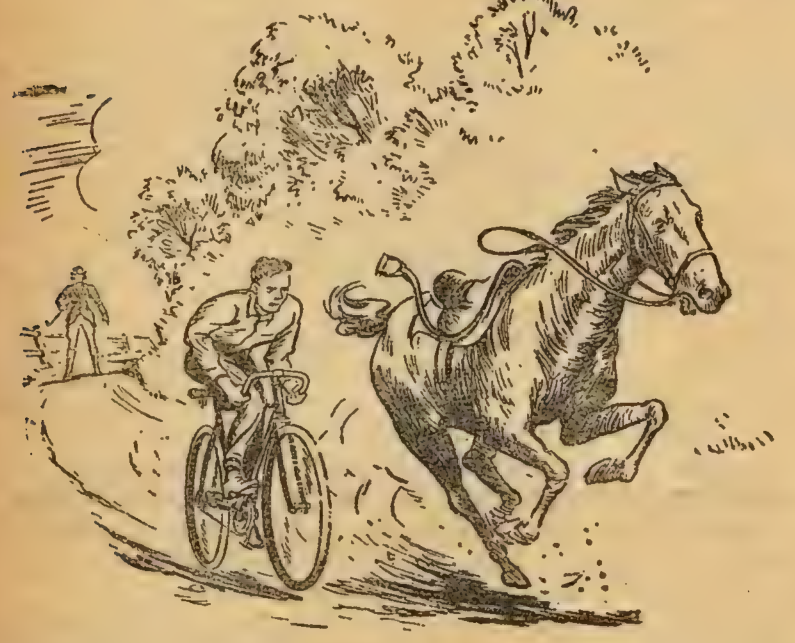
Gid leaned back in the chair and laughed quietly. "You can both go plumb to hell for all I care. And lemme tell you somep'm, Tom. He's a Democrat and it'll pay you to watch him."

Gid waited around until after the others had gone. Then he said to me, "Listen, counselor, I wouldn't want it to get around or nuthin' like that, but if the kid is short of money you can count on me for a coupla hundred if you'll keep your trap shut and never tell where you got it."

People called it the west hill, though it really wasn't much of a grade. Leaving the business section at the fork there by the bandstand, Main Street went down a little, across a stone bridge, and then gently up all the way to the cemetery.

Beyond the bridge, property values were down, because nobody wanted to go that far from the center of things. But Tom thought he had better investigate, for there were no vacancies on the other side of the bridge.

Tom knew that putting up a place of his own was entirely out of the question, but still he derived a certain melancholy satisfaction from playing with the idea. He selected the spot where he would have liked the building to be. It should face the road, with large double doors that could be left invitingly open. Having located the front doors, Tom thought it would be fun to lay out roughly the outlines of the building. He located the workbench and marked the spot with twigs. Then he paced off the rest of the building and put stones at the corners. He was so occupied with his fancy that he did not notice the approach of Vacy Boyden.



Vacy had what he thought was a very good reason for being interested in what Tom was doing—the land belonged to him. Caught more or less unawares, Tom confessed the truth—feeling that he had been guilty of a very silly performance. He was somewhat surprised to find that Vacy didn't think it silly at all. After the two had discussed the possibilities for a while, Vacy suggested that what Tom needed was not a new building but an old one, and he mentioned a vacant barn that could be bought for twenty-five dollars.

"You can rent little piece of ground from me," he said, "and put your own building on it."

Tom was puzzled. "My building on your land?" he asked. "Is that practical, or even possible?"

It was at this point in the negotiations that Vacy suggested they talk it over with me. This discussion led to the most complicated lease that I had ever been called upon to draw. The consideration, I might explain, was only four dollars a month, but the lease must have required between fifteen hundred and two thousand words.

The barn was bought. It was hauled to the new location for five dollars. And when the foundation was ready, Vacy called in his neighbors for a barn-raising, and literally lifted the building into place.

Tom set to work rebuilding what he was now calling his "horseless barn" into a well arranged machine shop with a small showroom in front, and in the rear an office and living quarters. He had a built-in bunk which let down from the wall, hinged tables, and a number of other ingenious arrangements for making life convenient.

Business began to trickle in as soon as the shop was opened. A punctured tire, a sprung wheel, a broken chain, and, after a little, worn sprockets and loose bearings to replace.

Tom had hoped that he would meet all the people who lived in the neighborhood. He had been particularly anxious to become acquainted with Lucy Brackett, but for some reason she seemed to be most inaccessible. He had occasionally seen Lucy on a bicycle, but she had never come near his shop, not even to have the tires filled by the automatic pump that had attracted most of the others. He kept wondering why this was so, and one day he asked Gid about it.

Gid chuckled. "I can answer that for you in damn few words," he said. "She ain't got no bike." For a few moments he sat laughing softly to himself. "She's about the only gal in this town with any hoss sense, I guess. Do you mean to tell me you never seen her on hossback?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, if you ever seen her on a hoss, you'd know it. She goes out in the mornin'. About six o'clock. Mostly she goes alone, but sometimes Andy goes with her. Once in a while it's young Asa Parker. Not often, though—Asa's county clerk, you know, and got so he doesn't like to get up that early."

"I'm always up by that time," said Tom. "It's a wonder I never saw her."

Gid shook his head. "She don't go out your way. Mostly she rides along the creek. Andy's got a bridle path down there across the flats."

TOM knew where that bridle path was. You turned downstream just before coming to the bridge by the grist mill. The next morning, as the town clock was booming out the hour of six in a cracked metallic voice, he started on a bicycle in the direction of the grist-mill road. As he reached the foot of the hill and coasted out on the bottom land, he began searching the meadow for a rider. Suddenly the gate to the bridle path loomed up before him and he realized that he had reached the end of his beat. On the impulse of the moment he dismounted and quickly drew the key from the master link of the chain, thus providing a visual imitation of a serious breakdown. His alibi being thus secured, he again turned his attention to the bridle path, and far down across the meadow he discerned a figure on horseback.

Watching closely, he saw the horse go soaring over a fence, the rider leaning slightly forward with elbows raised—she was riding astride. One after another Lucy took the jumps, her yellow hair blown by the wind. Now she was in the third meadow—now in the second—and now in the first and charging head on at the gate directly in front of the place where Tom, chain in hand, stood gripping the handle bar of his bicycle.

In his anxiety to keep from spoiling the jump, Tom attempted to shove the bicycle off to one side at the exact moment when the head of the leaping hunter came over the top rail of the fence. Naturally the horse shied and landed off balance. It stumbled to its knees, but instantly recovered, and started for home in a panic—though by this time Lucy had been pitched off and had landed in a sitting posture almost at Tom's feet.

She had no more than landed before she was up again and screaming angrily into Tom's face.

"Why did you do anything so stupid!"

Tom gasped, "Wh-wh-what did I do?"

She shook her crop in his face. "You fool—you threw him off his stride—you might have broken his legs!"

"Damn the horse's legs!" he hurled back at her. "What about your own? Are you hurt?"

She raised her crop as if to strike him. "Don't let that horse get away—he mustn't go home like that! Stop him! Catch him—" Then she noticed the bicycle chain in his hand and let out a moan. "Oh, it's broken! What can I ever do!"

Tom shoved the machine into her hands. "Here—hang onto this and I'll fix it." He dropped to his knees and snapped on the chain. In another motion he snatched the machine out of her hands. Then she saw him make a flying leap into the saddle and go spinning up the road in pursuit of the horse.

Once he succeeded in heading the horse, Tom began to crowd the big fellow toward the side of the road. Suddenly the thoroughbred spied an open gate and dashed through it—and then Tom had him.

He patted the horse's shoulder, then his neck, and after that he very gently took hold of the bridle. He led the panting animal down the road in the direction of the trim figure that was hurrying toward him.

"How did you catch him?" she asked as he handed over the bridle.

"He sorta stopped and waited for me, I guess."

She straightened out the bridle and stepped around to the horse's side. "Would you mind giving me a knee up?" Not a word of thanks. Not even a smile.

As he bent his knee she touched her left toe to it, leaped lightly up, swung her right leg over the saddle, and was off in a shower of gravel.

I DON'T know what it was that aroused my interest in the motorcar. Certainly it was not any remarkable performance on the part of Dorlon's one-cylinder Rambler. The nonperformance of that car should have been a portent and a warning to any person who might have a suspicion that the motorcar would ever amount to anything. It was almost never seen in motion. The first half a dozen times I saw that vehicle it was standing disabled somewhere in the roadway. I am told that it came into town from Rochester under its own power. But that is hearsay; and hearsay, as anybody knows, is a species of evidence given no credence whatever by the courts.

Just how that car made the thirty-three miles from Rochester, I don't pretend to know. It was in front of Dorlon's house one morning when the town woke up—and even then it was standing still. A little later in the day it was standing still in front of the Inn. Mr. Dorlon, with his good clothes on, was hovering over it.

It must be admitted that Mr. Dorlon was giving a good account of himself. He was opening this or closing that, or throwing on or off a little switch on the dashboard. Occasionally he would step over to the side of the machine and engage a crank, with which he would make a few turns. By the time I arrived he already had a large audience. Many of the people there had never had a good look at a horseless buggy before.

"Gee!" Old Tick the innkeeper let out explosively as I came up beside him. "Does the thing run by clockwork?"

"Hardly," I said.

"Then what in hell is he windin' it for?" he demanded. "You know there is such a thing as breakin' a mainspring. Broke one myself once." He tapped the vest pocket in which he carried his large silver watch. "How can he keep windin' it like that? He must 'a' broke a mainspring."

From the veranda I could get a very comprehensive view of Mr. Dorlon's new machine. It was dark green in color and had a wheel base of about six feet. The part in front of the dash stood some four feet off the ground and had a hinged cover which could be lifted up. Inside was the gasoline tank of three gallons' capacity, and a reservoir to hold the supply of water for the radiator. There were two seats, both facing the dashboard in this particular car —though in other cars that I had seen there were rear seats facing toward the back.

This car was a distinct departure from the buggy, being both longer and lower. It was more on the order of a buckboard, though the wheels were much smaller than those of any buckboard I ever saw and were mounted with inflated tires. The steering wheel or "controller" was located in front of the driver's seat at the right, within easy reach of the whip socket, had a whip socket been necessary.

By keeping up the appearance of doing something, Mr. Dorlon managed to hold his audience until the arrival of Tom Hunter, who eventually came sauntering down the street in response to a frantic message.

When Tom had penetrated the crowd he stopped and looked over the vehicle. "Good-looking wagon," he said to Mr. Dorlon. "What's the matter with it?"

Mr. Dorlon shook his head. "I can't make it go."

"How'd it get here?"

"Oh, it ran all right until it got here."

"How'd you get it started?"

"Just like the fellow I bought it from told me. I pushed over the little handle on the dash, and I cocked that lever up there on the wheel. Then I put the crank in this hole around on the side, and after I turned it around a few times the thing started."

"But what stopped it?" asked Tom.

"That's what I don't know. All of a sudden it give a couple of kicks, and then it passed out."

Old Tick nudged me. "It give a cough just like a dyin' hog. I didn't know the things could cough."

Tom removed the cover from a little box on the dash and poked something with his finger. "Vibrator sounds all right," he said. A moment later he turned to Mr. Dorlon. "Got a measuring stick? I want to see if you've got any gasoline."

"Certainly there's gasoline. It wouldn't have started if it didn't have gasoline."

Tom removed the cap and stuck one of his long fingers into the tank. "That's funny," he said. "You got plenty in the tank and still there doesn't seem to be any in the carburetor. Is there a gasoline cut-off?"

Mr. Dorlon scratched his head. "Seems to me that fellow said there was, when he shut off the car last night. But he couldn't have turned it, or the motor wouldn't have started this morning."

"Don't be too sure," said Tom. "There might have been just enough in the pipes to give you a start and run you a block or two." Suddenly he drew his head out of the front part of the car and poked it down underneath. After a few moments he stood up and lifted one of the seat cushions. "Ah, here it is," he said, "and it's shut off."

He gave it a turn, snapped on the switch, cranked the engine—and Mr. Dorlon drove on.

I had my first automobile ride with young Stew Dorlon. We had the temerity to set out for a neighboring village one evening with the intention of calling on a couple of girls. The car ran perfectly until we were three or four miles out of town, when the high-gear clutch band burned out its lining and we had to continue on low. This was more than the low-gear clutch band could take, and after laboring along for half a mile farther, that too refused to function. With the two forward speeds disabled we had nothing left but the reverse, so we ran backward all the way home.

My second automobile ride was also with Stew. This time we got caught in a sudden thunderstorm, and the car bogged down in a treacherous mudhole. We went the rest of the way on foot and I ruined a pair of white flannel trousers, which shrank until they were almost up to my knees; and, what was worse, I completely wrecked a new wide-brimmed straw hat for which I had sent all the way to New York. You might think that with such a disastrous start, my motoring career would have been over even before it had begun. But no, only a few days later I went to Tom Hunter and arranged to have him go with me to Rochester in quest of a good secondhand car. I had heard that a good two-cylinder job was to be had for around eight hundred, and I had made up my mind that if this were so I must certainly have one.

TOGETHER Tom and I combed Rochester. Eventually the choice narrowed down to an Elmore at five hundred dollars and a two-cylinder canopy-top Rambler at eight fifty. Personally I liked the Elmore—it was a much better color, a brilliant scarlet. I could just see myself flying around the country in that red Elmore. But Tom shattered my dreams by saying, "The trouble is that it's a two-cycle motor," he said.

That did not mean a thing to me, but I felt that I had to look wise. "Only two?" I said. "That doesn't seem like very many. How many cycles has the Rambler got?"

"Four."

I made a quick computation and figured that the Elmore was asking two fifty per cycle while the Rambler was asking only two twelve. "The Rambler's the better buy."

We were about halfway home when Tom began sniffing the air. "Do you smell something burning?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I don't smell anything that I didn't smell when we started out."

"Well, I do," said Tom, "and I guess we'd better stop and take a look."

It is just as well that we did, for we found the whole underpart of the car in flames. We put out the fire by throwing sand on it, and had no more trouble except a puncture or two, and reached home in time for supper, having covered the entire thirty-three miles in less than three hours.

We parked the car in front of our house, and as Tom was leaving he reminded me to write to the Secretary of State in Albany and send two dollars as a license fee.

"Will they send me a number?" I asked, anxious to have something to hang on my new motor vehicle.

"They'll send you a little brass seal like a dog-tax number, but you'll have to get your own tag to hang on the back of the machine."

"Anything else?"

Tom smiled. "Well, there's an operator's license, but that doesn't cost anything and they'll send it to you without your even asking for it."

Father did not want my car kept in the same barn with the horses, so I hired a shed for it over near the coal yard. I was over at the shed fairly early the next morning to give the car a polishing before I took it out when Old Ike Meeker came along. He stopped to admire my car and tell me the somewhat disturbing news that Mr. Dorlon had broken his arm that morning while cranking his.

"What?" I exclaimed. "That old one-lunger!"

Ike nodded. "Tom Hunter says it's got a kick like a mule. Say," he added, "you gonna start up this machine pretty soon?"

I said I was, and Ike began to look for a place to sit down. "Guess I'll stick around and see how you make out. You might want somebody to go for the doctor."

The same uneasy thought had occurred to me, and the more I considered it the more uneasy I became. With some show of reluctance I wiped off my hands. Then, after a quick glance at my watch, I began to gather up my cleaning cloths and tuck them away. "I'll have to go back to the house and clean up," I said. "I can't go to the office looking like this."

I had changed my mind about driving to the office that morning and had decided that it might be the better part of valor to take a cranking and a driving lesson from Tom before trusting myself out on the road.

Tom insisted that I must practice cranking several times, and then, just to be on the safe side, he wrote out a list of instructions and tacked it on the wall of the shed. As soon as we were on the road I headed for the country, intending to keep to the byways where few conveyances were likely to be met. But Tom's idea was that I might just as well get used to meeting teams, since I was going to meet plenty of them every time I went out in the car.

It was with some nervousness that I spied the first horse-drawn vehicle in the offing. I immediately reached for the horn and began to honk, but after I had given only two or three blasts Tom stopped me.

"That man knows you're coming," he said, "and so does his horse."

"I just wanted to call his attention to the fact that an automobile was coming," I explained.

"Of course," said Tom, "but the odds are that he saw you long before you saw him. Just remember that these horse people aren't going to like you anyway, and you must go out of your way to encourage their good will."

Just then the driver raised his hand.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"He wants you to turn off the motor," said Tom.

I snorted. "If I should shut off the motor I'd have to get out and crank. I'm not going to do it."

"Of course you know it's the law, but if you don't want to do it—I can't make you."

Without another word I bent over and cut the switch.

To people accustomed only to the modern dustless road it is hard to give an adequate account of the dust of those early days of the motorcar. Towns used to sprinkle their streets with water once or twice a day. But outside the towns and cities, nothing whatever was done to cope with the dust nuisance. Small towns which were built along the through roads were the worst sufferers; and Phelps, being practically a one-road village perched astride the old Buffalo-Albany stage road, began to be plagued by intolerable dust as soon as the motorcar became hardy enough to venture from one town to another.

The New England Yankee was among the first to see the financial possibilities of the touring automobilist, and when the motorcar was still chugging along on a single cylinder, the State of Massachusetts was spending two million and a half on improving its roads in a single year. The reports of the New England tourist business were not long in attracting the attention of the New York authorities, however, and New York did some serious thinking about improving its roads.

What seemed at the time like a monumental highway program went into operation, and the State Highway Authority tried to formulate its construction into through routes.

One of these routes was coming up through the state. Quite naturally Andy Brackett, with his whole financial stake tied up in horses, was not going to hail with any enthusiasm a main-line motor road passing in front of his door. As a matter of fact, he did not want it anywhere in the township. He made a deal with the townships lying to the south. If you'll give me your support on *(buzz-buzz-buzz)*, I'll get back of your proposal to designate the county route of the new highway up through your town.

Not being in the slightest degree interested in politics, I knew no more about what was going on than the rest of the rank and file, and it came as a good deal of a surprise to all of us when the Green Pack Peddler brought the news to Tom that a deal was being arranged by Andy Brackett to scuttle our chances of being included in the new highway routing.

At first Tom wouldn't believe it; he didn't think that Andy Brackett would be guilty of such a trick.

The peddler shrugged his broad shoulders. "You know the reputation Andy's got for horse deal. He cheat a man out of his eyeballs."

"Nonsense."

"There iss no nonsense about it. It iss true. Already he has hurt you, and you don't even know it."

"What's he done to me?" Tom demanded.

The peddler swept his hand in the direction of the street. "Why has bridge been closed for three weeks already, keeping public away from your shop?"

"It's unsafe—that bridge has got a crack in the wall."

"But three weeks! Why iss it not mended?"

"It's a serious break and they're trying to find out what caused it—and anyhow, what's Andy Brackett got to do with it?"

"You are a stubborn fellow," said the peddler. "I see that you must have proof, and I will try to get it for you."

He shouldered his pack and went out, but he was back within an hour with a roll of white cloth under his arm and a folded paper clutched in his hand. "You are going to move temporarily," he said with a delighted grin.

Tom blinked at him. "Move? Me? Where to?"

"To the old photograph gallery by the entrance to the Brackett stables. The building iss small, but for bicycles it will do, and in the rear iss plenty room for automobiles —in plain sight of the barns. I have option with a right to put up sign." He tacked up the cloth and painted rapidly:

DURING REPAIRS TO THE BRIDGE THE UNDERSIGNED WILL OPEN A TEMPORARY GARAGE AND BICYCLE REPAIR SHOP ON THESE PREMISES WHERE CUSTOMERS OLD AND NEW WILL BE WELCOMED AND TREATED RIGHT. *Tom Hunter.*

Sol stood and surveyed the sign, which was ready to post on the front of the gallery. "Now hiss enemy will be tangled in hiss eyebrows almost! To stomach that, he will not be able. If bridge iss not open within a week I take great pleasure in paying for this experiment. But another sign we must have yet. I will paint it now." He tacked up another piece of the hollands and produced a second sign as rapidly as he had done the first:

THIS SHOP CLOSED DURING HIGHWAY REPAIRS TO BRIDGE. TEMPORARY SHOP AT PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY NEAR BRACKETT'S STABLES. *Tom Hunter.*

Not a word came from Andy directly, but a day or two after the signs were posted, Stoner, the supervisor of roads, appeared at the damaged arch with a gang of workmen, and in a short time repairs were completed and the bridge was again opened to public use.

Tom's temporary signs promptly came down and business returned to normal. This was very nice, but there was still that disagreeable threat of losing the new highway. Tom came over and talked to me about it. I sent him to see O'Brien, the Democratic county leader from whom Sol had learned of the deal. Tom came back with a long face and the news that the county board was evenly divided. Only one more vote was needed to put over Andy's deal. If Stoner were re-elected the new road would be lost.

Stoner was a Republican, and to be nominated on the Republican ticket was tantamount to election. The Democratic Party was kept alive by a little band of hopefuls who made regular nominations year after year with little expectation of election. It was common talk that the candidates were sometimes chosen by the toss of a coin.

This year, however, there was no tossing of a coin. Vacy Boyden, the Democratic leader, decided to nominate himself. Then a tight little organization formed by Tom and Vacy started what was known as a "buttonhole" campaign. It consisted in buttonholing people and pledging them to a personal vote for Vacy.

Tom and Vacy worked valiantly, but pledges were hard to get. Their prospects were looking very glum the night before election, when Tom suddenly came through with what looked like a bright idea: Why not hire some machines to carry the voters to the polls?

Most of the voters, he was certain, had never been in a motorcar, and if they could get people to ride to the polls the people'd feel more or less obligated to vote for the highway. Vacy was a little skeptical, but Tom's enthusiasm carried the day; and the next morning when the polls opened, four large and impressive motorcars hired from Geneva were drawn up at the curb to carry the voters back and forth.

IT was the most significant fleet of automobiles the town had ever seen, and Andy Brackett may well have been uneasy when he watched the crowds gathered around them looking them over. And he may have been even more uneasy when he noted the clouds of dust the big machines raised from the roads which his administration had provided. The pro-highway party had also been uneasy when they saw the great cloud of dust arise upon their initial sortie; but when they caught the drift of the public reaction and found that the roads instead of the cars were being blamed, they governed themselves accordingly, and from that time on they kept the fleet in motion.

Thus as the day wore on, the Democratic vote became more and more impressive, and Tom had reason to be hopeful. But in the end, the automobile and the dust cost Tom the election they almost won. In the afternoon a pall of sadness fell over the town. The news went around that Morton Towner had been struck and instantly killed by one of the hired election cars as he was turning into his driveway in a cloud of dust.

It was Tom Hunter who brought the news to me.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I've already done it. I called off the hired cars and sent them home."

Morton Towner was not one of the most esteemed men in town, but that incident naturally turned people against the automobile group, and the Democrats lost by twenty-three votes.

Whenever a new car came to town, one of the first things Tom did was to have the owner take his friends and neighbors out for a little spin.

Tom's idea was that most of the objections to the motor car came from lack of familiarity with it, and he felt that the sooner everybody had a taste of motoring, the faster the industry would make friends.

I think it was the second day I had my car that Tom devoted half the afternoon to taking my friends for short rides. Not one of our passengers that day had ever before ridden in an automobile, and almost without exception they would grip the seats as we were starting. Tom was very careful to give them no occasion for uneasiness. He started the car very slowly, he drove at a moderate pace, and when the ride was over he brought the car to a stop so gradually and so gently that the passengers hardly realized they were no longer moving.

For a week or so after I got the car I kept picking up people for these little spins and thought I had pretty well covered the ground, when one day I happened to meet Lucy Brackett on the street and she asked me why I had slighted her. I explained that I had stopped at her house twice without finding anybody at home. And that same afternoon I went again.

Lucy was in the yard when we drove up, and as Tom brought the car to a stop at the curb I leaned out and motioned to her.

"You see I am a man of my word," I said.

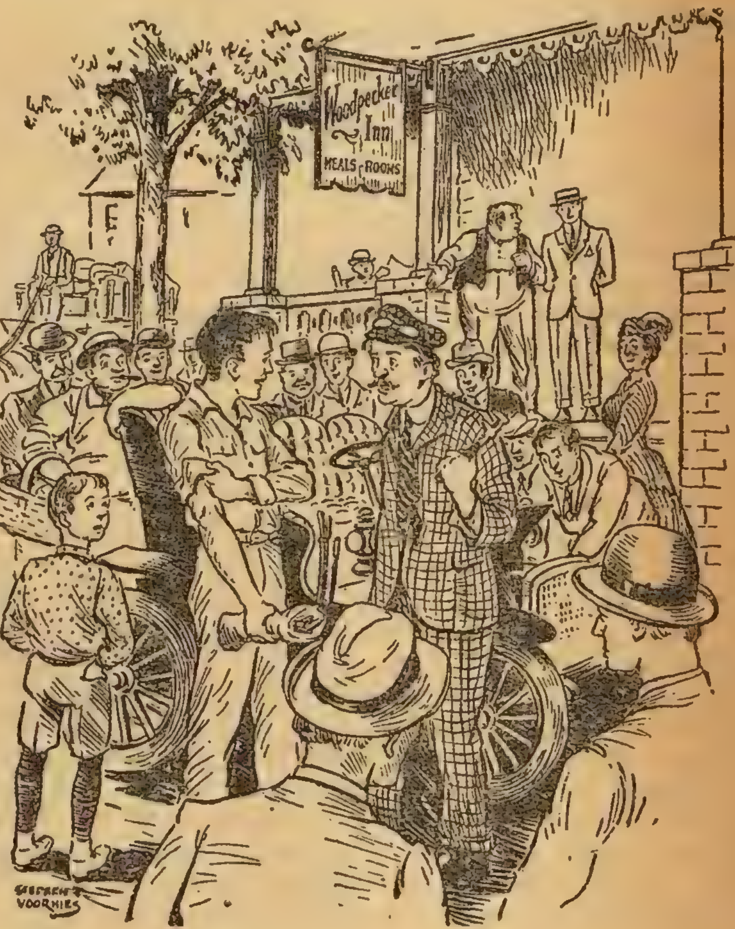
She paused on the curb. "And you aren't going to give me a chance to get on goggles and a veil and all the rest of the things?"

"Not this time," I said. "This is just a sample ride. If you like it, I'll take you for an expedition another time, and then you can put on all the equipment."

"And you promise not to blow me all to pieces with the wind?"

"You have my word for that. By the way," I looked from her to Tom, "you two have met, I suppose?"

As Tom was murmuring that he thought they had, Lucy was at the identical moment murmuring that she thought they hadn't.



I remembered after we had started that I had left my office open, and I asked Tom to go around the block so that I could stop long enough to lock up. I went inside and began to put books and papers in the safe, which stood near the street door. The distance from the curb to the front door was only a few feet, and I could hear quite plainly every word that was said in the car. I was somewhat surprised, after Tom's previous silence, to hear him say to Lucy:

"I hope you're not angry because I said we had met."

"Why should I be angry?" she said.

"You sounded that way."

"But we never have met in the conventional sense," she insisted.

"Then we were just—thrown together?"

Lucy chose to disregard the humorous implication. "I'm sorry I neglected to thank you for catching the horse."

I heard Tom laugh softly. "But now we have met," he said, "and that's something."

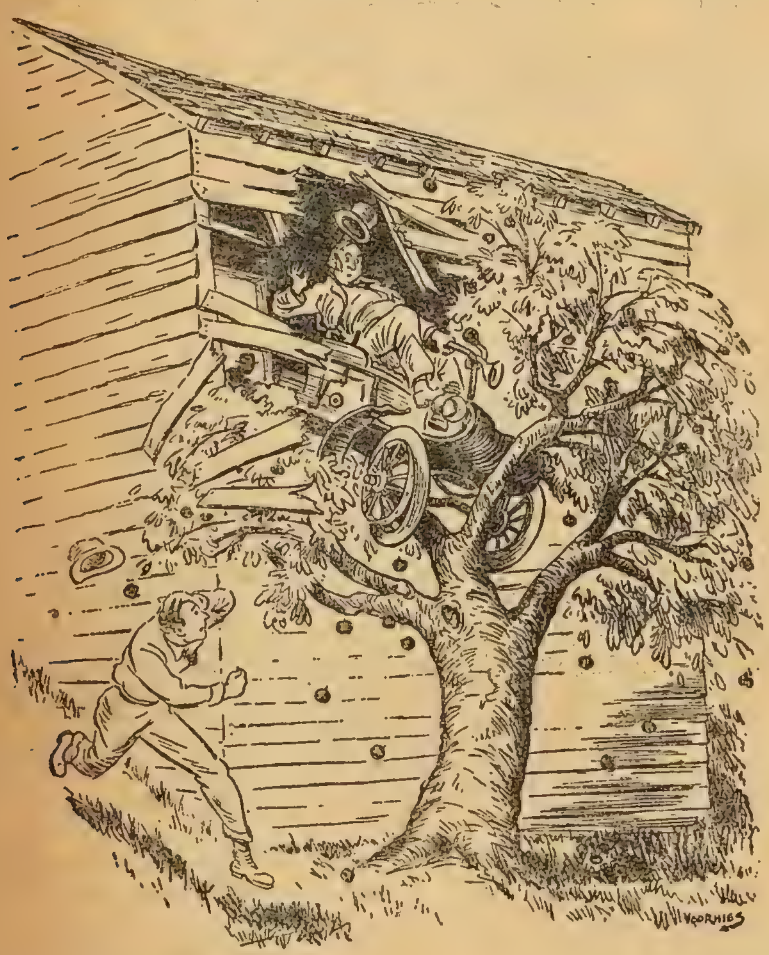
I waited for a moment to see if there was going to be anything more, but apparently there wasn't. So I slammed the door of the safe and went out, letting down the latch behind me. We took Lucy about five miles out of town, and on the way back she leaned over and asked if we would mind letting her off at Harpers' house. She said she wanted to stop in and see Zelda. Tom and I both had the same idea about this. We thought that Lucy was sparing her family the indignity of having her seen stepping out of a motorcar at their door. She thanked me very prettily for the demonstration and promised by way of recompense to take me for a buggy ride some day.

As she turned to go she looked back at Tom with a smile. "Good-by, Mr. Huntley," she said.

Tom smiled and raised his hat. "Good-by."

I knew perfectly well that Lucy had intentionally miscalled his name. Tom knew it, too, and though neither of us mentioned the incident I kept wondering why she had.

THE third car in town was a Reo. This, like my Rambler, was a pleasure car; but the fourth car to come to town had a touch of the utility vehicle. It was bought by Dr. Richards to use in visiting his patients. There was nothing the doctor hated like taking care of a couple of horses. His son was a good horseman, and as long as the boy had stayed around home the question of doing chores was negligible. But when he went away to school the doctor came to Tom and commissioned him to purchase one of the Oldsmobile curved-dash runabouts—secondhand, of course.



It wasn't much bigger than a boy's express wagon; it steered with a tiller, on the handle of which was a tiny bulb horn which made about as much noise as a jew's-harp. But it was painted a bright vermilion and created a very favorable impression when Tom came rolling into town with it.

New, the car had been listed at six hundred and fifty, "including mudguards," as stated in the advertisements. Secondhand, it had cost the doctor three hundred, and he couldn't have been more delighted with it if it had cost three thousand. The doctor lived only two houses below us and I rode home with Tom when he was making the delivery. The doctor rode around the block with Tom once or twice and then took over the tiller. He found the little machine so easy to handle that he insisted on taking his wife for a ride without any further instruction or experience.

He was at this time along in his sixties, tall, a little portly, and he had a shock of iron-gray hair as straight and almost as coarse as the hairs of a mucilage brush, on which he wore a black stovepipe hat. I think it must have been the silk hat that made him look so funny as he went rolling up the street with his wife by his side. She was carrying a parasol. As Tom and I stood and watched them go chugging up the street we could see her waving the parasol at her friends on the various verandas as she passed.

Tom wondered if they would ever get back all in one piece, especially as the doctor drove straight up through the business section of the town.

We kept peering up the street, looking for signs of the returning travelers, but we saw nothing even remotely resembling a motor car.

"Guess we'd better get out the Rambler and follow their tracks," suggested Tom. "No telling what's happened."

At just that moment a tiny squawk behind us informed us that nothing of an untoward nature had happened and that they had simply gone around the block. How many times they went up and down that street as we sat there I would not want to say.

Finally the doctor very neatly swung into the driveway and headed for the Bannister barn, which he had rented as a garage until he could dispose of his horses. We thought he was coming in with quite a little speed, but we were not particularly worried, until suddenly we heard him shouting in stentorian tones:

"Whoa! Whoa there! Whoa, I tell you!"

We leaped to the corner of the house. Tom shouted to him loudly, telling him to cut the switch, but the doctor was himself shouting at the car in such frenzied tones that he never even heard Tom's voice. And all the time, with its neat little chugging sound, the pretty vermilion car was rapidly approaching the open doorway.

THE Bannister barn was built on the crest of a rather sharp little declivity. The doctor's wife remembered this and, having no desire to go crashing through the opposite wall of the barn at a distance of some fifteen feet above the low ground, she stood up and stepped out of the car, which had no doors to hinder her. In so doing she swung her parasol around and knocked the doctor's stovepipe hat down over his face.

Fortunately the barn was old and the clapboards rotten and at a probable speed of twelve miles an hour at the moment of contact, the curved-dash runabout cut its way through the side of that barn as if it had been built of paper. The front half of the car was completely hidden from sight by the time we got there, and the doctor was pinned to the seat. His first move, when we dragged him out, was to extricate and put on the battered stovepipe hat which had probably saved his face and perhaps his life. What we couldn't understand was why the car had not gone the rest of the way and what was keeping it on an even keel. One look outside the barn was enough explanation. The front axle was firmly wedged in the crotch of an old apple tree growing close behind the barn.

"What will you give me for the wreck just as it stands?" the doctor asked Tom as we were all coming out of the driveway and the rest of the town was rushing in.

"I couldn't tell you without looking it over," said Tom.

The baker's boy, who happened to be passing, was more of a gambler. "Will you take twenty-five dollars?" he asked.

"It's a deal," said the doctor.

With all those early cars, tire trouble was thrown in gratis. It was about the only piece of necessary equipment for which there was no extra charge at the time of purchase, though the motorist paid plenty for it as time went on.

From the very beginning car makers side-stepped the tire question. Cars were guaranteed for thirty days against defects in workmanship and materials, but the manufacturers would not guarantee that your tires were good enough to get you home with the new car. The clincher rim added to the difficulties. When you changed a clincher tire you had to pry it from the rim while the rim was still on the felly of the wheel. The demountable rim did not put in an appearance until 1907, and another five years had elapsed before its adoption by car makers had become anything like general. Meanwhile the motorist was down on his knees beside his car, struggling to pry the inflexible bead of an ossified tire from the rusty jaws of a clincher rim.

The truth was that while the makers would spend millions putting some small improvement on their engines, they would not spend a five-cent piece to make the changing of tires any less arduous for the motorist.

One of the greatest difficulties in changing a clincher tire was getting the valve stem of the inner tube in the proper place. An eighth of an inch too far one way or the other would mean a pinch—with a resultant blowout within only a few miles. Tom Hunter solved this by making what he called a "tire fork." This was a sturdy hook like a two-pronged rake, with a stout hickory handle about three feet long. Tom made and sold some fifty or more of them, at one time or another, but he simply did not take the tool seriously.

"Aw, shucks," he said, when I was urging him to have it patented. "Anybody could make one. You might as well ask me to patent a toothpick."

Tom Hunter made half a dozen inventions to ease the changing of tires, but he was just as stubborn about them as he was about his tire fork. He made the first long-handled jack I ever saw and the first casing spreader. But he insisted that these inventions were of no permanent value.

It was Tom's idea that relief would come from a "disposable" tire. Some cheap substance would be found, he was sure, that would bring down the cost to only a dollar or two apiece. A new tire would be good for one or two thousand miles, and as soon as it began to show wear it would be thrown away and another one put on. It never occurred to him that tires could be built that would easily give twenty-five thousand miles. He was a dreamer, but not as much of a dreamer as that.

As the cool weather came on and people found their motors harder to start, fewer automobiles were seen on the road. Bicycles, too, were going into storage. Tom must have been feeling the pinch, though all he would say about it was that he was getting a little more time to put in on some of his own inventions. He was at the moment quite excited over a little gadget he had just made for lighting the gas flame in automobile headlights without moving from the seat. The driver first turned on the gas by opening a little valve on the dashboard. Pressing a button located beside the valve produced an electric spark just above the gas jet in the headlight.

The one he installed in my car worked perfectly, but his installation in another car did not do quite so well. The headlight exploded with enough force to blow the door of the headlight fifty feet away, ruining a reflector, which was hard to replace. Another disappointing feature of this invention was that a Patent Office search showed that the idea had already been patented.

BY this time, however, Tom was interested in something else: the fall weather had brought forcibly to his attention the great difficulty of starting a cold motor by hand cranking. One day he came in and threw a rough sketch on my desk.

"There it is," he said, "a compressed-air starter."

"Compressed air?" I repeated, not impressed.

"Sure—why not? If it's good enough to stop the cars for the railroads, why isn't it good enough to start motors for the rest of us?"

"But where will you get your compressed air?"

"Just where the railroads do—from running the engine." He picked up a pencil from the desk and explained the sketch. Enough compressed air would be kept in a storage tank to turn the engine over, say, fifty times. If that was not enough he'd make the tank bigger. As soon as the engine started, the compressor pump would be thrown on and the storage tank filled again.

"How do you know it will work?" I asked.

"It's got to—the principle is sound."

"The principle of your gas lighter was sound—and see what happened."

He grinned. "So you think I ought to build one before we go any further?"

I nodded. "Isn't that good sense?"

"It is," he said. "I'll do it. Heaven knows I got plenty of time right now."

The basic trouble with the early motorcars—aside from the hundred and one minor defects and miscalculations that kept them from running—was insufficient horsepower. Most of the early cars had only two speeds, low and high; and though the high was not so exceedingly high, the low was certainly disconcertingly low. To go up a hill on low was a slow and disagreeable business.

By the time I had been driving the Rambler a month I had taken the measure of every hill that was anywhere around. I knew the hills that I could get up on high and the ones that I couldn't. I had found ways to get around most of the low-gear climbs, and I had tried a few grades that I could not get up at all and on which I had no ambition to make a second attempt. Little by little I came to the conclusion that I must have a new car—a car with plenty of power.

I laid down a two-hundred-and-fifty deposit on the new car not long afterward. It was the Model N, the first of the Ford cars to be offered at five hundred—the announcement of which had driven Tom Hunter into great transports of delight. He was waiting for me on the front steps of my office with a clipping in his hand cut from the Ford announcement:

> I will build a motorcar for the great multitude. It will be large enough for the family but small enough for the individual to run and care for. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs that modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one—and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces.

Tom had been so excited when he saw the full-page announcement, with an enormous picture of the car, that he had wired for the agency. Without waiting for a reply, he sold six cars on the strength of that picture.

ALL day long, after the announcement appeared in the morning paper, people hung around Tom's garage, waiting for further news. They welcomed the arrival of the poor man's car, but many of them were timid about buying a car made by Ford until the great patent litigation between Ford and George Selden had been settled. Mr. Selden had applied for a patent on a self-propelled vehicle back in 1879. In the application his vehicle was described as "a safe, simple, and cheap road locomotive, light in weight, easy to control, possessed of sufficient power to overcome an ordinary inclination."

Ford always contended that George Selden was aiming at a traction engine at the time his application was filed, since the automobile as such had not at that time been dreamed of. When the patent was granted in 1895, however, the situation was quite different. Motorcars were already running in Europe and Charles Duryea had completed his "buggyaut." And since the spring of 1893 Henry Ford's first car, a little contraption not much bigger than a wheel chair, with two cylinders made out of pieces of steampipe, had been running around the streets of Detroit, stopping often to make adjustments and repairs.

With the patent in his safe Mr. Selden sat back and watched the growing industry develop. As the new century was just about to begin, William C. Whitney entered into an agreement with Selden for the control of the patent, and a vigorous campaign was started for infringement.

The Selden interests launched their first attack at one of the largest and most successful of the manufacturers, the Winton Motor Carriage Company of Cleveland. Winton put up a fight and was beaten hands down in the trial courts. Most of the other big motor-car manufacturers were trembling in their boots over the prospects of paying huge sums in back damages. If they allowed the Winton case to go to a final decision and lost, they would be at the mercy of the Selden interests. The time to compromise was while Winton was still on his feet. So nine of the big fellows—Packard, Pierce, Peerless and the rest—joined in the Winton compromise and made peace with the patent owners by forming the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers with the right to operate under the Selden patent. They agreed to pay for the privilege one-and-one-quarter-per-cent royalty on the retail price of all cars sold by them.

Most of the big independents came flocking in, but Henry Ford refused to pay what he insisted was tribute, and the A. L. A. M. came down on him with an infringement suit. It was not a pretty fight. The stake was large and both sides were out to win, with no holds barred.

The case dragged on for some years before Judge Hough was able to render a decision sustaining the patent. Of course this was only the end of Round One, but the A. L. A. M. seized upon the opportunity to inject a little frightfulness into the campaign by advertising a warning to prospective purchasers of Ford cars that they would be held personally liable for infringement of the patent and would be prosecuted to the limit of the law. A man buying a Ford car "might as well be buying a ticket to jail."

I heard this statement repeated over and over at the time. When Ford announced his new "Universal" car at five hundred dollars, the warnings of the Licensed Association became so threatening that Ford was eventually driven into running a series of full-page newspaper advertisements aimed at reassuring the common man. It was a good piece of underdog propaganda containing this conclusion:

> If there are any prospective automobile buyers who are at all intimidated by the claim made by our adversaries, we will give them, in addition to the protection of the Ford Motor Company with its some $6,000,000.00 of assets, an individual bond backed by a Company of more than $6,000,000.00 more of assets, so that each and every individual owner of a Ford car will be protected until at least $12,000,000.00 of assets have been wiped out by those who desire to control and monopolize this wonderful industry.
>
> The bond is yours for the asking, so do not allow yourself to be sold inferior cars at extravagant prices because of any statement made by this "Divine" body.
>
> N. B.—This fight is not being waged by the Ford Motor Company without the advice and counsel of the ablest patent attorneys of the East and West.

THE case dragged along until 1911 before the final adjudication was made. This proved to be a double-barreled decision which sustained the validity of the patent but also ruled that there had been no infringement on the part of Henry Ford or any other manufacturer whose engine was based on the four-cycle motor. This included practically all of them.

This great victory not only put an end to the payment of millions of dollars annually to the Selden interests, but removed the threat of the A. L. A. M. to prosecute individuals purchasing Ford cars.

Perhaps the most important and most widespread result of the announcement of Mr. Ford's Universal car was the reawakening of interest in getting a good road through our town. By this time the other road had been built and was enjoying great popularity. All of us who had cars used to go over to ride on it, though we had to drive across ten miles of neglected country roads to get there. People kept coming to me to ask if something couldn't be done, but I told them that they had once had their chance and muffed it. They kept pestering Tom about it.

A Democratic administration went into office the first of the year, and then suddenly there was a great deal of undercover activity concerning the highway law. Hungry construction companies began to howl for fat highway contracts. It was, of course, impossible to abandon the existing highway program, but it was not impossible to amend and supplement it. People kept coming to Tom to ask why he was not making an effort to resurrect the road through our town. "The party's darn thankful to you for the showing you made last time," they said. "Why don't you do somep'm about our highway that Andy sidetracked?"

This attitude seemed a little personal to Tom, but he finally took the matter up with Bill O'Brien, the county head of the party. Bill also thought it was personal and tried to settle by offering Tom his backing for a good state job. But Tom did not want a good state job. What he wanted was a good state road. Eventually the link that Andy had so cunningly knocked out of the highway chain was slipped back in as an alternate route. Among the highway appropriations for the year, that little strip of road amounted to hardly a drop in the bucket; but to Tom, as well as to Andy, it assumed the proportions of the most important thoroughfare in the world.

Andy was feeding more horses than usual that winter. For some reason the fall sales had been very light. Andy would not admit that the motorcar had anything to do with the situation, but Gid was a little more open-minded.

"Folks get these nutty ideas," he said to me one day. "Right now they all think they want one of these damn Ford runarounds. Why, I know lots of folks that has sold a perfectly good hoss to get one."

"How does Andy feel about it?" I asked.

Gid shook his head. "He's takin' it pretty hard. When he heard about that new state road comin' through, he pretty damn near had a stroke. He like to went right up through the ceilin'. 'That's your friend Hunter,' he says, and he called young Tom every name he could lay his tongue to. And, boy, is he bitter!"

I MET Andy on the street a day or two later and walked along with him. I was careful to say nothing about the road, but he had himself in hand by this time and it was he who brought the subject up.

"How does your father feel about the new road?" he asked.

"He's still in Jamaica, and I don't suppose he's heard about it yet. But he's in favor of good roads."

"Yes, I know. It's always puzzled me. I can't understand how a horse lover like your father could ever be in favor of hard roads. I know you won't agree with me, but I think this road is a great mistake. Half the charm and beauty of these little towns comes from their seclusion. And you know as well as I do that there can't be any seclusion on a road that's got a stream of devil wagons tearing over it night and day."

I began to laugh. "It seems funny, Andy, to hear you talking like an old fogy, but that's what you're beginning to sound like."

"Have you seen Lucy's new rig?" he asked, turning on me unexpectedly.

"You don't mean that you've bought her a bicycle?"

"A bicycle! Heavens, no!" He burst out laughing. "I've bought her a new rubber-tired runabout. Beats your stinking old gasoline machines all to pieces. I'll have Lucy take you for a run around the block—the way you used to take people out in your car when it was new."

"You do that," I said as we parted, Andy heading for his stables and I for my office.

I saw Lucy in her rubber-tired runabout the next day. It was a cute little vehicle with red wheels and a spindled box behind. It had red upholstery and was finished off without a top. She drew up to the curb.

"Wouldn't you like to take a little ride around the block—just to see how it goes?"

I clambered in. "Delighted," I said, "only you mustn't go too fast. I don't want you to blow me all to pieces."

She put her nag through all its paces, showing it off with the utmost perfection of style and distinction.

"You've given a beautiful exhibition of horsemanship," I said as we came around the corner and swung into Church Street. "And now, if you'll just drop me at my office, I see Tom Hunter is waiting in front."

I could see Lucy begin to bristle. "Well, he's certainly not waiting for me."

I could see Tom also bristle as we drew up in front of him, almost exactly as Lucy had done.

Tom motioned with his head at the red-wheeled runabout. "Isn't this something new?"

"Quite."

"Very elegant," said Tom, "and quite becoming."

"Thank you," said Lucy. "Can I take you anywhere?" she asked suddenly, a strange gleam in her eye.

But Tom was taking no chances. "Oh, no, thank you," he said quickly. "I have some business with the counselor and couldn't possibly go anywhere just now."

Lucy tightened her hold on the reins. "Then I'd better be getting along before the horse takes matters into his own hands." She chirped to the horse and drove away.

I was annoyed with both of them. I didn't see why they had to be openly disagreeable every time they met.

SPEED was not, in the beginning, one of the most important considerations in the development of the motorcar. But the desire for speed seems to be inherent in the human being; and once the inhibition imposed by limitations of the horse had been removed, man wanted to go faster and faster. When the motor-car manufacturers found that the public was no longer satisfied with a car merely because it would go, and were demanding that it must go fast, they immediately went in for speed.

The bicycle had derived much of its popularity from racing. The manufacturers of motorcars, many of them graduates of the bicycle industry, were well aware of the promotion value of racing, and as soon as they had begun to build cars that would show any speed at all, they pushed them out on the track.

The keen eyes of Henry Ford had not overlooked this promising field for free advertising. He built a racing car and challenged Alexander Winton to a match race. He beat Winton, but the contest did not end there. Winton built a faster car and challenged Ford to a return match. For some time the two master minds continued a spirited competition, until finally Ford built a big eighty-horsepower monster he called "999," after the famous engine of the Empire State Express. He did not dare drive the big car in a race and hired a professional bicycle rider named Barney Oldfield to take his place. Barney wasn't afraid, but he did not know how to drive a car. So Ford taught him in a week, and Barney went in and won the race. He won it in an eighty-horsepower car steered by a tiller!

I wanted to get speed out of a car from the very beginning of my career as a motorist. When I first acquired a Packard, twenty miles an hour over a reasonably good road was all I seemed to need; but whenever I found a good piece of state road I could not resist hitting it up to twenty-five. One thing that I especially liked about the Packard was its speedometer, which had figures all the way up to sixty miles an hour. Whenever people asked me how fast it would go, all I had to do was point to the speedometer.

It was at about this time that a new phrase was added to the language. People began to talk about "joy riding."

THE first adventure of that kind in which I participated was on the night of a subscription dance for which I was one of the sponsors. My friend, Burgess Harper, was associate sponsor with me on this occasion. But he was too busy with arrangements to squire his own sister, and Tom, after much urging on my part, reluctantly consented to act as Zelda's escort. Asa Parker, a protégé of Andy who had shown a striking fondness for Lucy, happened to be out of town, so I took advantage of the opportunity to act as Lucy's escort. Tom seemed a little glum when I told him that, but he had given his word and he went through with it. He and Zelda always got along well, and after the party was once under way he had the time of his life.

During the evening Zelda confided to me a suspicion that had been a long time forming in her mind. She made me swear on a stack of Bibles not to mention it to a soul, and then came out with the assertion that she was almost certain that Tom and Lucy were in love.

I had a good laugh when she told me. "I guess you haven't seen them together," I said.

"Not until tonight," she admitted; "but they're dancing together right now."

"They bristle at the sight of each other like ill-tempered bulldogs," I told her.

"They aren't bristling right now."

As a matter of fact they weren't. The bristling seemed to have been suspended for the duration of that particular dance, but as soon as the music had stopped they began showing signs of hostility again.

I touched Zelda's arm. "Look at them now."

"That's one of the very things that make me suspicious," she said.

"But, Zelda, Lucy's been going everywhere with Asa."

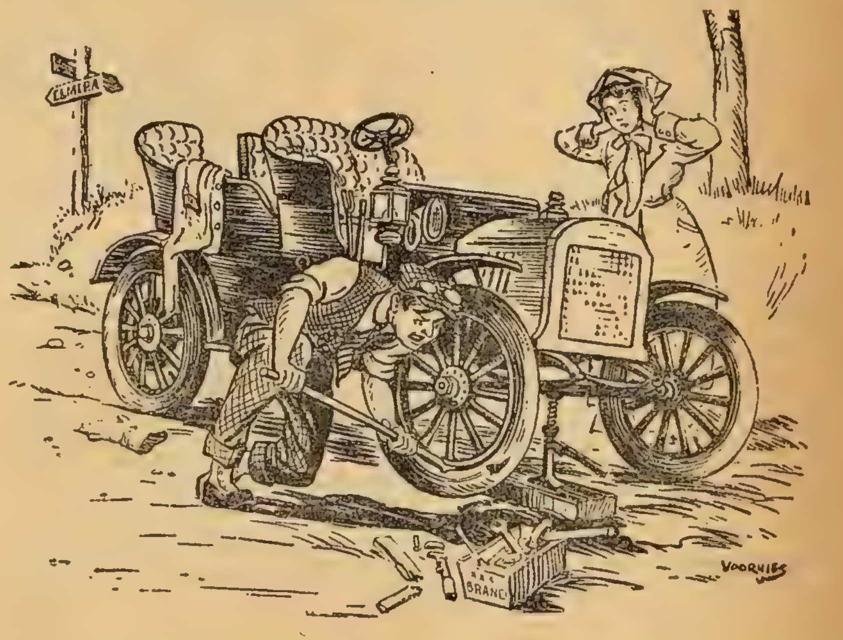
Zelda looked up at me and smiled. Her own unswerving love for Asa was a secret that we had long shared and many times discussed. "Lucy has never cared enough about Asa to quarrel with him. What do you suppose they're rowing over?"

"Do a pair of bulldogs need anything to fight over?"

She slipped her arm through mine. "Let's walk over that way and see if we can find out."

We started across the room, but before we could reach them the music for the next dance struck up, and a new partner waiting in the offing whisked Lucy away. With Zelda, Tom was the soul of amiability. But the moment he returned to Lucy, hostilities were resumed.

Lucy's Aunt Harriett had been suffering with a headache that night and had entrusted the chaperoning of the girls to Mrs. Harper. But Mrs. Harper cautioned the girls to come right home as soon as the party was over and left the hall in the company of some people who lived down her way. That was how we four happened to go joy riding.



We walked out of the hall together and looked up at the sky. An almost full moon was coasting slowly down the western sky.

"What a night for a walk!" I heard somebody say.

"What a night for a sail!" said another.

I waited until we were out of hearing of all but our own party, and then I drew my three companions into a huddle. "What a night for a *joy ride!*" I said in a low and highly conspiratory tone.

"I'm game," said Zelda. "How about you, Lucy?"

Lucy was no kill-joy. "Why, yes," she said. "I'll go if the rest of you do."

"How do you feel about it, Tom?"

"I don't know what a joy ride is exactly—but where's the car?"

Everybody seemed agreeable, so Tom backed the car out and, without asking any questions, I helped Lucy into the front seat and clambered into the tonneau with Zelda. As we started away Zelda gave my arm a significant squeeze, indicating that now we should see what we should see. But, as it happened, we did not prove much of anything either way, for those two on the front seat did not exchange a single word of conversation during the two hours that we were cruising around in the bewitching moonlight.

We never knew who saw us, or where or when; but the moment I caught a glimpse of my mother's face the next morning I knew the cat was out of the bag. She never doubted that it was all good clean fun—it was the looks of the thing that bothered her. She did not use the word "compromise," though nearly everybody else in town did.

I happened to be alone in the office when Andy Brackett descended upon me. It was not, however, the fact that Lucy had done something unconventional that was burning Andy up; it was the manner in which she had done it. If we had gone for a ride in a horse-drawn vehicle I do not believe the little indiscretion would have caused more than a ripple. What made it a big scandal was that we had gone in an automobile.

Andy had no sooner gone than Tom Hunter came bursting in with a roll of drawing paper under his arm.

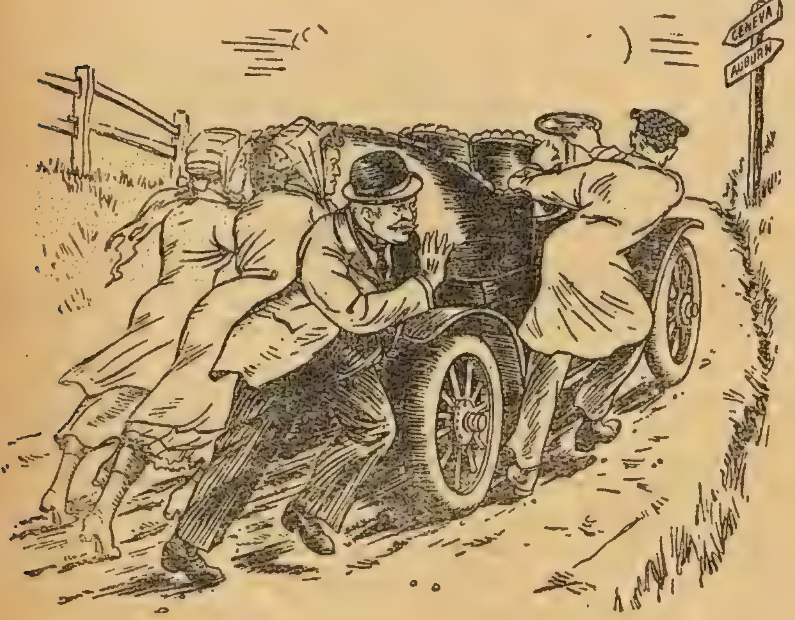
"Don't tell me you've finished the plans for the starter," I said.

He grinned. "Well, I haven't exactly finished them, but I had a wonderful idea last night when we were out in the car. I was thinking about punctures, and it suddenly came to me that we could use the compressed air from our starter tank to inflate the tires. And after I got home I went right to my table and finished up the drawing—and here it is." He unrolled the big sheet of paper and spread it on the desk before me.

"So that's what you were thinking about last night! I noticed that you were pretty quiet."

"I hope nobody else noticed it," he said. "But what do you think of the idea?"

"I think it's fine, Tom. However, we should get the application filed for a patent or somebody will beat us to it. There must be hundreds of people working on ideas to beat this cranking nuisance, and sooner or later some ingenious lad is going to get around to compressed air."



He promised to go ahead with the work just as fast as he could.

I stopped in on my way home to twit Zelda on the complete collapse of the big imaginary romance she had been building up between Tom and Lucy, but even after I had told her what Tom was thinking about during all that time when we were sitting in the tonneau waiting for something to happen, she refused to back down.

"But you forget that Tom sat there making an invention."

Zelda shook her head hopelessly. "You men are so stupid," she said. And that is all the satisfaction I got out of her.

IT seems like the easiest thing in the world to transmit power from one revolving shaft to another. In factories they do it with a belt, and Duryea, Ford, Haynes, and the rest of the pioneer builders almost without exception tried the belt on their first cars, but not one of them did on his second. By the time they started to build the second car they understood that the transmission of power to the driving wheels must be positive, and what, they argued, is any more positive than a chain? So a chain it was.

The chain drive was noisy, it was dirty, it was unsightly, and it required almost constant attention. It used to stretch with wear and get a little too large for the sprockets, and the first indication you had that anything was wrong was when it came off. The chain of my Rambler came off one night when I was going up a steep hill far from home—and this time the chain broke and wrapped itself around the rear-axle housing, so that I could go neither ahead nor back.

When Tom brought in my car after this episode, his first move was to invent a chain tool by means of which a motorist could repair a broken chain without even soiling his fingertips. Weeks later I saw it lying on his workbench and asked him what he was doing about it. He smiled. "Nothing."

"But, Tom," I protested, "you seemed very much interested about it when you first had the idea."

"Did I?"

"Of course you did."

"That's funny." He picked up the tool and took it over and hung it on a nail in the wall. I knew that his interest in the chain tool had come to its final resting place. When these ideas came into Tom's head they tortured him like cockleburs until he had let them out and done something about them. If the solution proved to be easy, he lost interest at once; but if it proved to be hard, he would puzzle over the question for weeks and months.

The only one that had seemed really important to me was his self-starter. The need for this contrivance was as crying as ever, and his invention, if successful, might easily net him a fortune. I was determined not to let him lose interest.

ONE day not long after this, Andy Brackett came walking into my office. "Well, have you heard the news?" he asked.

"About what?"

"The New York Central Railroad. They're dropping a couple of trains."

"What's that for?" I asked.

"What's it for!" he thundered. "It's because your damned motor buggies are taking away all their business. They'll be dropping them right along, just as fast as this gasoline craze takes away their passengers."

"You ought to be pleased," I said. "You're a seclusionist."

"Do you realize how much seclusion we're going to have when the road is all finished and the traffic begins to roar through the main street of the town—if we don't do something about it?"

"But after all, Andy," I said, "it's a public highway, and what can we do about it if people want to drive through our town?"

"We can see to it that they travel at a reasonable rate of speed. Do you see anything objectionable about that?"

"Not at all," I said. "I think that makes very good sense."

He went out soon afterward and I thought no more about it until a day or two later, when Tom came in and told me that the village fathers had posted notices of a six-mile speed limit through the incorporated village.

"Six miles an hour!" I cried. "My car won't go that slow." I stood up and put on my hat. "I'll go over and tell Andy what I think of that kind of business."

Tom shook his head. "Don't do it," he said. "I've got another plan, and if it works you won't have to say another word to Andy. Just give me a chance to work it, for I'm sure it'll do the business."

He was back within an hour, beaming all over his face. "It worked!" he cried. "It worked to perfection!"

The village fathers, he explained, were not entirely satisfied with the speed limit. So, without letting Andy know, they decided to give it a test by setting off a measured stretch and arresting every vehicle that went through it in less than a minute and a quarter. Tom had watched for Lucy Brackett, caught her on the street and stopped her. After he had succeeded in getting her to take him for a ride he goaded her into letting out the horse just before they came to the speed trap—and at the end of the measured stretch a constable had stepped into the road and arrested her for exceeding the speed limit.

"How did Lucy take it?" I asked.

Tom chuckled. "She was screaming mad."

"At you?"

"No—at the constable. That's the funny part."

There were no fines or prosecutions under the ordinance, which was promptly repealed, much to Andy's chagrin; and the speed limit reverted to the state regulation of ten miles an hour in the closely built-up section and fifteen in other parts of the incorporated village.

Up to this time very few women had learned to handle a motorcar. Burgess Harper had taught his sister Zelda to drive his car and she drove it well. The papers had given prominence to the motoring prowess of Alice Roosevelt; and Maude Adams and some of the other stage favorites had obtained wide publicity by having their pictures taken at the wheel or tiller of a motorcar.

Women drivers began to be seen on the roads with some frequency in 1907 or 1908, though they were rarely seen alone, tire trouble being such as it was, and the necessity for hand cranking requiring a stronger right arm than the average woman was supposed to possess. Zelda was really a fine driver, but unless she was accompanied by a male escort she was not allowed to go beyond the village limits. She was constantly begging Tom to get on with his starting device, for by this time everybody in town knew he had one under construction.

"Somebody else will beat you if you don't hurry up," she used to tell him. "Women all over the country are screaming for a starter, and if you don't make it for them somebody else will."

Tom claimed to be working on it every waking hour not given up to making a living. But somehow the construction of the experimental machine dragged on interminably. I heaved a sigh of relief when one day he told me it was practically finished—but only an hour later he came panting into the office with another idea. He was going to add a hydraulic jack that would raise the car by compressed air so that in case of a puncture the driver would no longer have to jack up the car by hand.

It completely won me over, and in spite of the added delay I felt that he must go ahead with the improvement.

"Zelda's going to like this, too," he said. "It will bring her one step nearer to complete motor-car independence."

"Poor old Zelda," I murmured.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked quickly.

With a smile I answered, "Heart trouble."

"Has she got *that?*"

"The real trouble is that she thinks Asa is getting ready to propose to Lucy," I said, watching him closely.

"What makes her think that?"

"Oh, he's been moody and absent-minded."

"Do you imagine you can always tell by that?"

"Well, no; I can't. I'm often puzzled to know what people really do think of each other. Now, I know that Zelda's in love with Asa for the very simple reason that she has told me so. But I haven't the slightest idea how Asa feels about Zelda—way down deep in his heart."

"If he has any bottom in his heart," said Tom.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because I think Asa has a very calculating nature."

"Don't you know he's the most popular fellow in town?"

"That doesn't change my opinion," he insisted.

"But if Zelda is right about it—and he does pop the question—do you believe Lucy would have him?"

"How could she?"

"But why not?" I asked.

"Because Lucy's a real person."

AND that's as far as I got with that.

I had never liked Asa Parker, though, as I say, he was popular and his friendship with Andy Brackett had made him county clerk, the youngest in the state. I had never gone around with him much because he was, as Tom said, calculating and opinionated. Asa and I did not click. When he came walking into my office the morning after Tom and I had that talk, I was somewhat surprised. He had rarely come in there before, unless he had some favor to ask or wanted some free legal advice on a political question.

"That was quite a time you had the other night," he said.

I knew he meant our "joy ride," but I had no intention of talking about it with him, so I nodded coldly.

"I mean a motorcar is a handy thing to have—and easy to handle, too—any time."

"Well, not always," I said. "You have to know something about them."

"Oh, yes, you've got to learn some things, but almost everybody knows how to use wrenches and things. Take yourself, for instance—did you ever have any interest in machinery before you got an automobile?"

"Well, no; to tell the truth, I didn't."

"That's my point exactly," said Asa. "Anybody with average intelligence can learn how to drive and take care of an automobile. Isn't that right?"

He did not get to any definite point that day, but I could see that the yeast was at work in him. He came in to see me again only a few days later, and this time he began to talk quite learnedly of the various makes of car. Eventually I discovered what he had come for: He wanted to find out how hard it was to learn to drive. In a weak moment I said I would take him out in my car and let him see for himself what it was like—and after that he hounded me until I did take him out, not once but several times.

I was curious to know whether he was really going to fly in the face of his patron and buy a car or was just flirting with the idea. He was serious enough about it, but he had something on his mind that he wanted to attend to first. So he stepped over to Brackett's one evening and made a proposal of marriage to Lucy. I heard nothing about it until late in the afternoon of the following day, when Zelda came to my office with a troubled look on her face.

"Well, he's done it," she said as the door of my private office closed behind her. Small, dark, shapely, her large brown eyes glistening with the tears she was struggling to hold back, she was a picture of despair.

"Then he's proposed?" I said.

She slowly nodded her head.

"And Lucy accepted him?" I guessed.

But she shook her head. "No, she did not accept him. She very gently but quite definitely refused. Lucy came over and told me about it this morning."

THE day after this, Asa had the Maxwell agent up from Geneva with a demonstrator. There was nothing unusual about having a demonstrator in town, but the way Asa handled this one was very unusual. He did not have the car demonstrated to himself so much as to his friends. He insisted that, since his friends were going to do most of the riding in the car, he intended to get one that they would like. He had the car brought right into the center of the town and then went from one store to another calling his friends to come and try it. He conspicuously avoided the Brackett place, though he noisily entered those on either side. After the demonstration was over he stood right there on the street and signed an order for a four-cylinder Maxwell touring car, priced at seventeen hundred and fifty dollars.

Gid left word at my office the next morning that Andy would like to see me, and I went over there full of curiosity. Gid's room was the same as when I had seen it before, and in spite of the desolation of the almost empty barn it looked lived-in and cozy. So this was where the two old cronies spent their time, dreaming of the past.

"Well, young fellow"—Andy never could quite understand that I was growing up—"I've got something on my mind. . . . I'm getting to be an old fogy—out of step with the times. This isn't the town it was when I took it over. What we need is a young fellow they can all unite on, somebody who hasn't got any old grudges piled up against him. I want you to write me a letter of resignation. Something elegant, something with a ring to it. Can you do it?"

"I'll do the best I can."

After we had finished with our business, Gid came stumping in, wiping his brow. "Been up over the Manchester road lately—that new stretch put in a couple of years ago?"

"No, not lately," I said. "Why?"

"All goin' to pieces," said Gid. "All full of pitch holes—bad for a hoss's feet."

"It's easy enough to repair those roads, but what makes you think there'll be any horses left to step on them?" I asked, rising to go.

"Don't you worry about that, boy!" shouted Gid with spirit. "There'll always be hosses, whether we've got any roads or not!"

"I think he's right," said Andy. "Can you have that letter ready for me this afternoon?"

I nodded and started back to my office, thinking as I went along of the two die-hards sitting around that old livery stable waiting for the new roads to break up.

A few days later Tom Hunter came striding into my office. He was clutching a newspaper in his hand.

"Here's the greatest thing that's ever happened to the motorcar since they put the first gas engine into it. It's what I should have been working on all the time."

"What is it?"

"It's an electric starter with lights and ignition all in a single unit! Neatest thing you ever saw. We *have* to have electricity for our ignition; can't get along without it. All right, why not make the supply just a little larger and have enough to take care of lights and starter? What beats me is why I never thought of it myself."

"But, Tom," I asked with some trepidation, "what about your—your compressed-air starter?"

"Oh, that!" He waved it into oblivion with a broad sweep of his newspaper. "That's out of the window."

"But, Tom, you've spent years on it, and you must have spent hundreds of dollars."

"Aw, forget it—forget it. That was one of the ideas that didn't come through. I got a thousand ideas—they keep coming all the time, and one of these days an idea of mine will click and I'll put over something like *this!*" He slapped the paper with enthusiasm.

The door opened a crack and a feminine voice was heard outside. "May I come in?" It was Lucy Brackett.

She pushed open the door and paused in the doorway. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but I have a wonderful piece of news. . . . Asa's new car came this morning, and he and Zelda have eloped in it!"

I leaped to my feet. "When?"

"Not an hour ago. I'm the only one who knows it—and I wouldn't have known if Zelda hadn't run in to borrow a clean pair of white gloves to be married in. Oh, isn't it romantic and thrilling!"

"It might be—if it was anybody else but Asa," said Tom.

"But Zelda adores him—she's always adored him—she'll be unutterably happy."

Tom smiled dubiously. "What make you think so?"

"Because she loves him so much."

"He'll treat her like a dog."

"What difference will that make so long as she loves him? Is there anything else that really matters?"

For some moments they stood there looking at each other—saying nothing. When they left the office a little later I watched them from the window. This time they were not quarreling. As they walked along they kept gazing at each other as if neither had ever seen the other before—and I don't believe they really had.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

IF you don't mind reading about people who live just about one stop above Tobacco Road, or if you are already a member of that growing band which admires the work of **Jesse Stuart**, you will find a treat in **Taps for Private Tussie.**

Private Tussie was a member of a large and irresponsible clan of Kentucky mountaineers—perhaps the only one who brought in any sum of money larger than a weekly relief check—and this also came in the form of a government check, payable to the beneficiary of a soldier's insurance policy. The money was paid, of course, to Private Tussie's wife, Aunt Vittie. But its disposition was taken over almost entirely by Grandpa, patriarch of this section of the Tussie tribe known as the "Relief Tussies"—to distinguish them from the Tussies who had continued to vote the straight Republican ticket.

Jesse Stuart

When Aunt Vittie's money arrived, Grandpa hired a sixteen-room house in her name and in moved Grandpa, Grandma, Aunt Vittie, Uncle Mott (the brother of Vittie's husband, allergic to work and too old for the Army) and Sid, the grandson. They were happy, too, until outside Tussies began to intrude. First came Uncle George, who could do wonderful things with a fiddle, and was therefore welcome. But he was followed by Tussies from all over the county who swarmed like locusts to stay at the "mansion" and live off Aunt Vittie's abundance.

Harry Bruno

The abundance began to run out, but the Tussie relatives wouldn't budge—and life was further complicated by the fact that both Uncle George and Uncle Mott wanted to marry Aunt Vittie. The first problem was resolved when the owner of the house discovered its present condition and evicted them; the second, when Uncle George won Aunt Vittie's hand.

Grandpa moved the family on to a farm which was purchased with what remained of the Tussie competence, and there they all lived more happily, excepting Uncle Mott, who tried drinking as a cure for unrequited love.

Into that setting Mr. Stuart quickly and explosively injects most of the book's action—based on Uncle Mott's gnawing enmity for Uncle George—and a surprise concerning Private Tussie.

The story is told by Sid Tussie, a youngster of fourteen or fifteen—a sensitive, intelligent, perceptive lad who sees, with Mr. Stuart's eye, the beauty of his country—and the nature of his people. The Tussies are rude and homely, but they are genuine, generous, emotionally sincere, and often sensible. Best of all, in this book they are real, and living with them is a memorable experience.

MEN who fly—and especially men who flew first in America—will always have in the minds of most of us both flair and distinction. One of them, **Harry Bruno,** whose first flight took place in 1910 in a homemade glider, now tells the story of most of the pioneers and a good bit of aviation history up to today in a fascinating volume called **Wings Over America.**

Mr. Bruno is particularly well fitted for this because he has taken part in much of it, known so many of the personalities who have become almost historical aviation figures. He does a lively, comprehensive job—one of the most readable I've seen—and one of the most enlightening.

"Glad you dropped in, Ted..."

DRY Paul Jones... a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

PAUL JONES' *dryness*, like the dryness of fine champagnes, is a quality which brings out the full measure of Paul Jones' rich and delicate flavor. It is a quality you will appreciate, next time you try Dry Paul Jones.

Occasionally, your dealer may not have Paul Jones. If this happens, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Our distilleries are now in the production of alcohol for war uses. (Our prices have not been increased — except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

NO LITTLE ENEMY—Continued from Page 15

The man was heavy-set, with a florid face and teeth of a startling whiteness. He wore an expensive-looking slant-brimmed panama, and the luggage was of the very best pigskin. Evidently the law firm of Kenyon, Somebody & Somebody did all right. Tom wondered fleetingly why the senator hadn't been more enthusiastic about a tie-up like that.

He got into the next cab and gave the driver the address of the Castle Theater. The sunlighted crowded streets swam before his eyes. He really didn't feel up to meeting six gorgeous girls.

BLINKING in the darkness, Bonbright fumbled his way across the aisle and into a seat. There was a silhouetted row of watchers down in front. On the bare stage, a girl was performing some kind of love scene with a gray-haired actor. Tom recognized the actor's clipped syllables as Rupert Wells'. The first thing he thought of when he looked at the girl was that he'd like to draw her.

There was a striking quality of alertness about her face that projected all the way back to him. Her cheekbones were high, above hollowed cheeks, and she had a straight, arrogant nose. A mass of black hair streamed after her as she bounded across the stage. This high-voltage acting obviously distracted her partner. With an exasperated gesture he turned toward the center of the front row.

"Mr. Ross, these lines just won't act. You'll have to get the author to put something else in here."

Mr. Ross' voice, eager and respectful, came up out of the darkened theater:

"O. K., Mr. Wells—O. K. I'll get hold of him this evening. You just tell me what's the matter—"

"The matter? Ask the chap who he thinks I am—Mickey Rooney? And also"—his voice became cuttingly courteous as he turned to the girl beside him—"aren't you being a bit too animated, Miss Hathaway?"

The stuffy air in the theater made Tom drowsy. The figures on the stage seemed to shrink to unreality. Miss Hathaway, he reflected. There was to be an actress on the tour named Helen Hathaway. He had never heard of her, and now he wondered why. Miss Hathaway had a lot to give the customers.

He felt the small movement of the air as some one brushed by in back of him, and then came the creak of a seat being lowered. As he half turned to see who it was, something crashed down on his skull. He was conscious, for an instant, of unbearable pounding pain. Then, as blackness settled over him, he slumped into the aisle.

FOR one long glorious moment Tom thought that he had awakened in heaven and, times being what they are, it was proper that the décor in paradise be red, white, and blue. The walls were a deep sky-blue. Red-and-white-striped curtains flowed from a huge corner window. The furniture was white. The lighting came from nowhere that he could discover at first glance. He was lying on a bed as wide as it was long. He saw a table with a silver carafe on it. With luxurious abandon Tom rolled over and over toward the table. His disillusionment came from two sources at the same time. In the first place, there was also a bottle of aspirin on the table. In the second place, the sound of a high voice came from the next room. It belonged to a very earthly angry female.

"Listen, Charlie. I tell you, I don't like the idea of those six hoofers in the show. They'll spoil everything."

A man's voice answered her. "But, Helen dear, how do they interfere? They tap-dance on and off, that's all."

The girl's voice was tense and controlled when she spoke again.

"Now look here, Charlie. I hired you to press-agent me, didn't I? We're both after the same thing, aren't we? We both want to promote Helen Hathaway. It isn't going to help me any to have a lot of cheesecake confusing my public."

"But, dear, I have nothing to say about it. Washington picked the people for the tour. After all, their main idea is to sell war bonds."

"All right. That's my main idea, too. But is there anything wrong in selling me along with the bonds? If I could just get the chance to show what I can do—"

"You are getting a chance, dear. You've got the dramatic skit with Wells, and this big song number."

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Be careful when you dust these pictures, Mandy. They're old masters."

MANDY: "Gracious, ma'am! Who'd thought you'd been married all them times!"

—Typo Graphic.

The girl's voice was stubborn. "I can put the song over without any tap dancers. We've got enough oddities along on this tour already."

Tom propped himself up on his elbows. He heard her heels thud quickly over the rug and there was the rasp of a match being lighted.

"Talking about freaks—what are we going to do with Sleeping Beauty?"

"He's a big shot, dear, and you might as well get it through your noodle. Without him we wouldn't have this tour—"

"What's he going along as? Excess baggage?"

"Helen dear, you don't seem to understand. He's the major attraction. He—not Rupert Wells. He's been drawing a cartoon every day for years, and millions of people see them. Half the people in this country turn to the Bonbright cartoons before they look at anything else in their papers. He puts ideas into their noggins. Big ideas."

Tom smiled contentedly and waited for more.

"Is that so?" the girl's voice was mocking. "He's put one idea into mine already. He's a souse—and unreliable."

Tom sat up and pushed himself off the bed. A big pickax beat at the side of his head and he groaned softly. He reached up to finger the lump, now good-sized and sensitive, and his thoughts skipped back to the afternoon in the Castle Theater. He was sure of one thing. He had not, as this dame in the next room supposed, passed out from the effects of too much liquor. From forty years of acquaintance with himself, he knew that was a distinct impossibility.

His mouth and throat seemed full of cotton batting. Some one had removed his shoes and his big toe pushed through a hole in his sock. He knelt down, holding his head carefully upright, and began to feel around for his shoes.

The man was making a long speech now, and the last few words penetrated into the bedroom:

"I can't kick those six girls out because you say so. You're still comparatively unknown—if you see what I mean, dear."

"I see what you mean. That's why I engaged your expensive services, Mr. Ross."

"Listen. I've got an idea. We'll take them out of that song number with you and put them in Tom Bonbright's. I'm sure he won't complain and they'll dress up his act."

"With a face like that, he needs some dressing up!"

Tom paused in his wanderings before a vanity table. He peered into the mirror and ran his hand appraisingly over his face. Then, with one hesitant glance at his torn sock, he marched into the next room.

The girl was lying on a couch, her feet propped up on its arm. She was dressed in a flowered blouse and bright red slacks. All the light in the room seemed to glisten on her hair, on her red mouth, on the smooth angular lines of her face. She looked even more electric than she had on the stage. Charlie, a short snub-nosed curly-haired young man, was sitting at a safe distance across the room from her. Tom looked from one to the other and decided Charlie would be the more likely.

"Pardon me," he said, "but have you a needle and thread?"

After Charlie had pumped his hand and introduced him to Miss Hathaway and told him how he had passed out in the theater—from the heat, no doubt—and mixed him a drink, Tom felt better. He forgot about the pickax in his head as he listened to Charlie explain how they had found him in the aisle and brought him here.

"HOW does your head feel now, Mr. Bonbright?" asked Charlie. "You gave it an awful whack against one of the seats. Helen thought we should take you to a hospital."

Charlie lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "If we went to a hospital, I knew we took a chance of reporters and questions. I thought it was better to bring you up here to rest for a while."

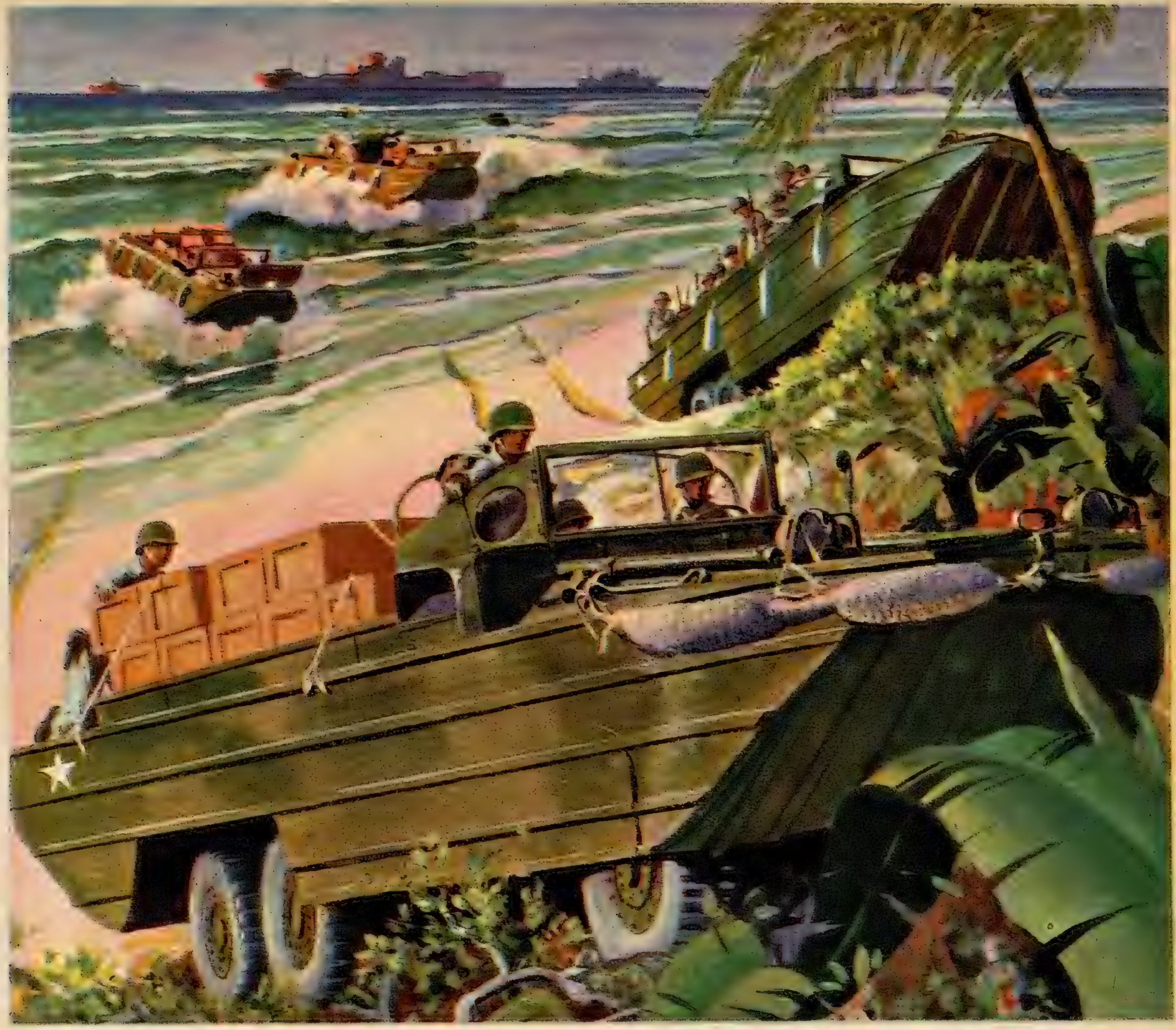
Tom's eyes followed Charlie's to Miss Hathaway's face. It was frozen.

With what he hoped was touching gratitude, he said, "That was very kind of you."

Miss Hathaway got up from the couch and, with that quick springy stride Tom had noticed on the stage, walked across the room to the long, uncurtained French windows. Through them Tom could see the tops of near-by buildings looming black against the red summer sunset. Miss Hathaway knelt on the window seat, the smoke from her cigarette wafting slowly past her face. It was a face, Tom decided, to cause arguments. Was she beautiful or wasn't she? He could imagine himself debating on either side.

Charlie began to explain about the others going along on the Caravan. Besides Miss Hathaway and Mr. Bonbright himself, there were Rupert Wells, the English actor, the Castle Theater chorus, and a college girl named Nadine Hall who had just won a national contest for the best war song of World War II. They had had one more person scheduled—a man to be introduced as the Typical American Home-Front Hero. He was a factory worker who could run a riveting machine faster than any

(*Continued on page 50*)



No wonder they call it *The "Duck"*

Amphibious action is playing an ever increasing part in World War II. And the 2½-ton Amphibian truck, now in volume production at GMC Truck & Coach Division factories, is giving American Armies an ever increasing advantage over the Axis. In the water, it has all the qualities of a large landing boat, *plus* the ability to keep going when it reaches shoals and shore line. On land, it provides performance comparable to a GMC "six by six" army truck, *plus* the ability to swim lakes and streams. Carrying cargoes from ocean freighter to inland supply depot . . . establishing beach heads and bridge heads . . . unloading ships where no harbor facilities are available . . . aiding in reconnaissance work where no roads or bridges exist . . . carrying or pulling cannon and howitzers . . . transporting scores of troops or tons of equipment . . . are all in a day's work for this sturdy, seagoing truck. No wonder the GMC workers who are helping to build it, and the soldiers who are using it, both call it the "Duck." It's one of America's most vital and versatile military vehicles!

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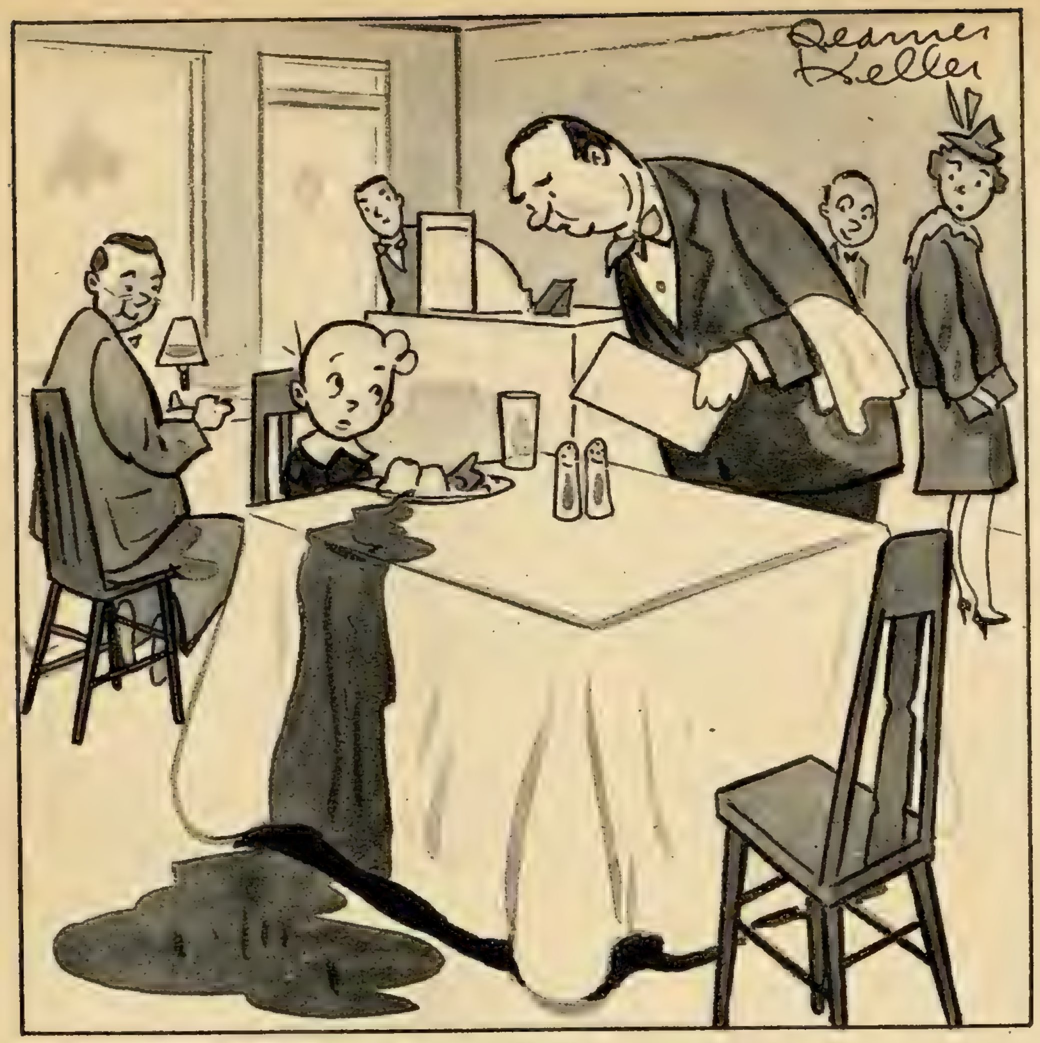


"My mashed-potato dam broke."

(*Continued from page 48*)

one else in the country. But at the last minute his plant decided he was too valuable to be spared. Charlie's main problem was to find a home-front hero important enough to be in the Caravan but not too important to leave his job.

"I take it," said Tom, "that you will come along as manager, Mr. Ross."

Charlie's slick little face lighted. "Call me the errand boy, Mr. Bonbright. I'm to get hotel rooms and check baggage and keep track of timetables. It's a nuisance, but we all have to volunteer something these days."

So he's not getting paid, thought Tom, regarding him more closely. Charlie looked trim and shined up. Evidently Miss Hathaway paid him generously—and why not? Through the unselfish device of selling war bonds, Miss Hathaway was to be made known to thousands of Americans.

CHARLIE was still talking about finding a home-front hero. He didn't want any one from a plant. The Caravan was going to visit factories, and those people wanted to see something else for a change.

Tom felt Miss Hathaway herself was going to be enough change for them.

"Just what kind of an act do you have scheduled for me?" he asked.

Charlie leaned forward. "It's a knockout, Mr. Bonbright. You're our star performer—see? We're going to get you a pad of paper about six feet square, so every one can see it. Then you make drawings to illustrate your talk."

"What do I say?"

"That's up to you. Then the girls will take the pad down and go out into the audience—"

"What girls?"

"The Castle Theater chorus. We'll have them dance in and hold up the pad while you draw, see? Then they'll get people to pose for you. Then these people will buy their caricatures by buying a bond. Get what I mean?"

Charlie's question was addressed to Tom but his eyes were on Helen.

Tom remembered the conversation he had overheard a few minutes before, and an intense curiosity about this Miss Hathaway took hold of him.

Just then Charlie looked at his watch.

"I've got to scram," he announced. "I've got to get hold of that playwright."

Helen looked up, her face bright with interest. "I wonder if Mr. Wells feels he's slipping."

"Naw." Charlie picked up a brown straw hat with a pleated yellow band. "Listen, dear. Any one who gets to play opposite Wells is made. Wait till the audiences get a look at you."

Charlie turned to Tom. "I have great faith in the American public."

Charlie looked back at them once from the door. "See you tomorrow at the theater. Sorry to run out on you like this, Mr. Bonbright."

Tom's voice was probably too enthusiastic as he answered, "That's O. K., Ross, old man, that's O. K."

Miss Hathaway began to walk about the room. Tom ran his toe carefully over the nap of the carpet.

"I know a place not far from here where we could both get a good dinner."

She stopped her wandering about the room and looked at him, sizing him up. He thought he could read the calculation flitting across her face.

"It's a very small place," he said. "No reporters, photographers, or casting directors there. If you come, it will have to be for love of me alone."

"If I come, it will be because I'm hungry."

"Do you always do things for the practical reason? For instance, why are you so hell-bent on getting into the big lights—if you can pay the rent for all this right now?" Tom waved his hand.

"So you think I'm going to get into the big lights?"

"Lady, how can you miss? You're not too finicky to let patriotism pay off in publicity, and you've got the face. Unbeatable combination."

The corners of her mouth twitched and she smiled disdainfully. "I see you're not too finicky to eavesdrop."

"That's how I find out all I know. What about eating?"

"I've got to dress first."

She went into the bedroom and slammed the door.

A newspaper front-page story and picture caught Tom's eye:

TANKER TORPEDOED OFF CAPE COD

Daniel Stock Battles Flames to Save Lives in Daring Rescue of Six

He thought, There's Charlie's home-front hero.

JOE, the big Italian who owned the restaurant, greeted Tom with a clap on the back. As he led them through the room, Tom was hailed with several hellos.

Tom ordered Chianti and two spaghetti dinners. Helen didn't stop him. She was looking at the walls, covered with framed cartoons and drawings.

"Who's the thin man?"

She pointed to a caricature hanging above their booth. The sketch, cleverly done in black and white, was of a long lanky fellow with a prominent Adam's apple and an upstanding shock of hair above an enormous eyeshade.

"That's Bill Roberts, rewrite man on the News Telegraph. A swell guy. We did a book together about a year ago. It was about the Tally Plan."

"I remember that racket. Two Rolls-Royces in every garage. A pheasant in every pot. Some kind of get-rich-quick scheme, wasn't it?"

"Nobody in it got rich but Tally. He rooked his million followers out of lots of hard-earned dough before we held him up to the light. Bill wrote the copy, I did the cartoons. When we got published—no more Tally."

Joe was ambling past them, and Tom called to him.

"How's Bill Roberts, Joe? Have you seen him lately?"

"That skinny redhead friend of yours? He was in here last night—with a real lady, too." Joe winked at Helen and hurried off.

They talked mostly about the theater, since Miss Hathaway's mind wandered away from practically every other subject.

After dessert, Tom excused himself and made a phone call. Bill Roberts' voice came, full of surprise and welcome.

"It's the first time I've been in town for months," Tom explained. "I thought I'd stop in and see you tonight—if you're not busy or having other company."

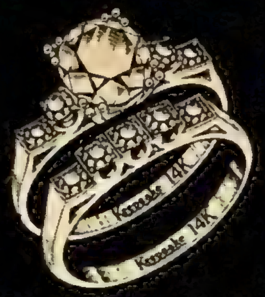
"I've got other company, all right—some one you know very well. You must come over and we'll have a reunion and a drink." Bill was amused. "Hurry!"

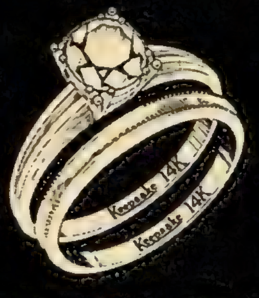
Tom explained to Helen that he just wanted to stop to see Bill a minute. "We'll stay long enough for one drink, then we'll go to a nice cool movie."

Helen agreed, but not without suspicion. "I never heard of a newspaperman who stopped with one drink," she told him, "and besides, from what I saw of you this afternoon—"

"Oh, yes." Tom settled back in his seat. "You and Charlie were mistaken

(*Continued on page 53*)


DIANA Set 587.50
Engagement Ring 500.00


HASTINGS Set 182.50
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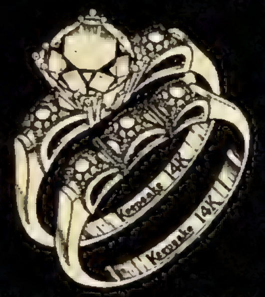
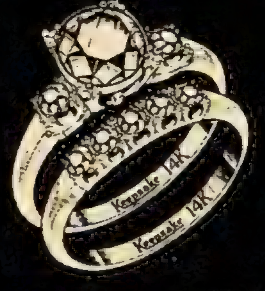

WESTBURY Set 475.00
Engagement Ring 400.00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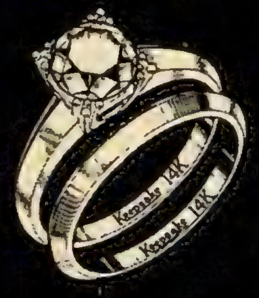
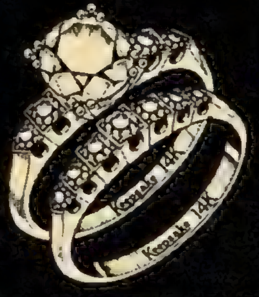
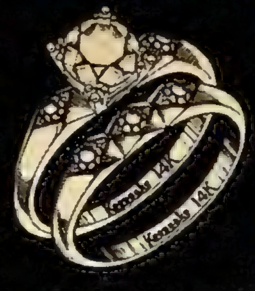
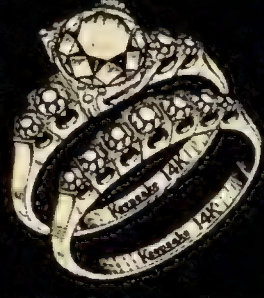
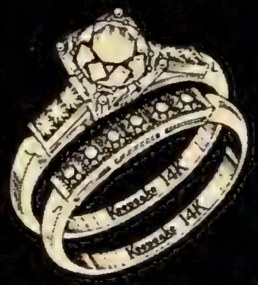
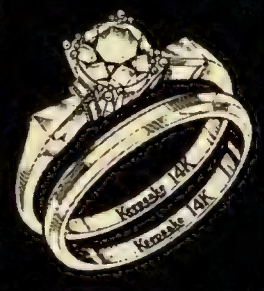

LYNWOOD Set 235.00
Engagement Ring 225.00

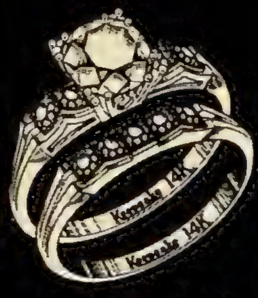

PLAZA Set 1100.00
Engagement Ring 975.00
also at 350.00, 550.00
675.00 and 750.00

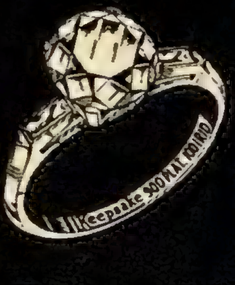

VANITY Set 275.00
Engagement Ring 225.00


CUSHING Set 450.00
Engagement Ring 350.00


LEEDS Set 175.00
Engagement Ring 100.00


SALEM Set 110.00
Engagement Ring 100.00


NELLIS Set 537.50
Engagement Ring 450.00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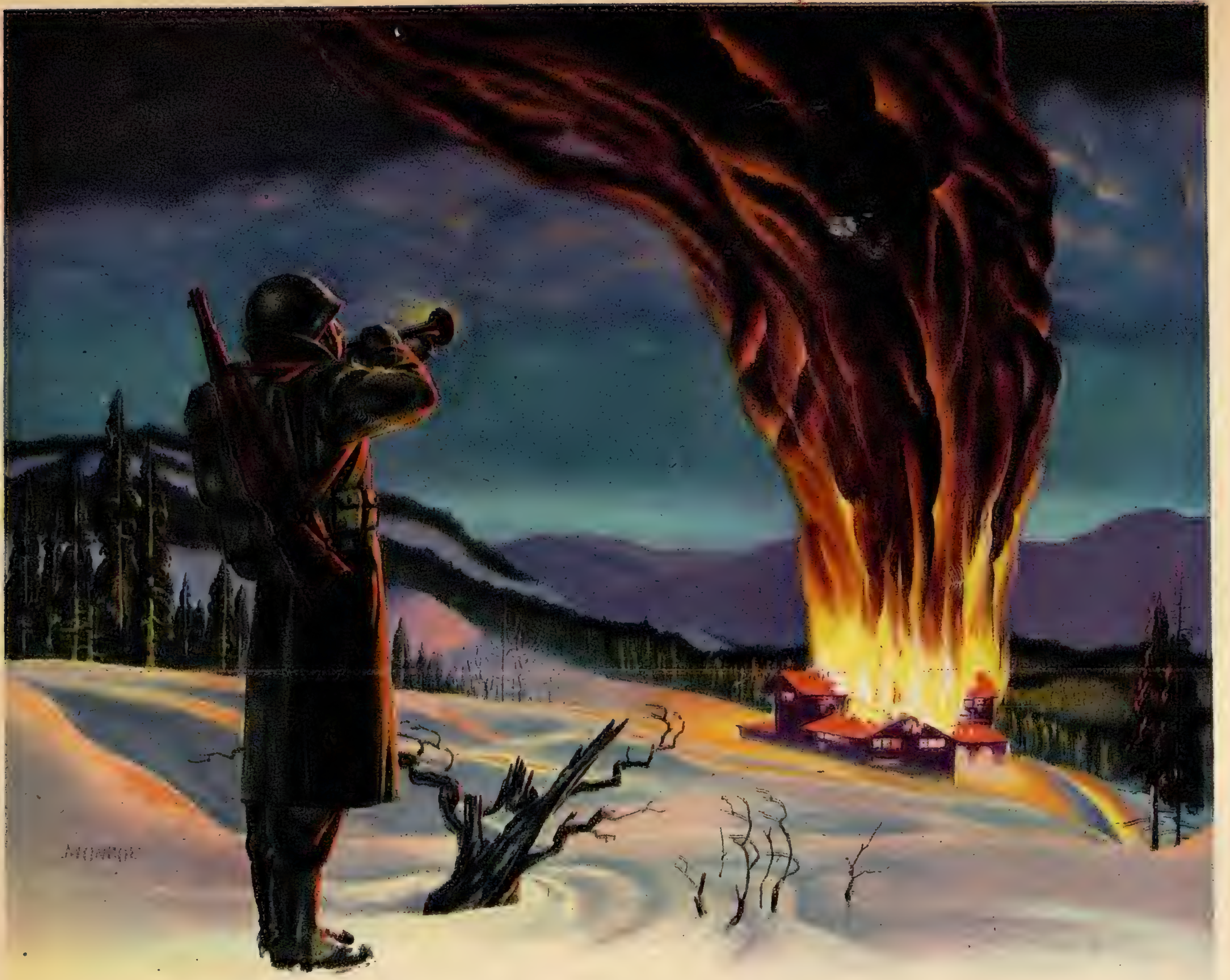

TAP DAY AT BERCHTESGADEN

SOMEDAY SOON you will hear, floating through the wooded crags of your mountain hide-out, the measured strains of American "Taps."

Our trumpets will be like the notes of those which made the wall of Jericho crumble, and you will be exposed to the righteous wrath of those you have tyrannized.

This day of doom for you, Herr Hitler, is the one for which every American lives. It is the reason for the extra push and skillful care being exercised at the Detroit Tap & Tool Company plant. Every Tap and Tool that we produce is our contribution to bring Tap Day at Berchtesgaden nearer.

The role of the Detroit Tap & Tool Company in helping to create war equipment of the highest efficiency may be best answered by a study of the great armament producing companies we serve—and the performance in battle of the materiel they produce. We feel it is a tribute to the quality, precision and durability of the Threading Tools we manufacture, and to the high standards we have set which these tools must always meet.

You've done your bit—now do your best

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GROUND TAPS • GROUND THREAD HOBS • THREAD GAGES • SPECIAL THREADING TOOLS AND GAGES

(*Continued from page 50*)

about me this afternoon. I didn't pass out from drinking. Some one slammed me over the head with a lead pipe."

She looked at him with admiration.

"I've heard a lot of alibis in my time," she said, "but that is really a fresh variation."

Tom shrugged. "All the same, I came near getting killed."

"Who would want to do it? Charlie said you're America's sweetheart."

"It was a case of mistaken identity, I hope."

There was a police squad car in front of Bill Roberts' house and a rapidly growing crowd of people around the entrance. Tom and Helen joined the crowd.

"What's going on?" Tom asked a man carrying a bag of groceries.

"Aw, I don't know." He pummeled vigorously against the people ahead, trying to reach the apartment entrance. Tom grabbed Helen and plunged after him. Their guide had sharp elbows and a lot of determination. In a few minutes they were at the doorway. A policeman barred the way.

"Sorry." The policeman shook his head. "Orders are, no one is to go in or out. There's been a murder in there. Fellow name of Roberts."

Tom felt Helen's fingers tighten on his arm. He said, "I know a Mr. Roberts who lives here, officer. I spoke to him on the phone a few minutes ago. We're on our way to see him now."

"That so?" The policeman pointed. "You better go up there, then. Sergeant Boyd will want to see you."

* * *

Milton Berle coined a blood-donor appeal which has been accepted by the Red Cross: "If you can't send yourself, send your blood. If you can't be a private, be a corpuscle!"

* * *

Up in the apartment, Sergeant Boyd pulled the sheet back from the dead man's face, so Tom could identify him. Tom nodded his head and the sheet was put in place again. Suddenly weak, Tom sat down and asked for a drink of water.

The water helped. The room looked real again. Helen's face was drained of color and her eyes looked dark and large. She was shaking her head, and then Tom realized that Boyd was questioning her.

"Miss Hathaway never met Mr. Roberts," Tom said. "He was my friend. I spoke with him over the phone at about eight o'clock this evening."

"Will you repeat the conversation, Mr. Bonbright?" requested the sergeant, and when Tom had done so he asked, "Have you any idea whom he was talking about? Who was with him at the time?"

"Not the slightest idea. As a matter of fact, I rather thought he meant a girl."

The sergeant continued his routine questions, but Tom couldn't help him.

"What about this reunion business?" insisted Boyd. "Wasn't there some one you haven't seen for a long time?"

Tom frowned, trying to think. "We had dozens of friends in common—but I—I did have the feeling he meant a girl. There was something about the way he laughed—as if I wouldn't be too pleased about it."

"Why do you think he told you to *hurry* and come over? Was he being threatened at that moment, perhaps? Did he sound frightened?"

"No." Tom looked helplessly at the sergeant. "Bill was always in a hurry."

The sergeant stood up. "Thanks very much, Mr. Bonbright. Where can I reach you during the next few days?"

"I'll be in town at the Gormley until Sunday night. After that I'm going on a bond-selling tour for two weeks."

"O. K. Thank you too, Miss Hathaway."

Helen nodded gravely, and Tom noticed that she seemed quite clinging and dependent on his arm as they made their way through the crowd again.

They took a taxi back uptown.

Tom apologized: "I'm sorry you had to be dragged through all that."

Helen was lying back against the seat.

"I'm sorry about your friend. He sounded like a fine person."

"He was a real fighter." The bitter moisture gathered in Tom's eyes. "I'll miss him. The whole country will miss him, whether it knows it or not. May I take you home? I'm afraid I couldn't stand a movie."

She nodded in sympathy.

"Who would want to shoot a swell guy like Bill?" Tom wondered.

"He wasn't shot. He was slugged and died of concussion."

"Good Lord!" Tom murmured.

Helen's voice was excited. "Boyd told me that. I know who did it—and I owe you an apology. You weren't lying this afternoon. You *were* hit over the head—by the same man that killed Bill Roberts."

"Lady, you're clever but crazy."

"I'm not going to tell you his name yet. I have to do a little research."

"Quite a departure from the usual, isn't it?"

The taxi drew up to Helen's building.

"Yes," she said. "But then, so are you, Mr. Bonbright."

TOM directed the taxi to the Castle Theater. It was dark and deserted. The nearest sign of life was a fruit-and-candy stall down the street. An old man was behind the counter. Tom sauntered over and bought an apple.

"Were you open this afternoon?" he asked casually.

"Yep. I open at noon every day."

"A friend of mine was supposed to meet me in front of the theater this afternoon. I missed him somehow. I wonder if you saw him around."

"That theater's been closed."

"I know. We were using it for a rehearsal. My friend is short and stocky. His hair's usually mussed up and he wears a loud blue suit."

"I dunno if I seen him or not. All you actors look the same to me."

Tom walked down the street munching his apple. It had been a very long shot. He had noticed a fellow on the train, at the bar, and something had seemed to recall Roger Tally.

It seemed as if Bill's high, earnest voice were speaking to him again: "We've got to blow this Tally racket sky-high. He not only steals people's money; he steals their hopes too."

Yes, thought Tom, he'd go up to the office and talk to somebody about Bill. Maybe that would ease the sense of loss, the furious and frustrated impulse for revenge churning inside him.

Is the person who killed Bill Roberts the same one who slugged Tom? The mystery thickens as a home-front hero is included in the war-bond-selling troupe. Don't miss next week's Liberty!

PUT LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM IN MY CHRISTMAS PACKAGE!
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
P.S. SLIP A TUBE IN DAD'S CHRISTMAS SOCK TOO!

It's what I like best for shaving comfort!

IT'S SURPRISING the way "little things" count when a fellow's away from home. That's why he'll really thank you for Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. He knows that even under poor shaving conditions—cold water or used blades—he'll get 3 months of better, smoother shaves with Lifebuoy than other, drier lathers could give! Lifebuoy's famous "stay-moist" lather soaks tough beards soft. It is gentle and kind when skin is tender from cold and wind.

LIFEBUOY HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL
. . . WILTS TOUGH BEARDS

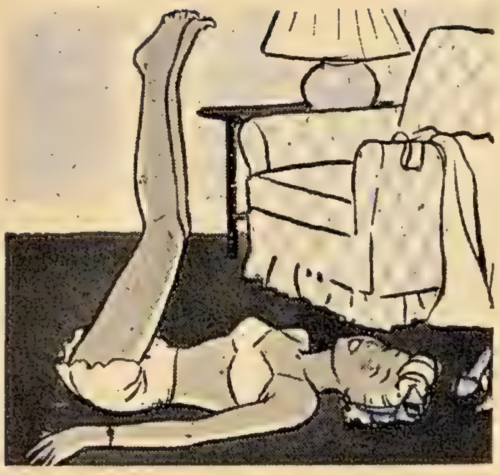
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

Quiz for Women Absentees
who can't keep going on "problem days"

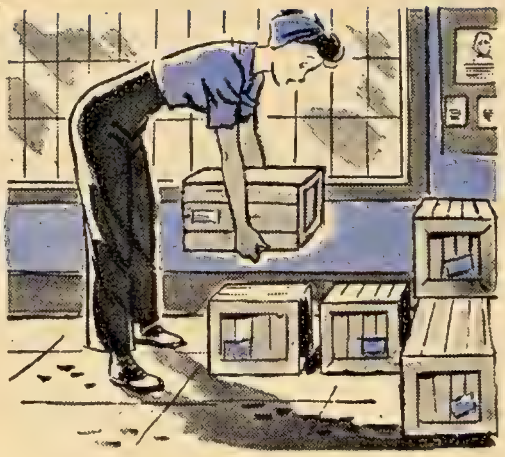
Do's and don'ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

A WAR PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX *that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days". She asked "Can you help these women – and a million like them?"*

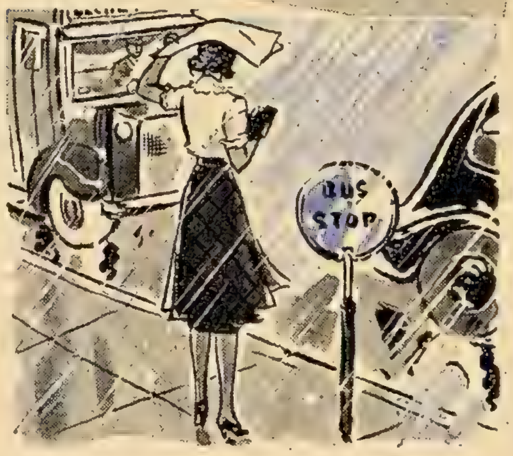
We take pride in being able to bring you this authoritative information on how to feel better and stay on the job. It's especially important now, when there's no time for lost days. And we take pride, too, that more women choose Kotex sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!*



Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.



Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There's a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.



Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet . . . chills . . . catching cold . . . at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.

Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water's not only relaxing . . . it's a daily "must." At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!

Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep . . . at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day's work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.

What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain). And on "problem days," especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TO WAR PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS

We'll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require.

Also available, at no cost to you—a new manual, "Every Minute Counts." It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. In addition, specify whether you want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

That day is here again

FREE! Send for it today—

Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives the *complete* list of do's and don'ts for a war worker's "problem days." How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. L-12, Chicago 54, Illinois.

WARS ARE HOW YOU TAKE THEM

Continued from Page 29

"Today, for instance, the government lotteries are very honestly run. There's a yearly, a weekly, and a daily official lottery. Then, of course, there's an illegal daily lottery, too—we all play all of them. Every café accepts illegal lottery bets and every policeman gets protection money for allowing it to be done."

Yet Cuba today is our ally and her political arrangements need not concern us too deeply. She is playing delightful host to an unnamed number of American aviators and sailors and, fortunately, the American troops are popular with the Cubans. Our men in uniform are seen everywhere. There is a fine U. S. O. in a Cuba Street mansion where they are made to feel at home.

Cuba is our ally. There is a luxury tax and an income tax ranging from 2 to 17 per cent. There is a sign in the department stores urging that it is now *elegante* to carry one's own packages home.

But a woman who actually offered to do so was stopped by a scandalized floorwalker. He insisted that while a drop of gasoline remained his store would save the señora from embarrassment.

Cuba is at war. The only active war organization, the Fondo Cubano Americano, is made up of women who roll bandages and knit and give benefits. Some of them have taken Red Cross first-aid courses, but there are no canteens and no ambulance corps. The proceeds from a year and a half of fund raising were $116,000.

YET since my return to New York I have read with breathless interest an interview with a Russian woman resident of Havana who speaks of Cuba's "Civil Defense Organization."

"Cuban women," she told a New York reporter, "are exchanging their lace mantillas and lace shawls for uniforms. Many women who never did any of their own housework are doing it now because help is so expensive. All the women in our organization wear uniforms and many of them ride bicycles. Many have learned to be radio telegraphers."

I rubbed my eyes. Where had these uniformed women on bicycles hidden while I was in Cuba the week before? I called a friend of mine who was in New York on a visit from Havana. He has lived in Cuba thirty-five years.

"George," I said, "did you ever hear of any civilian defense organizations in Havana?" "Heavens, no!" he said. "Did you ever see a Cuban woman in uniform?" "Certainly not." "George," I said, "what do you pay your cook?" "Thirty-five dollars a month," he said, "and they're lining up to get his job." "Thank you," I told him. "I just wanted to be sure."

So Cuban politics turn up everywhere. Even in books published by fellow travelers in New York. Even in interviews written by reputable New York reporters.

For Cuba is seriously at war—but only with herself. And that's a war that has lasted for the past fifteen years.

This is the first of two articles on Cuba. The second will appear in an early issue.

TAKING COLD?

Don't wait! Relief measures are good, but here are the 5 BASIC STEPS physicians advise to help your system *throw off the infection.* Start them at once. And see how lemons help!

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
If cold does not respond, see your doctor.	

HOW TO USE LEMON AND SODA IN FIGHTING COLDS

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (And to induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate, plus vitamins. Gives all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

SODA

To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

Copyright, 1943, California Fruit Growers Exchange

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California **Sunkist Lemons**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

YOU don't have to be a fortuneteller to find out a few things about a soldier from his serial number. For example, you show me an enlisted man with ASN 22278541, and with absolutely no hocus-pocus I can tell you he used to be in the National Guard and hails from New York, New Jersey, or Delaware.

What about ASN 14348765? Very simple. He's a volunteer from the South. How about ASN 36308554? He's a draftee from the Midwest.

Orchids to the M. P.

Not to keep you in suspense any longer, the Army serial number tells a more complete story in this war than it did in the last. World War I serial numbers were simply piled up numerically as men were taken into the Army. They ran in straight sequence.

But in the modern serial numbers the first two digits are keys. The first tells how a man got into the Army, and the second tells his service command.

If the first digit is 1, the man is a volunteer and entered the Army by enlistment. If it's 2, he is a former National Guardsman and came in when the various National Guard units were federalized. If it's 3, he is a draftee. Thus, taking my first example (ASN 22278541), the first digit is 2, indicating the man is a former National Guardsman, and the second digit indicates he comes from the Second Service Command, which comprises New York, New Jersey, and Delaware.

The remainder of the serial number is based on numerical sequence, like the numbers of World War I, and indicates that the soldier in question happened to be the 278,541st man enrolled in that particular service command.

Officers' serial numbers are different. They are preceded by O and are issued in straight numerical order, starting with General John J. (Black Jack) Pershing, whose number is O1. In the case of enlisted WACs the ASN is preceded by A, and for WAC officers it is preceded by L.

The serial number appears, of course, on a soldier's dog tag. This identification tag, which he wears around his neck, also gives his name, the year in which he last received antitetanus shots, his blood type, and his religion.

Don't be afraid of the serial number, even if it is hard to memorize. Use it when you address a letter to a serviceman. And always use it in making any official inquiry.

In an Army the size of ours there are many men with identical names—but each man has his own serial number.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I'm writing this letter to put in a "plug" for one of the best M. P. forces in the Army—the M. P. force of Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. I've done six years in the Army and have yet to find a force of M. P.s to compare with them. They are all intelligent, firm—but polite—in carrying out their orders. Why can't all M. P. forces be like that, instead of like the majority of them, who are still using 1914 tactics?

Maybe this plug for a good M. P. force will help some of the others to try to be as good.

S/Sgt. H. S., Sioux Falls, S. D.

The fact is, I've had mighty few complaints of the M. P.s, but I don't suppose a pat on the back for the Jefferson Barracks boys will do any harm. It takes a good man to be an M. P. and be popular at the same time. I guess it just isn't human nature to be fond of a policeman.

* * *

If a man has nine months R. O. T. C. training to his credit, can he add it to his service record in figuring longevity pay? I've had twenty-seven months of active service, and if I could add the nine months of R. O. T. C. it would give me three years.

M. E. H., Jr., Camp Chaffee, Ark.

Sorry, but you haven't got your fogey yet. AR 35-3420 of March, 1943, does not list R. O. T. C. for longevity pay purposes.

* * *

Many soldiers have taken out government life insurance and put down their parents as beneficiaries. Then they get married while in the service and change the whole policy over to the new wife. What are the old folks supposed to do? Many could use that money in their old age, while the young wife will no doubt marry again. At least, she is young enough to work. In my opinion, if a soldier couldn't change his insurance after being in the service fewer would marry.

Mrs. P. E. G., Lincoln, Neb.

It would take Congressional action to change the insurance set-up, under which at present the soldier is free to name as beneficiary any one in his immediate family. He is also free at any time to change the beneficiary without consent or knowledge of the previous beneficiary.

When you get down to it, the government is merely making National Service Life Insurance available to servicemen, not trying to iron out each one's family problems. A soldier's home life is his own concern.

* * *

With reference to your explanation of the different military abbreviations in October 9 Liberty, am I correct in saying AMG stands for Allied Military Government, instead of American Military Government, as you stated?

Sgt. C. P. S., Camp Robinson, Ark.

You are right and my face is crimson. Allied Military Government is correct.

* * *

My husband was inducted into the Army and left our home with a mortgage. Inasmuch as I am having financial difficulties, it is impossible to keep up the payments and I am afraid our home will be taken away from us. Wouldn't it be a shame for my husband to come home from the Army and find everything he worked for was gone?

Mrs. I. J. J., Sacramento, Calif.

Yes, it would be a shame—except that it isn't going to happen. You're not going to lose your home at all.

The Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act specifically states that, where ability to make payments on a mortgage is impaired due to a man's service in the armed forces, the serviceman and his dependents are entitled to a stay of execution in any foreclosure proceedings. Application for such a stay should be made when the serviceman or his representative appears in court to answer the foreclosure action.

Tell your husband to go to the legal officer at his Army post for free legal advice in this matter. You may also obtain advice from the American Bar Association branch in your county, or from the nearest Legal Aid Society office.

Merry Christmas

* * *

In a recent issue you listed some Christmas gifts desired by servicemen. How about servicewoman?

J. D. C., Little Rock, Ark.

Down at Fort Benning, Georgia, the WACs recently conducted a survey on that very subject. An electric iron ranked first as the ideal Christmas gift. Identification bracelets were runner-up, and third choice was stockings.

Here are some of the items from there on down: extra shirts, extra skirts, money, WAC rings, stationery, fountain pens, dress shoes, and watches.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

I'LL NEVER SEE BROOKLYN AGAIN

Continued from Page 25

I start guiltily. Not once this day have I thought about Johnny. And I promised to think about him plenty. It is not Johnny Daly's fault that he goes overseas a single man. It's because Murphy cannot make up her mind.

It is, I realize suddenly, six weeks since any of us, his mother included, has heard from Johnny.

If anything has . . . but I will not think of that. I hit the hay, and for a while Johnny Daly's face, with the clear brown eyes and razor-blade profile, is in front of me. But then, somehow, it gets mixed up with gray eyes and a fuller, ruddier face.

WELL, between then and Friday I become the object of a biltzkrieg. Mary Gladys Murphy is swept off her feet.

But no guy could be nicer. Eric is good-natured, considerate, modest, and —oh, swell. He acts as if just being with me is all he asks from a turbulent world. And when you add that for three solid nights the man doesn't even make a shadowy pass at me, you've got something awe-inspiring. Also slightly disconcerting.

You losing your grip, Murphy, or what?

Then on Friday night Eric invites me to his apartment. It is one he rents, furnished, on a short lease.

Well, I think, here it comes at last. "Now look, Eric," I says. "I have seen etchings before."

"Etchings?" His face is an honest blank. "It's awfully funny you should say that, because I do want to show you a picture."

That tears it. I'd run more risk climbing a tree with an evil-minded chipmunk.

In the apartment Eric hands me a picture too big for his wallet.

"My heavens!" I says, stunned. "What is it—the Rock of Gibraltar or Buckingham Palace?"

"It is where I live," says Eric.

"I see." My tone is hushed, reverent.

"Don't you like it?" He sounds worried.

"Ye gods," I says, "the man shows me a castle out of a fairy tale and asks do I like it!"

"It's a big place, rather," Eric says slowly, "for just a man and his sister. It's—oh, dash it, I'm certain to make a mess of this."

"Come on," I says, not thinking. "Get in there and—" I stop short. He is looking at me, his eyes queer. "Why, Eric," I says stupidly.

He shakes his head. "I can't put it any other way. I love you and I want to marry you."

So he's looking for another way to put it! The big swell dope. I could cry.

"Eric—" That's as far as I get. Because my brain goes to work.

"Right now, Eric," I says, "I am America's Most Flattered Woman. But it wouldn't work, honey. You can't mix erl and water, as we say in Flatbush."

He looks surprised. "I don't understand."

"It's a cinch," I says. "Over in England you're the Lord High Executioner or something. Me, I'm a Brooklyn gal. Get it?"

"I just know I'd be proud of you anywhere."

So you can kid a guy like that! What's left of the world is laying its

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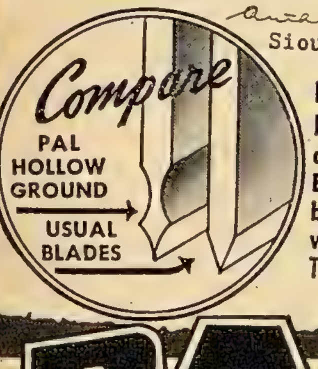
"Followed advice in your ads. Bought Pal Blades to save steel. They do last longer because I don't have to 'bear down'-get twice as many shaves as with any other blade."

Sioux City, Iowa



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SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades-They Last Longer

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND

head in my lap, and bringing with it a guy you'd go a long way to find. But mixed up with this picture is Uncle Patrick and Johnny Daly and all the things I ever knew. Crazy things, too, like Coney Island and the Dodgers' band at Ebbets Field.

All at once Eric reaches out, takes my hand.

It may be the feel of his hand, big, warm, pressing mine gently. It may be the—oh, the needles-and-pins look in his nice gray eyes. I pop out the first silly thing that comes into my head.

"I'll—I'll never see Brooklyn again," I says. The next instant I am in his arms with my lips against his and I am crying my eyes out.

Well, Eric figures out a program to make a flea on a hot griddle appear in repose.

To begin with, on orders, he is flying home in a Clipper leaving LaGuardia Field at six in the morning on Sunday. Secondly, there is a custom in his family that all the Brackhursts are married in a little chapel on the estate. This custom he does not wish to break. Thirdly, because he is a very swell Mr. Big, he can arrange a special passport for me and a seat on the same plane. The ring, trousseau, *et al.*, we will procure in Piccadilly and side streets.

Murphy gets engaged Friday, sweeps up loose ends Saturday, flies to England Sunday!

I am that punchy that by the time I get home, facing the sweet job of explaining to Uncle Patrick, I see it as the normal way of life.

So I trip gaily into our kitchen. And before my eyes get accustomed to the light I am caught and kissed. By a soldier. The soldier is Johnny Daly.

"Johnny!" For the second time that night the world spins. "I — oh, I'm dreaming. You are in Africa."

I hold him off. He is a little thinner, but he's very straight and tall in his uniform and there's the same glint in his brown eyes. For a moment I forget everything but Johnny.

"IT'S like this, Mary," Johnny says. "We did a job on Adolf in Africa. So, as a reward, they shipped us home for rest and relaxation. Well, I just got in tonight, and tonight I'll rest. But I thought maybe tomorrow you and I might drop down to Borough Hall, where there's a bureau which— But we won't go into that now. Anyway, I've got a nice long leave."

Oh, Lord! Breaking the news to Uncle Patrick is bad enough. But with Johnny home and still hoping—I mean, it is too much. I lose my head.

"Listen, Johnny," I says. "And you, too, Uncle Patrick." After that, words spill out of me. I blurt the whole works.

It's stupid. It's cruel even. But what can I do, with time so short? Before I'm through I am bawling like a baby.

Uncle Patrick hits the ceiling. I always know Uncle Patrick has a great command of the language, but this night he really goes to town. He uses the same breath for ten solid minutes. Then he totters for the Irish whisky.

As for Johnny, he simply stands there getting whiter and whiter.

Uncle Patrick gets his second wind. "Now, by the saints," roars Uncle Patrick, waving the bottle, "may the Lor-r-d condemn me soul if I don't cut the black heart from this accur-r-sed lime-juicer!"

By this time I am hysterical. "You'll do no such thing!" I shrieks. "You'll meet Eric Brackhurst tomorrow and give us your blessing."

"I will not," says Uncle Patrick with dignity.

"You'll get out of here!" I yells, and I push him out of the kitchen. Then, does the lady weep? Buckets.

Johnny crosses over, puts his arm around me. "Cut it, Mary," he says. "I understand."

"You don't understand anything," I moans. "I can't help it if—if—"

"No," says Johnny. "You can't help it if you've found your guy. You love him. O. K., kid. I can take it. Marry him, Mary"—he sort of chokes—"and have fun."

Some fun I am having!

Well, the next afternoon Eric comes over to meet Uncle Patrick. Uncle Patrick does not see eye to eye with the British, but he's sure a sucker for any guy who, when he was in knee pants, watched Jack-o'-Antrim win the Derby at Epsom Downs. When Eric leaves, he has at least half of Uncle Patrick's blessing.

At the door he says to me, "About this evening, darling?"

I shake my head quickly. I know what I am going to do that evening and I have got to do it.

"Eric," I says, "tonight is mine, and please don't ask questions. I give you my word that I'll be at the airport before six tomorrow morning. Is that enough?"

"It's enough," says Eric. He is one swell guy.

BUT the minute he goes I grab the phone. "Listen, Johnny," I says. "You are going to do something for me tonight. I want to go to Coney Island, just like we used to."

There is a pause. Finally: "It's a tall order, Mary," Johnny says then.

"You fail me now, Johnny Daly," I says, "and I'll never even think of you again as long as I live."

"O. K., Mary. If that's the way you want it."

You ever been to Coney Island on Saturday night? It has a lift and a thrill and a smell all its own.

"One beer, first?" says Johnny, according to an old habit of ours.

We have the beer and then go the rounds. Freaks, Tunnel of Love, chute-the-chutes, carrousel—the works. Johnny buys me a big sticky popcorn ball to nibble while he does some fancy stuff at the shooting gallery. *Crack-crack* goes the rifle and the little ducks and clay pipes topple over.

"Why, Johnny," I says admiringly, "you're a regular big shot."

"No, Mary. Just a little shot from Brooklyn."

"Cut it, Johnny," I says.

Something whisks across his face but goes immediately. "O. K., kid. Here's the roller coaster. Is it six times, like it used to be?"

Six times around the course on the roller coaster at Coney! You've got to be tough to take it.

We are going down one of those dips which drops your heart into your stomach when Johnny's arm tightens around me and he yells, "I understand you're going to live in a castle, Lady Brackhurst?"

"That's right," I yells back.

"Well, yer lidyship," says Johnny, as we level off, " do you know that I've got a castle too?"

"An' where would be this castle ye speak of?"

"'Tis in Spain, darling," Johnny tells me.

"Spain, do ye say? Acquaint me with

(*Continued on page 60*)

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(Continued from page 58)

the appur-r-tenances belongin' to your castle, Johnny Daly."

The car races for a climb. There is a rush and a roar and the world goes swirling by.

"Oh," says Johnny, "it is a very little castle. And a funny little castle, at that. Because who ever heard of a castle with white clapboards and blue shutters and oil heating? But there's a road runs past, Mary—they call it the Jericho Turnpike, I think—and there is a pond. And sometimes, Mary, starlight drops down on this pond."

"Lay off it, Johnny," I says suddenly.

We finish our six rides.

"Well, what next?" Johnny asks.

"Home, James," I says. "If I don't catch some beauty sleep, I'll be raised to the peerage looking like a hag."

So home we go, but Johnny insists on stopping at a florist's. He buys me a little bunch of lilies of the valley.

"Wear 'em for luck, Mary," he says.

"I'll wear them for you, Johnny, all day tomorrow."

Then, in my vestibule, he asks, "By the way, how are you getting to the airport?"

"Taxi," I says. "It's already ordered."

"Cancel it," says Johnny. "I got the jaloppy out today. Patrick and I will—"

"No, Johnny. That—just can't be."

He gives me a funny look. I think he catches. Johnny and Uncle Patrick! With those two monkeys looking on, it would take more than Mary Murphy has got to hop a plane for England.

"Johnny darling," I says, "I'm saying good-by to you right now and to Uncle Patrick in this house in the morning."

"O. K., Mary," he says. "If that's the way you want it. Well"—his voice is all right but his eyes are not—"so long, kid. All the best and my respects to King George."

"Nothing for the queen?" I says. "She—Johnny Daly, kiss me. Then get out of here quick!"

It's a short swift kiss and I'm glad of it. Castle in Spain! White clapboards and blue shutters!

Johnny gives my hand one hard squeeze. Then he's gone. . . .

WELL, my cab is on time in the morning. Uncle Patrick and I have already said all that's to say.

So I drip tears all over Uncle Patrick, and then to the taxi, with Johnny's lilies of the valley pinned to my dress.

I pull self together, repair face, and arrive at the airport. Eric is pacing around in the main building.

"Ah, here you are," he says, kissing me.

The sight of him makes me feel better.

"By the way, here's something for you."

He hands me a box. Inside are three exquisite orchids.

I oh and ah. "Eric darling," I says, "they're lovely."

"Not half as lovely as you," says Eric. "Put them on."

Right there I stop.

Johnny Daly's lilies of the valley, the flowers I am going to wear for him all day, are looking up at me. Suddenly something twists my heart into a knot.

"I say," Eric says, "what's the matter?"

"E-eric," I falter it, "I—I can't put them on."

He looks at me like I am touched. "Here, old thing," he says, "you're still half asleep. I'll do it for you."

And before I can stop him he rips off the lilies of the valley and chucks them into a trash can.

One million years from now I'll still be wondering exactly what hits me then. It starts at the sight of that pathetic little bouquet, twisting end over end through the air. Maybe, to me, that is the last link with home and I—well, I just can't take it.

"Eric," I says, in between a cry and gulp, "I can't go to England. I can't marry you."

"You can't—" His mouth drops open; he simply stares.

"Honey," I says, "I've come to. This wouldn't work in a blue moon. You're a swell guy, Eric. Too swell to have me messing things up for you. So here's what you've got to do. You've got to go home and marry that Threepton-Threepton person. She's right for you and your castle, Eric. I'm not. But don't worry about me. I'm going to have a castle of my own. On the—the Jericho Turnpike."

With that I am on my feet. I drop Eric's orchids. I grab my bag. I brush his lips swiftly with mine. And then I start running.

Behind me Eric shouts, "Hi! Stop! Gladys, I—"

That is all I catch. Because a doorway looms up ahead and I rush through it. I don't know exactly where I am, which is the fault of my eyes.

Then I hear footsteps back of me and my own feet move faster.

"Just keep going, Mary," says a voice.

The world whirls. But Johnny Daly's arm goes around me. That is when I stop.

"J-Johnny," I gasps. "Oh, Johnny—"

"Did you think, Mary, that we'd let you go without seeing you off?"

The mist clears then. Right in front of me is Johnny's jaloppy. In it sits Uncle Patrick, his face wrinkled up like a brown prune.

"So, Mary Murphy," says Uncle Patrick, "'tis back from England the same day ye are?"

"What happened, Mary?" Johnny asks, sort of soft.

"No-nothing. I just couldn't go."

"Certainly ye could not," says Uncle Patrick. "'Twas meant ye were fer young Johnny Daly here."

Murphy is feeling more like Murphy every minute. "Uncle Patrick," I says, "I think you've got something."

"An' when will ye marry him?" says Uncle Patrick, a man for details.

I tip Johnny my Sunday wink and slip into the brogue.

"Now then, Patrick Murphy," I says, "think shame, askin' a gur-r-l such personal questions! 'Tis a matter between meself an' Johnny an' Father O'Halleran."

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A GOOD RETORT

The story is told about Luther Burbank that one day while he was working in his garden, a "doubting Thomas" friend greeted him:

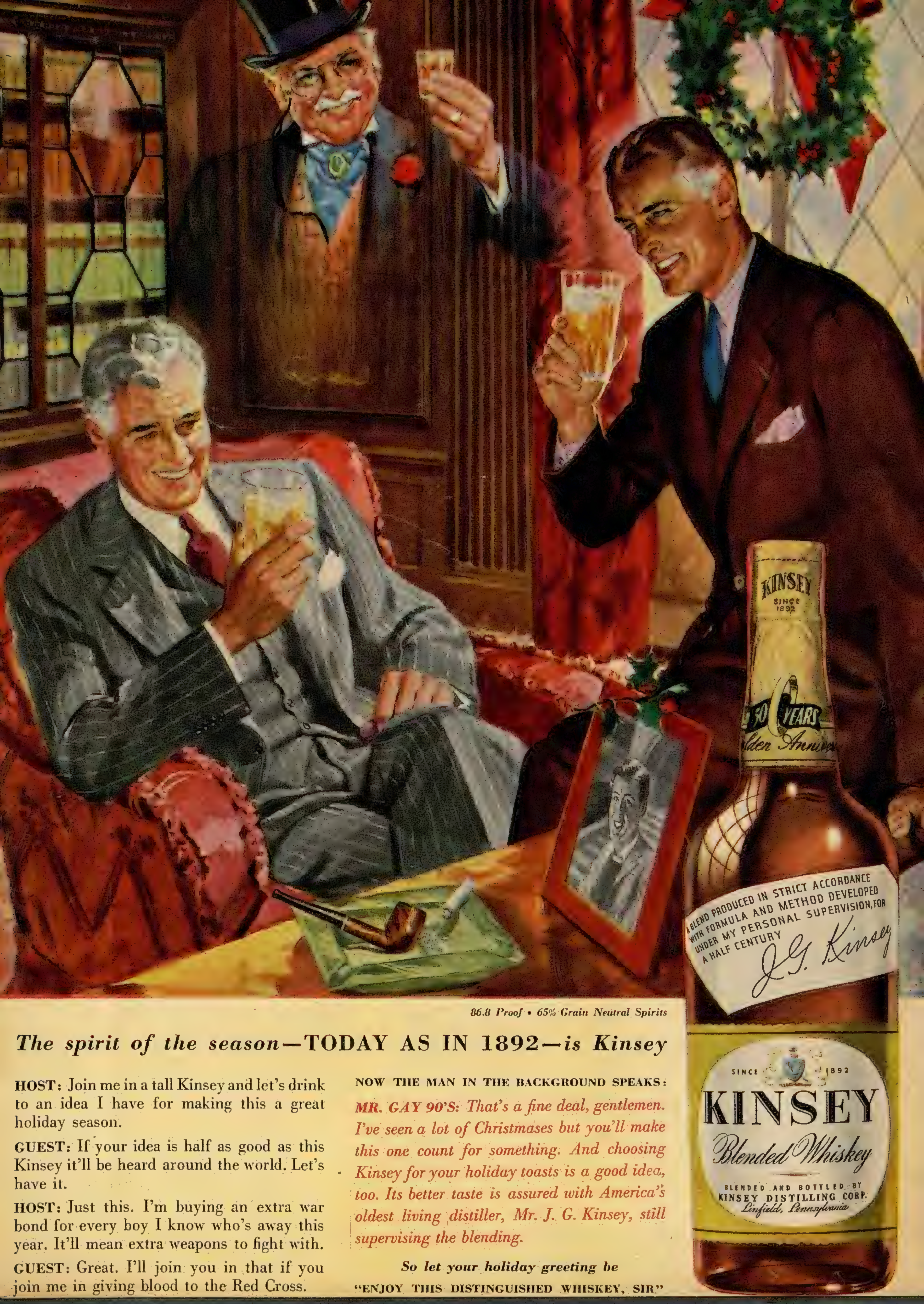
"What are you trying to cross today?"

"Milkweed and eggplant," said Burbank.

"Gracious! What will come from that?"

Mr. Burbank paused for effect—then: "Custard pie, of course!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★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GUEST: If your idea is half as good as this Kinsey it'll be heard around the world. Let's have it.

HOST: Just this. I'm buying an extra war bond for every boy I know who's away this year. It'll mean extra weapons to fight with.

GUEST: Great. I'll join you in that if you join me in giving blood to the Red Cross.

NOW THE MAN IN THE BACKGROUND SPEAKS:

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DESTINATION TOKYO

Continued from Page 30

But winter now, tonight, was different. He was living out the last few hours of his life. He was anxious to send the broadcast, and then, responsibility gone, relax to whatever was to come.

Anxiously he watched the driver. They entered Tokyo proper. He felt a surge of thrill in it: accomplishment! He had penetrated their city!

Again he sat on the edge of the seat, watching the driver, the back of his neck, seeing his almond-shaped black eyes meet his own in the rear-view mirror. The dimmed lights of the city were going past. The sound and the smell and noise of the city. The dark narrow thoroughfares; the canals; the figures of people, yellow faces, snow—all flash glimpses. And suddenly they were at the address Quade had given.

He got out. He paid the driver. They did not speak. Now the taxi drove off. Quade picked up his suitcases, crossed the sidewalk, ducked under a red *torii*, and moved quickly into the pitch dark of a compound.

IT had been years since he had been here. But, through Intelligence, he knew Professor Salvador had not moved. He picked his way through the darkness, remembering all the Spanish lessons he had taken here, and how the Korean, Salvador's wife, was always at his side. He wondered what Salvador was like after all these years.

He stopped now and lit a match. Salvador's name, in Japanese, was carved on a small bone plate before his door. Quade let the match flicker out. Then he slipped off his shoes. He then tried the slide handle. The door opened easily. Quade moved softly into the apartment, carrying the suitcases. He put them down and lit another match.

He gazed around. The room was empty. Just then the light came on. He turned swiftly. The Korean woman, in sleeping robe, her hair up, stood beside a slide door. Her face was puffy. She did not recognize him, and she stared. Then, suddenly, Salvador appeared beside her. He had on a striped robe. His face was weazened and brown, almost Japanese in shape. But his eyes were blue. His hair was salt gray, standing up on end. He gazed at Quade searchingly, and then all at once he said, *"Russel Quade!"*

"Sally!" Every one in the white settlement called Salvador Sally.

Salvador was embracing him now, looking at him, laughing, talking. He was very emotional.

"It's good to see you! We had a report you'd been killed. You're looking fine. I never saw such a good-looking ghost! Where'd you come from?" He turned to his wife. "Kato-san—look! You remember young Quade. Don't you remember him?"

"Yes, yes—I remember now," she said in Japanese. She was smiling, glad to see him.

"Where the hell'd you come from?"

"I can't tell you."

"But why? What are these suitcases?"

"Not so loud!"

Salvador studied him. "Intrigue?" He began to laugh. Now he sobered. "You haven't come from the States?"

"Yes."

"*How?* You've got to tell me about the war! All we hear in Japan is that

(*Continued on page 64*)

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— AT GROCERS AND FOOD STORES

(*Continued from page 62*)

it's going to last for a hundred years. Is that true? Tell me everything!"

"Later," Quade said.

"Sit down," Salvador begged. Quade sat on the edge of a rickety chair, and Salvador squatted on a stool. Kato-san remained standing. "Now tell me why you're here."

Quade told him. He did not mention the submarine nor say what the broadcast was about, but he made everything else clear. While he was on the air the Japanese would probably succeed in locating the general vicinity of the radio. If they narrowed it down any more than that, Quade, Salvador, and Kato-san would be arrested.

"However, I think we may get away with it. If we do, I'll leave the moment it's over and you'll be in the clear."

The blood had drained from Salvador's face. "You speak as though you think I am not loyal to the imperial government!"

Quade half smiled.

"What made you think *I'd* help you?" Salvador insisted.

Quade said, "I read about you in the paper. You've been arrested twice by Japanese 'thought detectives.' Each time you were released only after you'd make a full confession that your thoughts were tainted."

"Because that is the only way you can get released!"

"That was before the war," Quade said. "Since the war, knowing you, I can imagine your thoughts have been absolutely polluted!"

"Are you making fun of me?"

"Your argument to the Japanese was that you were Franco-Spanish. For self-protection, no doubt! Because I didn't listen to your theories all those years for nothing. You've stuck to your principles—passionately."

Salvador was looking at him steadily. "Quade, the Japanese have tried all the tricks on me—except this one! We are here, in *Tokyo*, and—"

"So you suspect I'm a Jap spy!"

Salvador was silent.

"You actually suspect something like that!"

"He is not Japanese, Sally," Kato-san said. She was looking straight at Quade.

Salvador glanced over at her. "No, no—I know he isn't! I'm sorry, Quade. It's only that I've been through so damn much with them! They had me in jail eight weeks the last time."

"Time's getting short," Quade said.

"Then you're really an *American?*"

"Yes."

Tears came into Salvador's eyes. "Oh, God—I'm glad to see you! You've got to tell me everything!"

"Yes. Afterward."

"You want to broadcast now?"

"Yes."

"Then let's do it! Let's do it! I don't care if I die for it! Kato-san doesn't either. Do you, Kato-san?"

"No."

"I don't think you'll die for it. I'll leave directly afterward," Quade said.

"You'll not leave! You'll stay here with us."

"Yes," Kato-san said.

Quade opened the suitcases. He began taking out the radio parts. "I can't stay here. I'd be caught sooner or later. Somebody'd see me and report me, then we'd all three be executed. Since I face that anyway, I'll face it alone."

Salvador was helping with the radio. "You'll not leave," he said. "We won't let you."

"I should say we will not!" Kato-san said.

Salvador looked at Quade. "Unless you promise to stay I won't let you make the broadcast! I certainly won't let you do this if you're going to be killed afterward!" His blue eyes shone fiercely. He was a man with a strong, big heart. He loved his friends.

"Promise! Or I'll break this equipment!"

"I promise," Quade said.

IN an hour everything was set up. Kato-san had even gone outside and extended the aerial. The curfew was in effect now and there was no private traffic on the streets. Quade snapped on the radio, adjusted the dials. Then he sat tensely, waiting. Presently he was on the frequency he wanted. A quick dot-dash signal came over telling him to commence. The signal sounded very distant. Quade started the broadcast—speaking into a small microphone. Twice in the next few minutes he changed frequency. The radio man on the aircraft carrier at sea, informed which frequency to switch to, quickly gave him the go-ahead each time. Quade finished the broadcast and turned off the set. He was sweating now, so tense, he was shaking. Kato-san came in from the compound. A radio car had gone past very slowly—but it had kept going.

The Japanese had nearly located them!

"Tell me what all that meant," Salvador said. "To me it sounded like stock-market reports."

"It was. Japanese stock is going down."

"I don't follow."

Quade glanced at his watch. "Within a few minutes B-25 bombers will be taking off from the flight decks of carriers. They'll be here by morning."

Salvador stared. "My God!" He began to smile.

IT was barely daylight when Cassidy saw them. They were coming in low and fast, their wing tips not twenty feet above the surface of the water.

They were not in formation, but one behind the other, and coming like bullets.

Cassidy saw the tight face of the forward gunner through the plastic nose of the first plane, and he turned his scope, following the bomber. It was rising now, headed straight at the big Yokohama power plant. An egg dropped from the belly—slanted downward. There was a shuddering explosion. Even here in the submarine they could feel it.

Now the second plane flashed over, climbing vertically. A bomb hurtled from its racks. It smashed into the side of the power plant. The whole wall of the building fell out, crashed shatteringly. Flame leaped everywhere. Other planes were coming in, scattering to find their targets. The first two bombers were already roaring on to Tokyo.

In a moment explosions were bursting from a dozen different parts of Yokohama.

The planes kept coming in, flashing over, one after the other.

"Take a gander, Tex!" Cassidy said.

Tex took over the scope, and Cassidy turned to the loud-speaker.

"Attention, all hands! United States bombers are overhead! Yokohama's being ripped from stem to stern. In another few seconds Tokyo'll be getting it!"

From below, in every compartment, Cassidy heard the men cheering wildly. Echoing back through the speakers, it sounded weird.

"Now you know why we're here! We gave them the dope they needed. Mr. Quade went ashore to broadcast the weather. He did it from Tokyo so that we, back here, would be safe. He isn't returning."

There was a sudden silence.

"We owe him a lot," Cassidy said.

The sound man's voice came over: "Small ships bearing two-two-five, captain!"

Cassidy took the scope from Tex.

"Mine sweepers," Tex said.

Squinting into the eyepiece, Cassidy saw them. They were coming fast. "Running interference for the big babies! Our flyers are running these rats out of their holes! Every capital ship in the bay is getting up steam! Down scope! All ahead full!"

"We're getting out with 'em," Cassidy said. "Those submarine gates'll be wide open to let the big stuff through. Here's where we get in the parade!"

The scope down, they climbed below to the control room. Every man was at his station. The conning tower above

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

TRIGGERNOMETRY: The mathematics of the angles of guns.

MATHLETE: A gent who runs through figures fast.

BENNYFACTOR: Rochester, of course.

DAMNATEUR: He just learned to swear.

ARROWNEOUS: If William Tell had missed the apple.

ACK-ACKURACY: Hitting an enemy plane square in the vitals.

CROCKUPATION: Putting down the pickles.

BULKRITUDE: A stout beauty.

AUNTIQUE: Your uncle's hundred-year-old wife.

CREWP: All eight oarsmen with a deep cough.

was closed up. The quartermaster bolted the hatch. The ship was running full speed on batteries. Cassidy watched the gauges. The sound of the screws above was audible to every one.

"Destroyer, captain."

"Stay under him," Cassidy said. "We're approaching the gates."

Brrr. . . . The steady sound of screws above. They were navigating by ear.

"Passing through the gates, sir!"

Brrr. . . .

"Plane up a little," Cassidy said.

Pills started through the control room. Cassidy glanced over at him. "How's the chief?"

"O. K., sir. I think he's going to be all right."

Cassidy felt glad. He felt glad about everything this morning. They were in action!

"Clear," the sound man said.

"Up scope!"

As soon as the periscope was up, Cassidy was on it, hands itching. Even now the bombers were giving Tokyo hell. He wanted to get in it! Then Cassidy stared at what he saw.

"Great heaven! *This is what submarines are made for!* The biggest flat-top you ever saw! It's coming out like a bat out of hell, with a destroyer screen!"

The atmosphere was suddenly charged. In action the men felt every emotion the captain felt. His hands were tight on the handles of the scope.

"Stand by for a set-up!" He waited, watching. "Mark! Angle on the bow ten degrees. Range about nine thousand yards. Steady on course." The orders were repeated. Cassidy stayed glued to the eyepiece. "Make ready on the bow tubes. Make ready on the stern tubes. Rudder hard right!"

In the forward room the men were tense.

"I hope we split them wide open!" the Kid said.

Tin Can was delirious with excitement. "I still can't believe it! We're actually going to plaster somebody!"

"Hey," Wolf said, "be sure you spit on the tail of the torpedo before you shut it in—otherwise it might miss. And rub the Buddha's belly."

The little Buddha was sitting between the tubes. The Kid reached over and rubbed it. Tin Can did likewise. The other torpedo men had done this long ago.

"Attention, men!" It was the captain's voice through the loud-speaker. "We're maneuvering to catch the flat-top on the wing. She's going all out, so we'll only get one crack at her. We mustn't miss!"

IN the control room, Cassidy stayed hard on the scope.

"Relative bearing zero-three-zero," the sound man reported.

"Stand by," Cassidy snapped. "Mark! Bearing zero-two-five." He conned the scope. "Angle on the bow three-five. Torpedo setting, twelve feet; high speed. Order of firing is one, three, five, seven; two, four, six, eight. Repeat."

"Setting is twelve feet; high speed. Order of firing is one, three, five, seven; two, four, six, eight."

"Very well. Stand by. All ahead one third. Right rudder to three-three-five. Give me a time check."

"Time check: One second. Two seconds. Three seconds. Four seconds."

"Stand by the forward tubes."

"Forward tubes standing by, sir," the man on the phones reported.

Cassidy had the carrier dead center in the hair lines of the scope. A plane was taking off. His voice was grim: "Fire one! All ahead two thirds!"

Through the ship, over the loud-speaker, every one heard a clank, a thud, a high-pitched whine. The ship jarred. Water was flooded into the tanks immediately to compensate. The man counting seconds continued.

"Fire three!" Cassidy waited for five seconds. "Fire five!" Five more seconds. "Fire seven!"

In his bunk in the c. p. o. quarters, Browski listened through the speakers, sweating, smiling.

"Fire two!" A pause. "Fire four!"

In the control room, Cassidy said, "That's enough! Count the seconds, quartermaster."

"Aye, aye, sir," the quartermaster said. His eyes were on a watch. "Twenty seconds . . . Twenty-five seconds . . ."

The torpedoes were on their way.

"Thirty seconds," the quartermaster said, "thirty-five . . ."

Cassidy's lips tightened. "Missed with number one!"

"Forty seconds . . ."

Suddenly there was a terrific distant rumbling. The ship was hit by concussion. But the men began to cheer. It was the second time this morning. They shouted, yelled, punched one another.

Cassidy made a sweep with the scope.

"Five hits! She's listing! Her destroyers are trying to smoke us out. Down scope! All ahead full! One hundred and fifty feet!"

"The carrier's propellers have stopped, sir!" the sound man said.

"Take her under," Cassidy said. "The tin cans'll be looking for us on *this* side. We'll go under her belly, come up on the other side, and finish her off."

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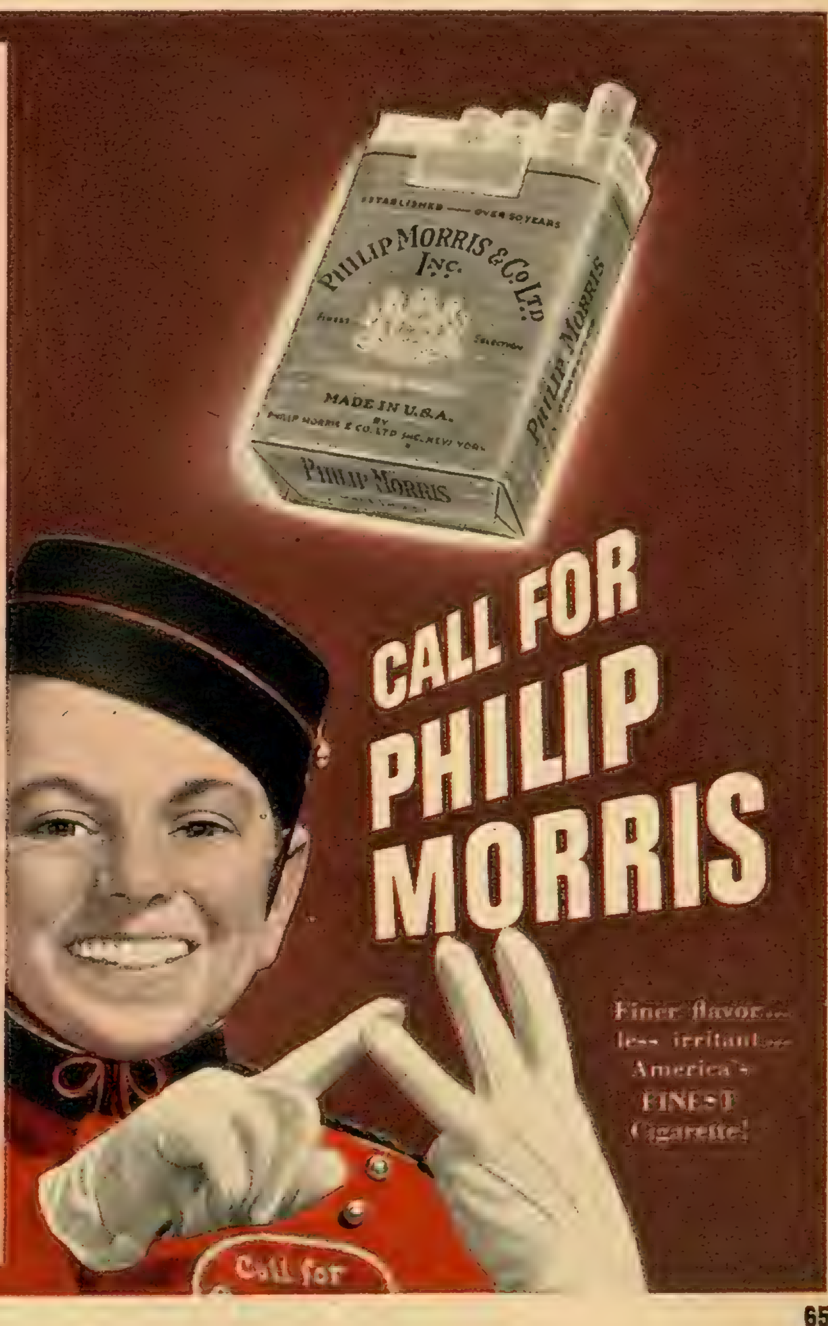
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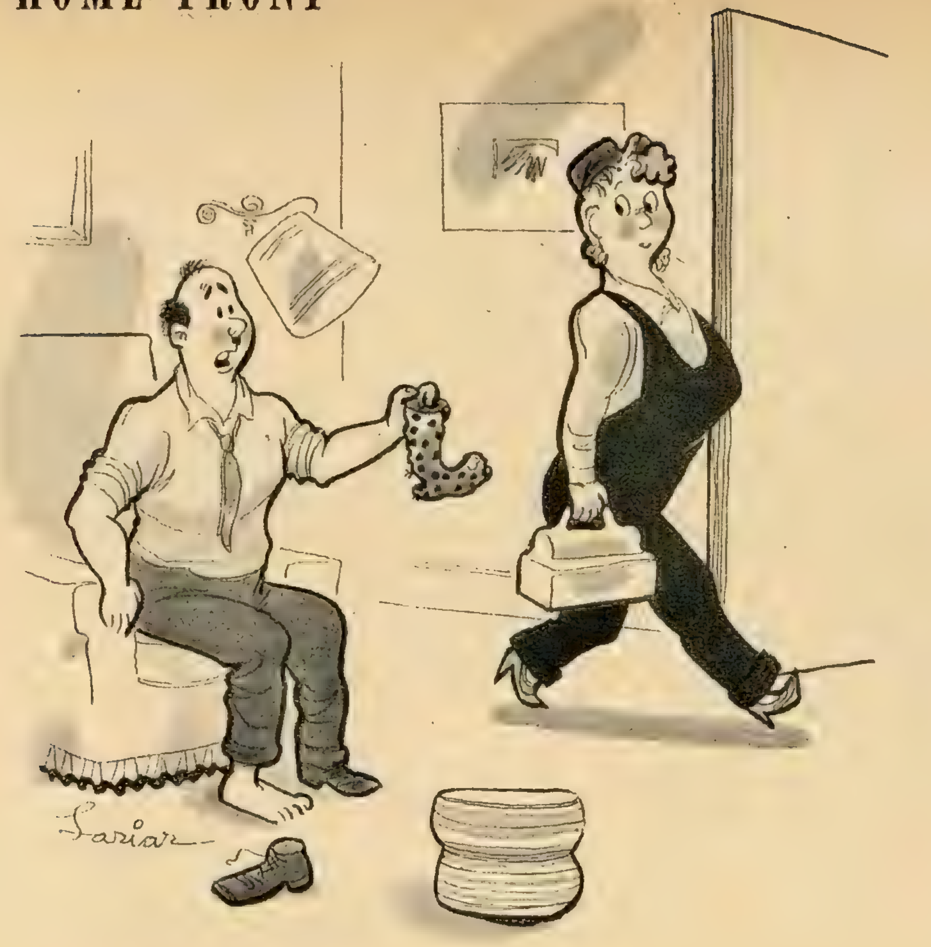


"Before you dash off to the factory, would you mind welding this hole in my sock?"

The Copperfin was submerging fast now, moving forward. They passed under the carrier's hull. Depth charges were exploding in the water behind them. Now, on the other side of the carrier, they began planing up.

In the control room, the diving officer said, "Periscope depth!"

Cassidy grabbed the scope as it came up. "Stand by! . . . Fire nine." He waited. "Fire ten!"

The huge steel fish roared out of the stern tubes.

"Down scope!" Cassidy said. "All ahead full! One hundred and fifty feet. Rig for depth charge!"

Almost as he spoke the sound of depth-charge explosions was closer. The submarine was plunging under again. Cassidy rubbed sweat from the palms of his hands.

"Unless we hurry," he said, "the carrier'll be under before we are! She's sinking fast!"

"Zero angle," the diving officer said. "Level off at one hundred and fifty."

"Take the angle off the boat, Mr. Baker," Cassidy said.

"Aye, aye, sir! Zero dive bubble."

Cassidy watched the gauge. Now suddenly there were screws upstairs. The men's eyes followed them. Then there was a roar! The whole ship shook.

"Plane down to two hundred!"

But another depth charge exploded now.

THE ship rocked violently. Men fell against one another. The submarine was going deeper. The gauge needle rose. A third charge followed—exploded close. The ship shuddered. The force of the explosion thrust the cables out of a box and water began to gush. The man at the switchboard quickly covered the board with canvas. A sailor leaped toward the cable nest with a wrench.

Another charge exploded. The ship went pitch black. The hull shook. Men stumbled, groped. The ship kept shaking. Water spurted violently from the cables. The lights came up, glowing dimly. Men scrambled to get back to their stations. The ship hit something, bounced. Hoarsely, Lieutenant Baker said: "Bottom at a hundred and ninety feet, sir!"

"All stop!" Cassidy said. "Turn off everything—every sound-making device on the ship!"

Another charge exploded. The ship rocked. The lights went out again, then came on. Men were plugging the leaky cable box with wooden pegs. Another explosion. The pegs flew out. Water spurted in six different streams.

The destroyers, which had been depth-charging at random, changed their tactics. They began a systematic crisscross over the area. Cans of dynamite, set to explode only at a certain depth, began rolling off their tails.

Wham! . . . Wham! . . . Wham! . . .

Water spurted all over the control room. Sailors were again trying to pound wooden wedges into the cable box; but the cables crawled out of the box like writhing worms. The eyes of every man in the room were on them. If the cables came out much farther and the box gave way, that would be it!

Cassidy knew it. He watched with the others. Now he glanced at Tex.

"God be with us," Tex said low, "because the percentages aren't!"

Wham! . . . Wham! . . .

The ship almost turned over. Men spilled across the deck. The quartermaster got up, his arm hanging limp, his face contorted with pain. Tex's head was bleeding. They waited for the next one.

All machinery was turned off now, the auxiliary lights on. The air conditioning was off. All controls in the room had to be operated by hand. It was hard, exhausting labor. The boat was becoming insufferably hot.

Wham! . . . Wham!

Pills was handing out sticks of gum.

Wham! . . .

Screwheads popped from the bulkheads. The cables kept easing like spaghetti. Water dripped down the bulkheads. Water was dripping through from the periscope. The only sound was that of the water dripping through. The men had kicked off their shoes so as not to make a noise when they walked.

On the bottom, the boat was wobbling in the current. It was getting hotter. Pressure.

In the c. p. o. quarters Browski had been thrown from his bunk. Two sailors helped him back in. Browski whispered, "Give me my pencil!"

On the bulkhead beside his bunk he was keeping a tally. Fourteen.

Wham! . . .

Silence again. Minutes passed.

In the forward room the sexy long-legged doll Nita lay in a pool of grease. Tin Can was in his bunk. Wolf was too, but he slipped out, grabbed up Nita, and returned. The Kid was sitting on the edge of his bunk, holding onto the sides. It was getting hotter. The air stank. It was hard to breathe.

"You know," Wolf said, "I think they've found out where we are!"

"No kiddin'!"

Wham! . . .

The lights went out, the ship vibrating. Now the lights came up again.

Wham! . . .

The boat shuddered as though it would fall apart.

Tin Can was looking straight up. "*Damn* destroyers!" he said suddenly. "Damn *all* tin cans! I'll take a submarine for mine!"

Everything was silence.

Cable was still feeding through from the box. It was hotter, getting hotter still. In stocking feet, pants rolled up, Pills came in again. He handed out salt tablets, for sweat. He offered cotton for the men's ears. Only a few took it.

Wham! . . .

Men fell headlong. They rose. Silence.

Wham! . . .

DARKNESS. The ship shook all over. Screwheads were popping again. Water hissed. An electrician groped in the darkness. There were low moans. A soft swearing. The lights came up again, the electrician standing by. Pills came in with towels. He tossed one to each man. The men mopped the sweat, put the towels around their necks. One sailor, crouched in a corner, was trying to read a Wild West thriller magazine. Two others were quietly matching dollars. Pills began setting the quartermaster's arm in splints. Tex was holding a towel to the wound on his head. Lieutenant Taber moved into the room. His face was white.

"Leak in the stern tubes, captain! If it gets much higher it'll ground the motor!"

"Tell the chief to plug it! We can't start pumps now!"

"We've been trying to plug it, sir! But the water's getting higher."

"Then get it out of there—*without using the pumps.*"

The word was passed silently, by a nudge, by a push on the shoulder. Bucket brigade to the motor room. Not tin buckets. Sea bags. Canvas buckets. The men lined up. The heat was almost unbearable. Faces burned; lips were parched. Water was scooped from the motor room, passed back from one pair of sweating hands to another. The water would be dumped forward where it couldn't do any harm. The men kept scooping it up. Passing it back. There wasn't a sound except the lisp of it. And the thunder of depth charges. The lights kept going out and coming on; but even on, they were dimmer now. It was hotter still! The air tasted acid and oily and *hot.*

Wham! . . .

Putting a sea bag in Tin Can's hands, Wolf said:

"I wonder how the invasion of Europe's coming."

Wham! . . .

The depth charges were farther apart. But the destroyers were still up there. They had the submarine cornered and they knew it. They would sit on the submarine—because they knew the batteries couldn't last long and she would have to come up! When the Copperfin's batteries went, she'd have to come up—or all hands would die down there inside her.

Now the destroyers cut off their motors and were very still in the water. They hoped the captain would think they'd gone away and bring his ship up.

But Cassidy didn't.

After two hours, realizing it hadn't worked, the destroyers began depth-charging again, crisscrossing over the area.

Below, in the sub, the men were still bailing water. It was even hotter. The air was foul.

Now and then the depth-charging stopped. But it always started again. The ship's sides trembled as though they would cave in. The plates were loose, gear was damaged. Cassidy never knew whether or not the next charge would tear the craft apart. He, too, was stripped to shorts. He could scarcely breathe. Taber came in from aft. His face was haggard.

"The bailing worked, sir! Angle's off the boat, and we can use the tubes."

"How're the batteries?"

"Low, captain, low as hell." He glanced up at the lights. They were very dim now.

Cassidy looked at his watch. It was five minutes past 11 A. M.

They were down all that day and half the night. The air was choking. *Seventeen hours.*

The sound man had heard some of the destroyers go away. They had run out of charges and gone in. But one was still up there. One was still waiting.

The submarine's lights were all but gone. The air was putrid. Men were coughing — wheezing, hacking coughs. All at once the submarine was an old, old ship. And she was dying. Unless they could charge batteries she was dead. The men could die down here . . . or go upstairs and get it.

"WE'RE going up!" Cassidy said. "Stand by to destroy all confidential gear! Stand by to sink her, once we get up. Some of us'll get overboard. Maybe we'll be rescued. But probably we won't." He straightened his shoulders. He felt incredibly weary. "All ahead full! . . . Full rise on the bow planes! . . . Ready on the bow tubes! Ready on the stern tubes! There may be one chance—" His voice dwindled.

Water roaring past the damaged hull.

"Level off at periscope depth!"

They were still coming up. Now they leveled.

"Up scope!" The periscope rose. "Sound man?"

"The destroyer is on the starboard now, captain."

Cassidy turned the scope starboard. The winter moon was bright, the sea purple under it. The destroyer was lying off. But now, picking up their sound, it headed straight toward them! Cassidy saw it.

"He's coming after us! Stand by to fire!"

"Standing by, sir!"

"Wait . . . wait!" Cassidy said. Then: "Now! Fire one! Fire two!"

The torpedoes swooshed out of the tubes. It was only seconds. Then it came. A thunderous explosion! It almost lifted the sub out of the water.

"We're *hit!*" Tex yelled.

"Hell we are!" Cassidy was laughing, almost choking. "*The tin can's hit!* It's not even in the ocean any more! It's coming down in pieces! *We got 'im!* Attention, all hands! We got 'im! And we're getting the hell out of here!"

There was a wild feeble cheering.

"Take her up!" Cassidy said. "Full speed ahead on the engines! Charge batteries. Turn on the air conditioning!"

A few minutes later, on the surface, the engines throbbing sweetly, Cassidy again addressed the crew through the loud-speakers:

"Attention, men. We're going home! Our job is finished. And, by the way, you're the greatest gang of guys that ever lived!"

The phonograph began to play California, Here I Come. The Diesels hummed from deep in the ship.

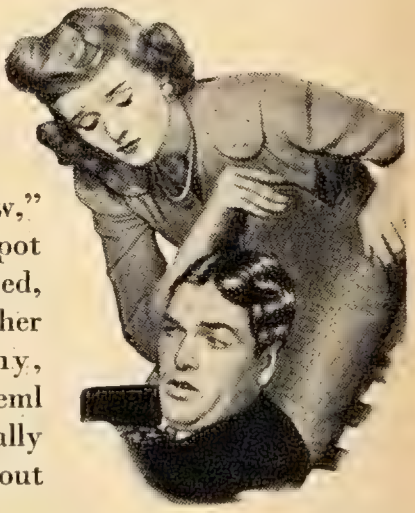
They were going home.

THE bombers had come at 6 A. M. It was midnight now. Eighteen hours later. Tokyo was still burning. In Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagoya, factories, plants, munitions dumps, railroad yards had been smashed. In Tokyo itself whole city blocks were a shambles. People were dead and dying. In the workers' districts, rows of little houses burned for blocks on end in a straight line, one igniting the other. In midtown, hotels and department stores stood with plate-glass windows broken; the sides of big steel buildings were scarred by

"Snow cools my ardor"...

MY DARLING SAID

She gave me the cold shoulder at the sight of dandruff flakes that snowed down on my coat. "And," she added, "wild hair like yours is nothing to rave about." [If *you* have hard-to-comb hair—if you're drying it out with use of too much water daily as a dressing—try Kreml. Note the wonderful improvement.]



"Get your head off that pillow," my darling scolded, "before you spot it with grease. Besides," she added, "you ought to wear a patent-leather bow-tie to match your shiny, plastered-down hair." [Try Kreml Hair Tonic and see how naturally nice it grooms *your* hair—without being sticky or greasy.]

"Put your head on my shoulder," my darling sighed, when I groomed my hair with Kreml. [No wonder, brother. Kreml is never drying like daily use of too much water—never sticky or greasy. That's why thousands declare: Kreml is right for better-groomed hair! Try Kreml and give *your* hair a chance to look its natural best.]

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shrapnel. Streets were filled with rubble. Everywhere there were sirens—ambulances, police cars, fire engines. The city was under martial law. People walked about dazed, homeless. Water spurted in feeble impotent streams from fire hoses—power was gone, water had to be pumped by hand from emergency pumps. There was no electricity. Only flares, gaslight, candles, and the raging fires. Kimonos, obis, soft-sounding slippers; men in Western dress; soldiers, angry-faced, carrying bayonets on their rifles. Areas roped off. The night cold.

Salvador and Kato-san had pleaded with Quade to stay with them. But he couldn't. Eventually he was bound to be discovered there—and then, for harboring him, they would suffer. Needlessly. He told them that, but they refused to listen. They wanted him to stay. But Quade couldn't stay, and tonight when they were out—Salvador was a volunteer fireman, and Kato-san had many things to attend to—Quade had packed the radio back into the two suitcases and left. He wanted to leave them a note: to tell them they were good kind people and that he loved them. But he didn't dare. Somebody might find it. And he had gone without writing it, without saying good-by, without thanking them. With just the two suitcases.

On the street, no one even noticed him. The darkness helped, and the panic. The first moat he crossed, he dropped the suitcases into the water.

Now he was empty-handed, wearing his coat and his felt hat. He kept moving, on and on, with no thought or plan. He walked in the middle of streets, around bomb craters and piles of debris; the glowing red of torchlight and flames flickered across his face.

He would never see Salvador or Kato-san again. If he ran into them on the street he would pretend not to recognize them—for their own good. Cassidy was gone out of his life, too, and all the others on the submarine. He wondered if they'd gotten out safely. He liked them. He felt very tired. He still did not know how long he would last in Tokyo. But it didn't seem to matter. His legs were numb. He kept walking. He was in a narrow winding street now. He heard voices in Japanese. Women in kimonos brushed past him. Suddenly, at the corner, he stopped.

THIS was the Street of Lanterns. It hit him all at once. He'd stood on this very corner only ten years ago with Betty. She was seventeen then, looking for a husband on a world cruise, and he was twenty, looking for a girl. He had said he was going to be a diplomat, "And the very tops."

He walked on now, steadily, his head aching. Betty in the bus, crying, her face pressed to the window, waving good-by. Paris, and the way she looked the night in the Gare St. Lazare, getting off the boat train, crying when she saw him; and not crying at all that morning in the Château Frontenac; just looking at him and saying bitterly, "I can be your geisha." God forgive me! he thought. And for all the rest: Hollywood; Betty saying, "I'd be a fool to ever fall in love with you again, wouldn't I?" Yet afterward, in November, saying, "Oh, Russ—I've *never* been so happy! You're a wonderful person, darling!"

But that wasn't true, and he knew it. The Navy would inform her soon that he was reported "missing in action," and later, in time, she would marry Johnny Burke.

He was returned to the land from which he had come; and it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps that had been his trouble. He had thrown away the good and clung to the bad. His whole sense of values was contorted by avidity. He had never learned even the simple basic truth: that happiness is in the life you make with those you love; not the greatness you attain. And, even so, living as he had, he had never attained greatness, or anything even near it. He had only stumbled and fallen; he had groped, lived in the dark, always grasping for that which was out of reach. Making pain for others, and accomplishing nothing but disillusionment. His heart had been in his head from the very beginning.

Because it sprang from roots. The Japanese heritage. Something he had absorbed without knowing it. He was a white Jap. Betty had been right! He could not possibly have grown in this atmosphere without having it become part of him. At six, Japanese children were given toy daggers to play with instead of roller skates. At ten, they were little soldiers, marching, drilling, learning to shoot. At fourteen, the males were arrogant, greedy, possessive: they were bred to covet. They were schooled in hatred, disciplined in cruelty. They were taught contempt for all in the world but themselves. Oh, they were not to blame. It was what they had been *taught.* Their lives had been designed to fight fiercely, savagely, ruthlessly for something which was not theirs; to die for that which they coveted.

Blind. It was stupid blind! There was only this one short life! He saw now that was what they had to learn. And they would have to learn it the hard way, with nights like tonight—the utter humility of defeat.

GRADUALLY Quade saw the pattern for all this, and the reason: the world beyond it. He began to smile. It was a great world. Jap kids with roller skates and skip ropes and scooters and bikes; workmen who made more than seven dollars a week; the Japanese girls who did not have to become geishas to pay the family debts. Even for Japan—a new world; the monopolists, the war lords gone.

Peace—and time for the little people to live and breathe. Time for cherry blossoms and plum trees and the frost on the dikes, the serenity of winter and the warm idle days of summer; the blue sea again, fishermen upon it, wearing their great straw hats, denims rolled up, and sunshine making the water sparkle.

Suddenly now, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned. He was faced by a young Japanese Army officer. The lieutenant asked for his identification. Quade showed it to him. The letter from the imperial palace dropped from his pocket. The lieutenant was impressed.

"So sorry, sir. Please excuse! Stupid mistake!" handing the papers back.

"It's all right," Quade said.

He walked on through the night. There would be others stopping him, other inspections of his papers. Eventually they would find him out— Or would they? It suddenly struck him that the forgery on the documents he carried must have been very good.

I've got a chance! he thought wildly. Just the thought that there might still be a chance of staying alive overwhelmed him. He began to laugh, and he walked a little faster. He was happy—completely happy—for the first time since he didn't know when.

THE END

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW *CAN* HURT US

Continued from Page 17

better done, not by proclaiming our policy at Charing Cross but by confidential conversations." And that is true.

Our State Department is, necessarily perhaps, a melange of various hoary practices which our careerists have observed overseas and brought back to our own Foreign Office. Now and again a rebel against this time-honored diplomacy in the State Department has stuck his neck out and eventually had it chopped off. In 1940 Mr. James Cromwell, then our minister to Canada, indulged in a bit of "goldfish diplomacy" when he broke diplomatic silence long enough to tell a Canadian luncheon club that German victory would be a severe blow to the foundation of American freedom. It was page one material, because we then were very, very neutral. The press cheered because he was telling a most elementary truth, but the cheers turned to howls when he was reprimanded by the State Department for "conduct unbecoming a diplomat."

Mr. Cromwell lost his job soon after, but he had accomplished a very necessary diplomatic purpose. At the moment there was need of assurance that the United States stood shoulder to shoulder with Canada. The neutral administration could not give it; so Cromwell gave it, and the press ratified it. But, since it was a move in a highly conventionalized game, he himself was vulnerable and had to be removed.

The main argument for secrecy advanced by most statesmen is that effective quick decisions are impossible without it, and that attempts to avoid it lead to even greater evils. But nothing seems to destroy the everlasting American hope—or expectation—that conferences will be wide open and that international agreements will be published in detail even before the pens are dipped in ink for signatures.

Here in America the average man thinks he gets the news of all the world. Of course, nobody in Europe or Asia or Africa today does get so much "news" as the average American radio listener or newspaper and magazine reader. But how much real information our listener hears is quite another question. Daily twenty or thirty different reporters and commentators pour out itemized happenings and opinions over U. S. air waves to reach ninety or a hundred million pairs of U. S. ears. All this information, however, does not contain the answers to many important questions.

To an impartial intelligent public, neither the press nor the chancelleries can be uniquely blamed. The chasm between the two is wide and deep. The same fact has, to them, precisely contrary values. To a newsman a statement by a diplomat is *news;* to the diplomat, it is a carefully calculated aggressive or defensive move in a highly scientific game. Truth, to a diplomat, is often valuable only when he is sure it will not be believed.

But if I had been as candid as that reporter who posted the jingle in the press room at the Quebec Conference, I would have plastered the Clarendon bulletin board with a one-line pattern for the guidance of the destiny shapers in the Citadel. Truth, I would have told them, *may* divide us; polite fiction certainly will.

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

The Nazis spared nothing in their first rush through the Soviet Union.

BATTLE OF RUSSIA

Produced by U. S. Army Signal Corps
Distributed by Twentieth Century-Fox

A REAL break for cinema audiences is the recent decision of the OWI to release for general distribution Battle of Russia, the fifth in the series of U. S. Army orientation films.

Designed to acquaint Army personnel with the Soviet Union's objectives and tactics in the struggle against Fascism, Battle of Russia obviously can do the same job for civilians. And it does—with a punch that makes it one of the most important films of the year.

The picture begins with a sketchy history of seven centuries of foreign aggression against Russia and an explanation of why Russian land has always looked so attractive to greedy imperialistic nations.

Russia's wealth (her oils, metals, grain, etc.), her size (three times that of the U. S.), and the distribution of types that make up her population are graphically depicted on animated maps executed by Walt Disney.

The film then plunges into a résumé of events which led to the present struggle and an explanation of Russia's "defense in depth" strategy.

All the important campaigns are dealt with—the battle of Moscow, the siege of Leningrad, and the dramatic rescue of that beleaguered city by the truck cavalcade across frozen Lake Ladoga (a strategy used in 1244 by Nevsky), the titanic battle of Stalingrad, right up to the victories which have resulted in the bottling up of the Nazis in the Crimea.

Battle of Russia is a brilliant compilation of Soviet, U. S. Signal Corps, and captured German film. The Signal Corps, under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel Anatole Litvak, worked nine months putting it together. Their insistence on double-checking every foot of film, and of presenting a carefully edited commentary pays off. It has resulted in a film that is painstakingly accurate and as dramatic as anything Hollywood's best brains could turn out.

No thinking moviegoer can afford to miss Battle of Russia. This is tomorrow's history book.

But the Russians made them pay dearly for each street or town they took.

Riding High
WARNING

DOROTHY LAMOUR (resting from her "road" travels with B. Crosby and B. Hope) raises the temperature of a desert town . . . and Dick Powell gets burned. Riding High is all about a mine, a counterfeiter (Victor Moore), and a dumb sheriff and his girl (Gil Lamb and Cass Daley). Not much continuity—but good tunes and swell Technicolor. (Para.)

REPUBLIC PICTURES
presents
John
Martha
WAYNE SCOTT
IN OLD OKLAHOMA

EVEN though John Wayne and Martha Scott get top billing, a stubborn oil well is actually the star of In Old Oklahoma, Republic's newest action film. Though not a Western in the usual sense, it has all the elements of an epic of the West—the wild chase, bad men vs. good men, Indians, etc. Good cast and lots of shooting. (Rep.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M). Lucille Ball, William Gaxton. Musical comedy.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal). Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Cent.-Fox). William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan. War drama.
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M). Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester. Drama.
MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK (Columbia). Charles Coburn, Marguerite Chapman. Comedy.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY (20th Cent.-Fox). Betty Grable, Robert Young. Musical comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warners). Joan Leslie, George Murphy, U. S. Army. Musical.
THOUSANDS CHEER (M-G-M). All-star M-G-M cast. Musical.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

On all the Broadways of America, there's a milling to get into the most extravagant extravaganza in years entitled "Thousands Cheer".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "M-G-M's Thousands Cheer" if you please, for practically every big name on the big roster of that big studio is represented in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is essentially a love story that revolves around Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. But they are the baton wavers in a parade that brings out the exact and thoroughly demonstrated talents of—

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Frank Morgan, Lena Horne—Shall we go on?

★ ★ ★ ★

Oh very well—Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, Margaret O'Brien, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden—getting winded?

★ ★ ★ ★

Well—Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy, Don Loper and Maxine Barrat—whew!

★ ★ ★ ★

Plus three great name bands—Kay Kyser and Orchestra, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Benny Carter and Band.

★ ★ ★ ★

And lest we forget, the incomparable Jose Iturbi not only plays his immortal piano but acts like a Lunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This remarkable three-ringed show is photographed in Technicolor, directed by George Sidney and produced by the veteran Joseph Pasternak. It is an original screen play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins who dreamed up a dream of a story about Private Miss Jones.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has the true Army flavor. That's why the most important letters in "Thousands Cheer" are U.S.A.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll be one of the millions to cheer M-G-M's Thousands. We're in it too—at the very beginning we roar. —Leo

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ECZEMA

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COMPANY INC.
LOS ANGELES, 27 NEW YORK, 17

SEEING THE BOMBS HOME

Continued from Page 27

spouted and he sewed a seam of bullets and shells smack through our fuselage. There was smoke everywhere. I could see some one aft whacking at the fire.

"Any one hurt?" asked Groff.

Every one was O. K., but the bomber was in bad shape. The German's burst had put the starboard inboard motor out of action and smashed the hydraulics system. Worse still, the aileron cable had only two strands left.

John Asher, the flight engineer, got busy computing the damage. Number 3 engine was shot out, two tires were flattened, and there was oil spouting like a geyser. The situation was critical.

The old Arkansas Traveller began to limp. She was losing height rapidly, and the others had gone on. If a Nazi fighter trailed us, we would be easy game. Once we saw an ME, but he was heading for home. Each minute we seemed to be getting lower and lower and going at funeral pace. The wind was blowing cold inside the fuselage.

Presently Groff said, "We're in sight of Malta, boys. I guess you'd be safer if you baled out. I'll try a crash landing."

"Couldn't we stay, lieutenant?" asked Lefty. "You'll ground her."

"How about it, fellows?" said Chuck. We all decided to stay. George had brought us so far. We'd go through the end with him, if he would let us.

"All right, fellows," he agreed. "Have it your own way, but it may be rough."

Getting down on embattled Malta is something we'll all remember. The undercarriage wouldn't go down because the hydraulics were out of commission. Somehow, Asher managed to get it out by winding. Then he announced that the wheel at the front of the tricycle landing gear wouldn't stay put.

"O. K., leave it," said George. "All of you go back to the tail. I'll want your weight there—and keep your fingers crossed."

THE seven of us waited in the waist, hanging on to what we could. There was a bump—another, and we were down. Then we were up, on our nose, as the front wheel buckled and the tail went and stayed at an angle of 70 degrees. We scrambled out. Said George Groff, eying the battered Arkansas Traveller, "I guess we'll need a new ship, boys." We did. That bomber had taken a terrific plastering—but, miraculously, no one was hurt.

When John Asher's ears went back on him and he left for hospital, I took his place and became a regular gunner. I soon became expert at darting from gun to camera, and from camera to gun. The camera worked by an electric motor, so that was O. K., and I got some honeys of pictures.

On May 1 I got a surprise. I was promoted from sergeant to lieutenant, and on July 4 I was told I was to go home to pass on what I had learned to others. I wanted to go home, but I was sorry to leave the boys.

Looking back now, and remembering my 225 hours and 32 combat missions, it seems very far away. I was scared and I don't deny it—we had used up four of those ships—but I know those assignments were the most exciting I ever had as a cameraman. Now I want to do the best job I can teaching others what I learned firsthand.

THE END

SECOND FRONT—IT'S READY, IT'S AIMED

Continued from Page 19

trained for specific tasks. It is geared for independent operations, as was shown by its expulsion of the Nazis from Corsica. That island is being converted into a great invasion base by the French.

Their Army is not just a ground force. It has its own air squadrons and a Navy provided with all the up-to-date equipment required for amphibian operations. It will spearhead the invasion of continental France, and will be supported by powerful British and American armies now in the final stages of assembly.

The strongest German anti-invasion fortifications are along the Channel coast. To the south these run into a multiple-fortified line stretching across the base of the Brittany Peninsula. The fortifications picture is not nearly so forbidding along the Bay of Biscay, since there the enemy places considerable reliance on U-boat defense, with which we have largely learned to cope. At last report, the Germans were busy erecting a strong fortified belt along the French Mediterranean coast, but it is not likely that we shall give the Nazis the time to complete this work.

A frontal assault against the Channel fortifications would unquestionably involve tremendous casualties. But this is hardly necessary. As the Germans showed in overcoming the Maginot Line, the essence of modern military strategy is not so much to storm fortified zones as to isolate them, and the enemy garrison with them.

THE actual invasion picture can be visioned as something like this: Simultaneous landings of large forces would be undertaken both along the French Mediterranean coast and from the Bay of Biscay. Each of the two groups would send out two powerful shock armies. The eastern army from the Mediterranean would plunge up the Rhone valley to isolate the Nazi defenders of northern Italy and the Lombardy Plain, while the western army from the Mediterranean would push across Languedoc into the Garonne valley beyond, to join hands with the southern army from the Bay of Biscay and thus isolate the German forces in the Pyrenees. The northern army from the Bay of Biscay, timing its advance with fresh landings on both sides of Brittany, would push northward, emerging in the rear of the Nazi fortified belt across Brittany.

After a junction with the armies from the south the combined Allied avalanche would then fight its way across the Loire to Paris, and thus come into the rear of Hitler's "Atlantic Wall" that guards the Channel coast. Under this scheme the Germans would be isolated in the Atlantic Wall or would have to abandon it altogether.

This, of course, would only be the first phase of operations leading to the enemy's final defeat. Other strongly fortified zones, notably the West Wall, would have to be overcome before the ultimate goal was reached. The succeeding phases would depend largely on the outcome of the first, and on other factors that it is still too early to try to envisage.

But the invasion of France is in the making. We are on our way.

THE END

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7	8	■	9	10	11
12				■	13				14			
15				16			■	17				
18			■	19			20	■	21			■
■	■	22	23					24	■	25		26
27	28				■	29			30	■	31	
32					33	■	34			35		
36		■	37			38	■	39				
40		41	■	42			43				■	■
■	44		45	■	46				■	47	48	49
50				51	■	52			53			
54					55			■	56			
57			■	58				■	59			

HORIZONTAL

1 Measles is detectable by a what?
5 What did Jimmy Valentine take a chance on?
9 What was the nickname of the late T. A. Dorgan, cartoonist?
12 Almost an island
13 Coffee beans are now being used in the making of whats?
15 What's the "snow-eater" wind that blows down from the state of Oregon called?
17 In what bay did Bulkeley distinguish himself?
18 What kind of cat enjoys jitterbugging?
19 What state was formerly known as Deseret, Land of the Honey Bee?
21 What has four legs and stands for snoring?
22 What seeds are so slow germinating it's said they travel nine time to the devil and back before sprouting?
25 What's an 1890 version of baloney?
27 De-closes
29 Riza Shah Pahlevi recently stepped down as ruler of what?
31 Hedy Lamarr definitely has what? (abbr.)
32 Pearl White starred in the whats of Pauline?
34 Which musketeer had noble blood?
36 A small article
37 Distances do what to enchantment in the view?
39 On what parade do soldiers get into their glamour clothes?
40 What rank's split into three grades in some armies? (abbr. pl.)
42 What's fancy for a roll on the drums?
44 What usually accompany ohs?
46 If the Kodiak isn't a camera, what is it?

E	M	B	E	Z	Z	L	E	R	S	■	G	L	U	M
T	E	E	P	E	E	■	M	A	S	S	E	U	S	E
H	A	S	H	■	B	R	I	M	■	H	O	N	E	D
I	S	T	■	B	R	A	T	■	C	A	■	C	R	I
C	L	■	W	R	A	P	■	T	O	R	C	H	■	C
S	Y	R	I	A	■	S	T	O	R	K	S	■	T	I
■	■	O	L	G	A	■	H	I	S	S	■	S	I	N
B	A	B	Y	■	S	M	I	L	E	■	F	I	N	E
A	S	S	■	S	K	I	N	■	T	A	I	L	■	■
D	A	■	S	P	I	N	E	T	■	C	R	O	O	K
O	■	T	H	I	N	K	■	A	D	E	S	■	D	R
G	A	I	■	N	G	■	A	N	I	S	■	L	E	I
L	I	B	Y	A	■	U	R	G	E	■	L	I	S	P
I	D	E	A	L	I	S	E	■	G	R	E	A	S	E
O	A	R	S	■	S	O	A	P	O	P	E	R	A	S

Last week's answer

47 What Greek letter's this:
T
50 Cleo was so beautiful, she left Anthony standing how?
52 Name a book of the Bible
54 What saintly place is the scene of one of the world's most difficult race problems? (2 wds.)
56 Perry licked the British on what lake?
57 "Go to the - - -, thou sluggard; consider her ways"
58 What're "cowfeterias"?
59 Who never dared use the authority Stalin does?

VERTICAL

1 The days of what man may be said to be numbered?
2 What's the dustiest sounding county in the Carolinas?
3 The loss of what made a dent in Cinderella's shoe coupons?
4 Who should, but never does, crow about her work in the Victory barnyard?
5 What can be removed from right before your eyes with liver pills?
6 What's a saline product of the lixivation of sea-plant ashes, found in deserts?
7 Note of the scale
8 Wot's the dirtiest bloke hin Hengland?
9 What stream did Horatius make his stand at?
10 Vertical 6 is used largely in the treatment of what disease?
11 To what do "boulevard manicurists" belong? (abbr.)
14 Swift wrote the Tale of the what?
16 Name a former editor of Liberty
20 Who wore the pants of Zeus' family?
23 What plant gives the same dye as coal tar?
24 What was a great hang-out for pirates?
26 Name the Official Soviet News Agency
27 What stone's supposed to bring you bad luck?
28 What building's the Radio City of Washington?
30 "And flowering odors, cassia, - - - - and balm" (Milton)
33 What's the British equivalent of scab?
35 Getters togetherers
38 In Latin-American society a young lady can't go on a date without a what?
41 What's another form of shall?
43 What's fancy for "butters up"?
45 A parachutist dressed as a nun is technically a what?
48 La Donna è Mobile is a what?
49 Turn ruse into an employer, anagramatically
50 Cry of the villain
51 What's the most devilish letter?
53 The daily double's a what?
55 What pen name did Russell use? (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

To relieve the distress of SIMPLE PILES

Read every word of this if you suffer from the burning pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Try *Unguentine Rectal Cones*—made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE. Millions of these soothing rectal cones have been sold . . . because they relieve pain—help guard against infection and promote healing. If you do not get the prompt relief you seek, consult your physician.

Sold with this guarantee . . .

Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

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It's easy to determine the exact amount of pleasant-tasting Innerclean Herbal Laxative you may need occasionally for pleasant yet *satisfying* thoroughness. Follow the simple directions on the package, for a single, natural-like movement without purging. No brewing, no fuss, no bother. Economical! A 50c package lasts months. Must satisfy 100% or money back. All druggists.

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INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

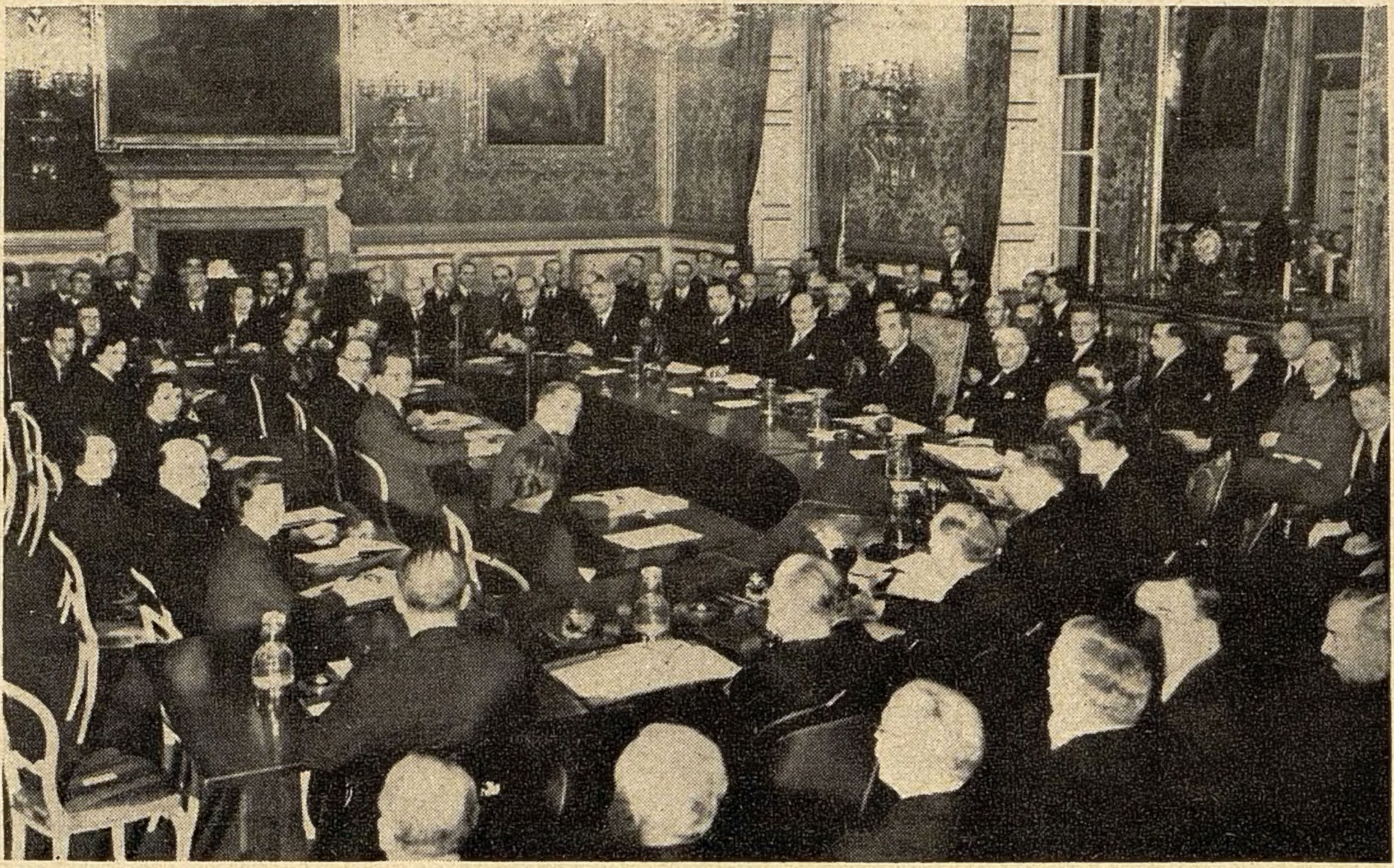
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

INTERNATIONAL FORCE TO PRESERVE PEACE



On March 16, 1936. the League of Nations Council agreed upon a reply to Hitler's demands. There was, however, no international force to back it up.

UNDER our theory of government, we are supposed to debate various questions which come up and in this process arrive at ultimate truth and, we hope, wise decisions. This debate goes on not only in the halls of Congress but also in the press and wherever two or more people are gathered.

Many of our debaters, however, are either unable to understand what they're debating about on occasion, or deliberately try to obscure the issue. They drag in irrelevant details or put forth as facts rumors and half-truths which are not facts at all.

Take, for example, our current hectic discussion concerning the use of international force to preserve peace. Many of our lawmakers and much of the press are putting forth great effort to prove it can't work. Before we argue much further about this we ought to get clear in our minds what we are talking about.

The use of international armed force to preserve peace does not necessarily envisage the formation of some sort of super-duper police department. It does not call for an aggregation of armed men having their headquarters in some mysterious Shangri-La and under the orders of a fabulous "dictator" of the world. Naturally, any such organization as this is unworkable. Our country, just as other countries interested in preserving the peace, certainly will not contribute men and equipment to an organization which might conceivably be ordered to attack our own cities.

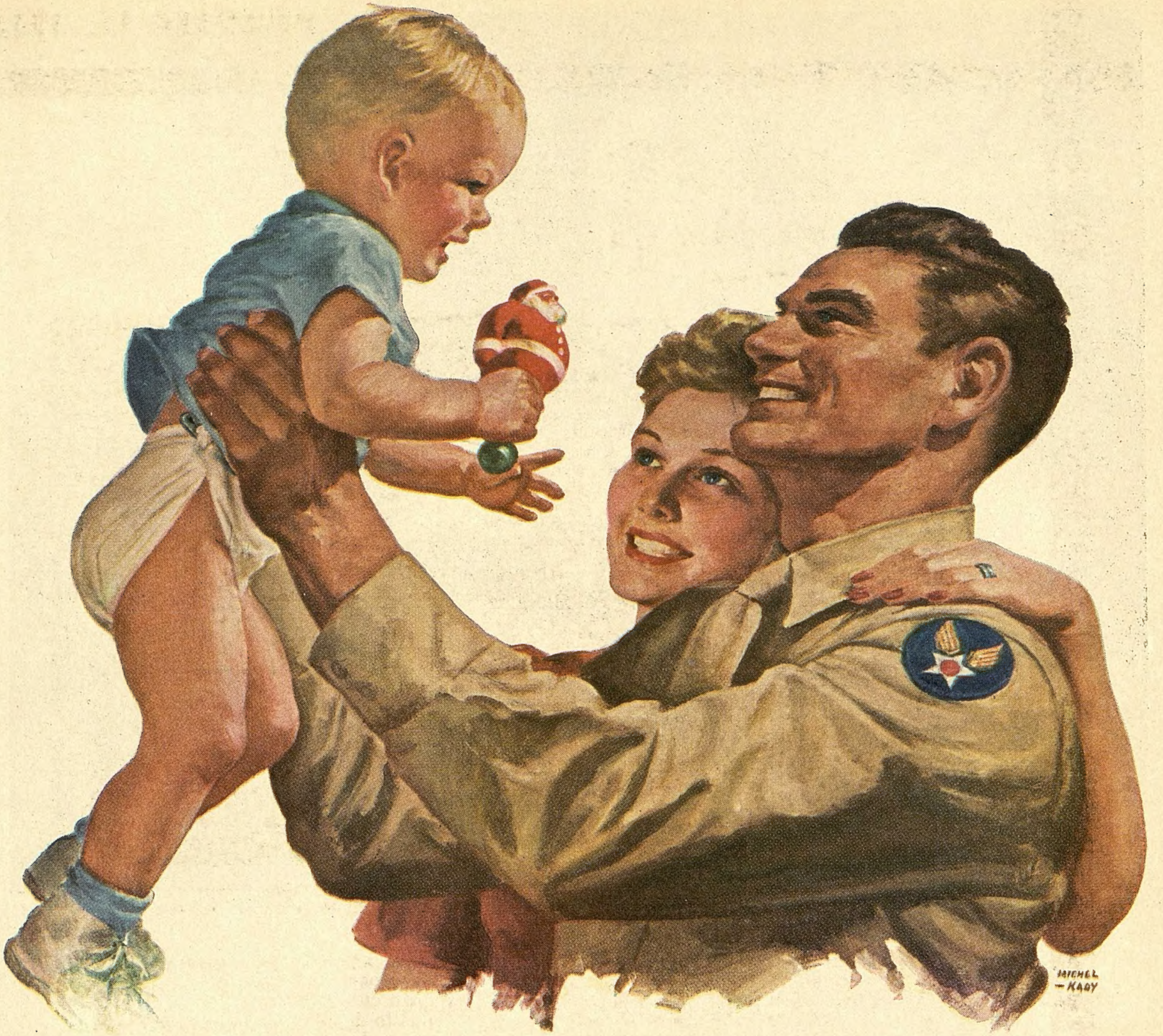
Thus to debate about such an organization is misleading and harmful. It's harmful because it sidetracks consideration of workable methods of preserving peace.

When we speak of preventing aggression by the use of international armed force, what is really meant is an agreement between nations of good will to use their collective might to smother world conflagrations in their early stages, while they are still only tiny flames.

This is a fairly simple proposition, and one easily grasped by most people. Those among us who insist upon taking the debate out of this simple groove are confusing the issue instead of clarifying it. We have learned that, when armed might is abroad in the world bent on aggression, it will not stop until it runs up against still greater armed might. We, in common with the other peace-loving nations of the world, made the mistake once of not opposing aggression soon enough. We cannot do this again. We must agree to step in quickly with force whenever any nation threatens to use force in violation of international law. Those who seek to obscure and confuse this issue do their country and the world a disservice.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



Reunion in America

. . . that's one thing we're working and fighting for!

Christmas furlough, 1943...a little fellow he's never seen...such a lot of living to be crowded into a few precious days, then off again.

Ask this man, *any* man, what he's fighting for.

Ask Joe, who's done "bomb-sight-seeing" over Berlin; or Tom, who found good hunting among the cold rocks on Attu; or Pete, who can tell of bullet-spitting trees on Guadalcanal; or Al, who took his South Seas cruise in a rubber raft.

Yes, they know all the answers.

Conquest?...a New Order? No, it's bigger–and simpler–than that.

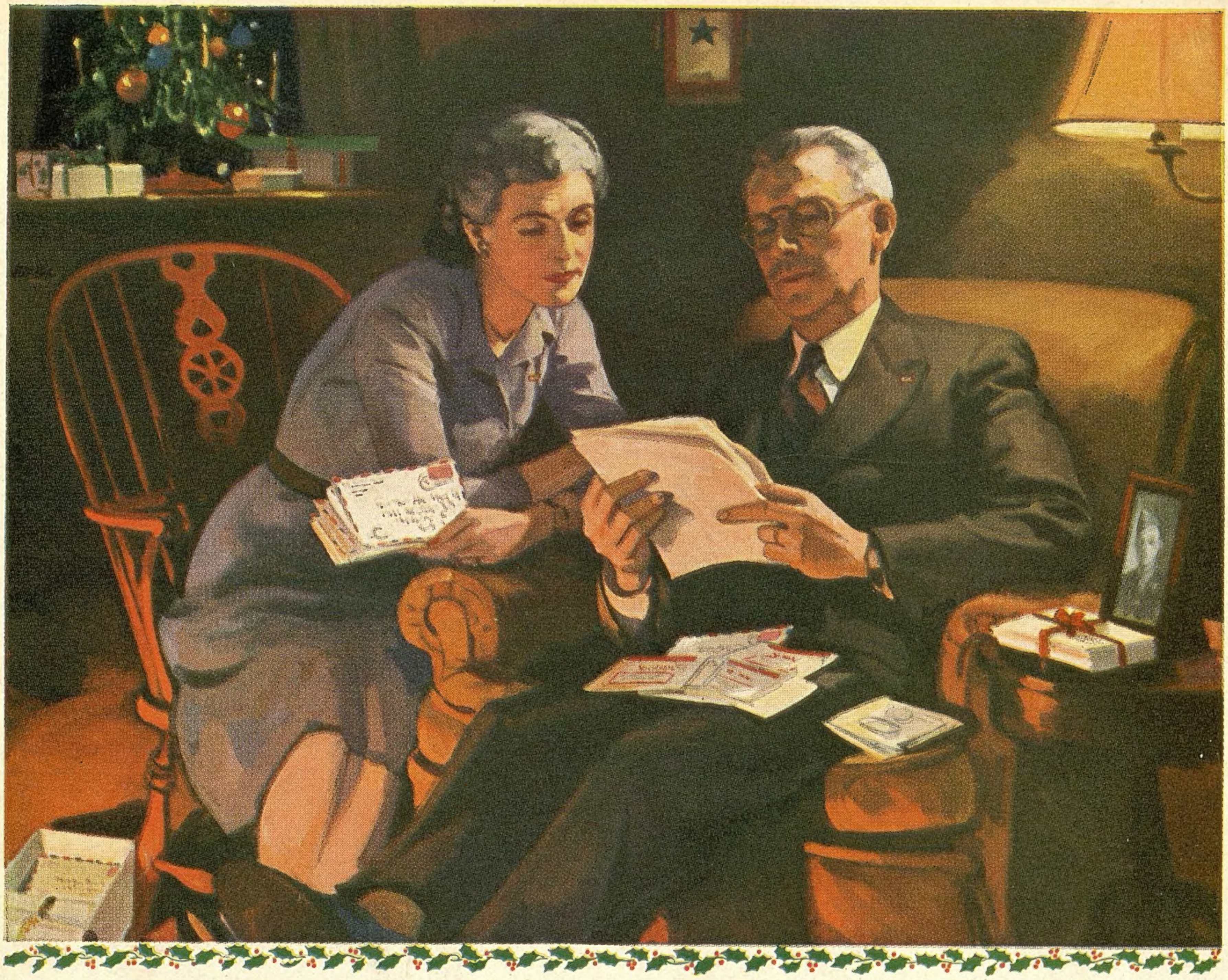
It's families and homes and hobbies. It's jobs that can grow with a man's ambitions. It's the right to think, to vote, to worship as a man chooses. It's the heart of America.

It's what the thousands of men and women of North American Aviation are fighting for, too–fighting for by turning out ever-more and ever-better Mitchell bombers, Mustang fighters and Texan combat trainers... planes to make the job of our fighting men easier, safer ...to bring the men home sooner.

Home–not for Christmas furlough –but for a reunion in America that will have no ending.

North American Aviation, Inc., designers and builders of the B-25 Mitchell bomber, AT-6 Texan combat trainer, P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber). Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace!*



Our Boy, Bill

He won't be home this year on Christmas Eve,
But even though he can't be with us—Still,
We're grateful for the letters we receive
—from our boy, BILL!

* *

He writes us almost every week—and yet,
We always seem to find a brand new thrill
With each and every letter that we get
—from our boy, BILL!

* *

He's changed a lot since he left home, I'm sure
I guess they've sort of "put him through the mill,"
His letters sound so manly, so mature,
—for our boy, BILL!

* *

We pride ourselves on being "tough as leather,"
But as we read, our eyes begin to fill—
For War, somehow, has brought us close together,
—with our boy, BILL!

In millions of American homes this wartime Christmas, glasses will be raised in a silent toast to Allied Victory—the coming of real "Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon

1041

THIS CHRISTMAS, AS ALWAYS
AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP

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